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EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.
WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.
GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

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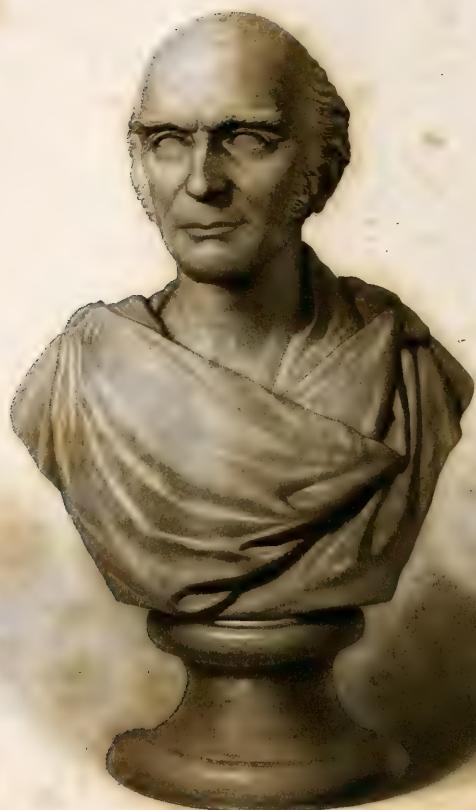
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 REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.
 HON. DAVID L. SWAIN, LL. D.







WILLIAM SARTON, PHIL.^a

I am yours very sincerely & respectfully
Jos: Caldwell

REV. JOSEPH CALDWELL, D.D., LL.D.

FIRST PROFESSOR OF THE UNIV. OF N.C.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE NORTH CAROLINA

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Vol. 9.

August, 1859.

No. 1.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.*

THE Edict of Nantes was revoked by Louis XIV about the year 1684. The well known consequence was that 500,000 French Protestants left their country to look after settlements among other nations, and in other parts of the world, where they might enjoy the rights of conscience, and the same immunities and prospects for themselves and their families as were common to other subjects or citizens of the governments under which they should live. One of these emigrant families was that of Lovel. They first passed from France into England, and continued there for some time, in the exercise of manufacturing skill. At that period, the colonies of America, now known as the United States, were fast filling up from different parts of the British empire, and Europe. The head of this Lovel family did not continue very long in the vicinage of London, before he concluded to transplant himself with such capital as he possessed, which, it would seem, was not insignificant, to a spot which he selected on Long Island, towards its western extremity, and not far from Hempsted Plains, and near Oyster Bay. Here he purchased an extensive farm. The land was of good quality, and being faithfully cultivated, yielded annually an abundance for the necessities and comforts, and all that was desired beyond these for the enjoyments and respectability of people who classed with the substantial mediocrity of the country. With what total abstrac-

* We are indebted to the Historical Society of North Carolina for the privilege of publishing the following Autobiography. As it was written some time before Dr. CALDWELL's death, we expect some one of his old scholars to write an account of the closing days of his illustrious and useful life. Should our effort to rescue from oblivion the name of Dr. CALDWELL meet with encouragement, we hope to give it to the public in a more durable form.—Eds.

tion and absorbing interest did my good old grandmother, when I was a boy of twelve, sit and pass in review through the details of her early years, while she was growing up under the fostering guidance of her venerable parent. He was, it would seem, of mellowed affections and patriarchial habits. I shall give a specimen of one of these conversations:

GRANDMOTHER. My father was considered a man of strong mind. His person was large, his expression tempered of gravity, affection and truth, on which the eyerested with confidence. He was often cheerful in aspect and intercourse, but he was always under the chastening influence of piety. He had learned to understand the doctrines of the gospel through the stern constructions of Puritanism, as it has been distinctively called in England. In France, people of this description went under the name of Huguenots.

GRANDSON. Huguenots! That's a strange name. Why were they called Huguenots? What is the meaning of it? I suppose it is some nickname, by the sound of it.

GRANDMOTHER. It probably was. But I do not know its origin or its meaning. They were persecuted so cruelly that they escaped out of France by thousands, to find subsistence and settlements as they might in other countries. My father and his connexions got to the sea coast and went over into England. They were people of property. Some made purchases of houses in London, where they died without heirs. We were told of this some time afterwards, and might have inherited the property, but my father was either unable or too regardless of the matter to attend to it, and time ran on until by the statute of limitation the claim was barred. Some have said that even now, if the claim could be clearly substantiated and conducted through the forms of law, a large number of houses once belonging to my uncle might possibly be recovered by our family, and if they could, we should all be rich enough.

At this I remember that my little heart bounded, and I became full of inquiries.

GRANDSON. Well, Grandmother, why cannot that be tried? Is it not worth while? You say it was a vast property, how many houses were there said to be?

GRANDMOTHER. I have heard of a considerable number. My uncle was a bachelor, and is said to have owned a whole side of a square, consisting of valuable buildings.

GRANDSON. Has any attempt ever been made to recover the property? If not, would it not be well to make a trial at least, and, if it should fail, we should but be where we are.

GRANDMOTHER. Yes, my child, if there were anybody to do it. But it would imply a great deal of trouble, and time, and expense, and it has been thought best to give it all up.

This was a theme on which I delighted to dwell, with the fond idea that if all that property could be reclaimed, it would be the consummation of our good fortune.

GRANDMOTHER. After my father's emigration to this country with his family, he brought up his children to the habits of industry, piety, and economy. But though he held the reins of domestic government with a steady hand, a spirit of harmony and affection was constantly diffused through all our feelings. We stood in awe of our father, and feared to transgress, but it was accompanied with such a confidence as to strengthen and deepen our love for him, and was attended with a prompt and willing acquiescence in his wishes. Our mother, too, seemed to look up to him with such reference to his opinions and wishes as showed that she felt him to be her guide and protector as well as the partner of her bosom. One singularity that marked his feelings and opinions was that he never suffered meat to be eaten in his family.

GRANDSON. Not eat meat! That is strange. I never heard of any body that never eat meat. What reason could he have for not eating meat?

GRANDMOTHER. He was wont to tell us that the grant to live upon the flesh of animals was certainly in the scriptures. But he considered it to have been made in consequence of the fall of man. Hence, he deduced that to abstain from it was more in conformity with original innocence and perfection, than was the practice of subsisting upon it. He never permitted an animal to be slaughtered for his own use or that of his family. He always had large and luxuriant pastures, kept numbers of cattle and such other animals as could be useful to him upon his own principles, provided plentifully for their sustenance and shelter, had an abundance of milk, butter, cheese and fruits, wheat, corn, and vegetables. In short, all around him, both in the house and in the field, was in the best condition.

GRANDSON. But, if he sold one of these animals to be killed by another person, would not that be much the same thing as killing it himself?

GRANDMOTHER. So he felt, and he never would consent to sell one if he knew it was to be slaughtered. Some animals we keep now without ever thinking of killing them for food, such as horses, dogs, cats. He put all upon the same footing.

GRANDSON. But, Grandmother, you eat meat now, and your family were all brought up to it.

GRANDMOTHER. Yes, but I never tasted it till I was married, at 21 years of age. Your Grandfather had no such opinions and habits, and I fell in with his customs and those of his family. To the present day, however, I care very little for meat. My father and all his family were thought as healthy as any people in the country, and seemed to enjoy themselves as much. We were apt to be esteemed peculiarly happy among

our neighbors—always harmonious, plain in our manners, affectionate, looking up to our parents with veneration and love, and prompt acquiescence in their wishes. We were taught to be scrupulous in the economy of time, and to feel unhappy unless we were busy about something useful. We had a family library and were educated to an enlargement of the mind, by reading and improving conversation. My father was careful in directing the habits, dispositions and intelligence of his children. Their ingenuity was continually called out for the accomplishment of such work as was assigned to them. If a difficulty occurred, the answer to an application for aid was, "Now try your skill. Is there no way you can contrive for effecting what you want? The greatest advantage in your doing that, is in finding out the best method." This would interest us in our work, and if we succeeded, we were applauded and encouraged, and this gave us fresh heart for our occupation.

GRANDSON. Why, Grandmother, you seem to have been very happy.

GRANDMOTHER. We were usually so. My father was fond of sacred music. He brought over an organ with him, and kept it in his family. He could play upon it himself and sang well—at least we thought so. Most of my brothers and sisters learned from him in succession as they grew up. At the hour of morning and evening prayers, the family all assembled in the room where it was kept, and united their voices with its elevating tones in praising God. It is the very same organ which your uncle John Lovel has in his house, and on which you have heard his sisters play, who are now living with him.

Such were the accounts which my kind grandmother would detail to me of old Mr. John Lovel, her father, and his peculiar habits, opinions, and mode of life in his family. It can scarcely be supposed that I am professing to describe these things in the expressions used at the time. In the course of my boyhood, they were renewed at different times. They were subjects on which I delighted to hear her converse, and they made indelible impressions upon me. The circumstances and events have been here given in such terms as have occurred.

As there is something curious in the events of this family, I shall go on to mention some of them as they arise in my memory. One of my grand-aunts married a man by the name of Wright. They lived in Philadelphia, unhappily, I was told, for he became a sot, and she was a woman whose pride, it would seem, was not a little towering. When she saw her husband thus degrading and brutalizing himself, she felt the mortifying effects in all their force. After his death, she resolved to continue no longer in the city, and planned an expedition for herself, which few women would think of carrying into effect. She took passage in a ship for London, with such property as she possessed, declaring in the loftiness of her

spirit, that she would throw herself upon the resources of her genius, determined to seek eminence in a different sphere. She took lodgings in the city of London, and began with tasking her invention to devise some scheme of eminence. I know not the different methods she might have thought of for accomplishing her purpose, if more than the one by which she in some degree succeeded employed her ingenuity. Her name came before the public as the inventress of the art of making waxen figures of full size, with a strict likeness of the persons for whom she took them. This implied more art and skill than would at first appear. The material was to be purified in the first place, and, if the object required, it, be brought to a perfect whiteness. It must then be mixed with some substance that would give to it the proper complexion. It must not be liable to become soft by any temperature of the atmosphere, nor be liable to crack by cold, after being formed into a shell of no great thickness. Her mode of taking a likeness was different, as I am informed, from that which is now practiced. I believe that waxen figures are now made by first forming a mould of some other material, and then casting the wax into it. She chose an apron of some fine stuff, such as cambric, and having so prepared the wax that it should be sufficiently soft to yield and spread with the warmth of the hand, she gave it a first rude shape by holding it in her hands and moulding it rudely with pressure applied at discretion, while, as a portrait-painter, she looked at the countenance and consulted the visage and features she would imitate. She then placed it under the apron and brought it to the perfection she wished by acting with one hand applied to the interior of the waxen shell, against the other on the outside with the cambric between the hand and the surface. This gave it a natural aspect, by exhibiting the pores of the skin, and prevented the glazed and cadaverous appearance of which most persons complain in such wax work as we commonly see. Her faces had the reputation of being not only striking likenesses, but of being natural in expression and agreeable in effect.

This invention was new, I was told, both in bringing waxen likenesses to the full size, and in the whole manner of producing them. From being totally an unknown personage she rose into notice, her name was regarded with distinction, her resources became ample, and even the court treated her with favor and respect. Something of the effect which it had upon her I have had occasion to remark from letters written by her at the time to one of her sisters, Mrs. Willis, in America, in which she often inculcated upon her the favorite maxim by no means to fail "in maintaining the dignity of her character." It was even curious as being sometimes interjected with as little connexion with the subject as Cato's "*Delenda est Carthago.*"

Sometime after this the American war commenced with the Declaration of Independence. Aunt Wright, it would appear, was an ardent Whig, and not inactive in her country's cause against the measures of Great Britain. She engaged in political matters, and acted the part of a spy, for which it is probable every American will not respect her the less, by writing letters to some of our leading characters, giving information of the measures of the British Government that the Americans might be on their guard and prepared for events. In this she was at length discovered, and orders were sent to her to leave the kingdom. She passed across the country with a view to embark at Bristol. While there, walking in the street, she made a misstep, fell, and her ankle was so much injured as to terminate in mortification and consequent death.

My aunt Wright left two daughters—to one of them, by the name of Elizabeth, she bequeathed the greater part of the wax work. This had grown to be extensive by continual additions in London, where it had been kept for exhibition. It was transported to New York, where it was set up by my aunt* Betsey, in spacious rooms, to which all visitors were admitted by the payment of a quarter of a dollar each. I was then a boy living in Elizabethtown, sometimes at Princeton, and sometimes at Newark, getting my education in the academies of these places. Aunt Betsey had married a man by the name of Platt, who was a trifling character, and who persecuted her much. She at last became scrupulous in regard to the correctness of keeping waxen figures for exhibition, and her conscientious feelings upon the subject disturbed her so much, that she resolved to part with them. The figures were numerous, the drapery was often rich and costly, and the whole workmanship had at length amounted to no small expense. She determined, however, to get rid of it, and sold it at a reduced price. This happened at the time of my arrival in North Carolina. I remember the feelings I had on the occasion. I was then young, had traversed alone a wide interval to place myself among strangers and in circumstances wholly new. I saw the wax-work which was carried through the country, it being at that time a perfect novelty to the public. I had often seen it before in New York. It seemed as if when I looked on those lifeless figures they fell little short of raising in me the fullness of those joyous transports that spring up in our bosoms, when, in a land of strangers, we suddenly turn our eye upon former acquaintances, or upon friends near to our hearts. My aunt had come to think it a profanation for her to set up those figures and likeness of the dead for show. I could not suppress a revolting indignation at the thought of the degradation and disgrace which they suffered in being carried about the country to be

* Or Cousin?

shown in taverns and to tasteless people, who knew nothing of the events and associations with which they were connected in my bosom, who were unqualified to feel or estimate the merits of the work, the characters and circumstances exhibited, or the skill necessary to the production. Some of those figures might be considered as emblems of fallen greatness. They had been among the first works of the kind in London. They had directed upon them something like the admiration which men feel for original genius. They had even received the visits and fixed the eyes of the most refined countries. Now, they must be officiously introduced and studiously recommended to the most debased subjects that crowded common bar-rooms, or who surpassed but little the animals they bestrode.

My grandmother's maiden name was Rachel Lovel. She married a Mr. Harker, who was a minister of the Presbyterian Church. What was the extent of his education I know not, though there is reason to think it was respectable. It is likely, however, that he had not been originally given up to a literary course from his first boyhood. It is more probable that he commenced life with manual labor, and that it was not till he was advanced towards manhood that he undertook to study for the ministry. He settled with his family at a place called Black River, in Morris county, New Jersey. His residence was on the edge of a hill along which the public road lay for nearly a mile. His house was a mile from Flanders, a pretty village, so called because it had been remarkable for quarrels and violence in the first settlement of the country.

I was told that my grandfather Harker was remarkable for personal size and strength. By this circumstance, combined with vigorous mental faculties and fidelity in his profession as a pastor, we may account for the opinion, said to have been prevalent, that the people in that vicinage looked to him as their leading character in counsel and in action. He was experienced in all ordinary practical business. It was said of him that he would go into the harvest-field and cradle more wheat in a day than any other man in his part of the country. In his ministerial labors, both in and out of the pulpit, he was ever regarded with high estimation and confidence by his congregation. Their feeling was, that in the lot which had fallen to them of having him for their minister, they were a flock that enjoyed the privileges of a vigilant and faithful shepherd, able to counsel them in their secular interests, and to guide them to a better world through the embarrassments, trials, and conscientious struggles of the christian warfare.

My mother's name was Rachel. She married early in life, a physician, who was also young, and just commencing practice. His name was Joseph Caldwell, whose father had emigrated from the northern part of Ireland. Of three children I was the youngest. My brother's name was Samuel,

and the difference of our ages was almost exactly four years, for we were born in the same month. The birth of a sister intervened, but she died very young.

I have been informed that my father never admitted that he was correctly treated in the provision made for the children of the family. There was property, it seems, but none was left to him. His father was professionally a farmer, who looked to his children, as they grew up, to assist him in the support of his family and the enlargement of his property. My father was of a more delicate system than the rest of the children, and with this peculiarity united a taste for study and mental occupation. On this account he was no favorite with my grandfather, who estimated his children chiefly by their efficacy in advancing his wishes. He was slighted therefore, and by no means gratified with desired opportunities of improving his mind at schools or academies. To this he was obliged to submit till he arrived at an age when he was able to help himself forward by becoming useful to others. He struggled through his difficulties into the medical profession, and probably his father thought that as he had contributed nothing to the making of his estate, he ought not to think himself aggrieved if he was left without a share of it.

He contended vigorously with his difficulties, and was successfully rising in his profession. But, as he was alighted one day at a mill either having accidentally stopped, on being expressly solicited on the emergency to aid, he joined the too small strength that was present in replacing a mill-stone. The force which he exerted was too much for him, he ruptured a blood-vessel in his lungs, a profuse hemorrhage instantly followed, a rapid consumption was the consequence, and in a few months he sunk into the grave. The death of my father, his burial, and my birth followed one another in the order here mentioned in three successive days. It was impossible, therefore, that my eye could ever have looked upon him. The woes of that period to my excellent mother must have been felt by her to have reached an awful consummation, through alarms often renewed, hopes disappointed, and sorrows protracted for months before the dark and trying events in which they terminated. She was still in early life, and just at the season when the prospects of her husband, herself and her commencing family were brightening; a terrible cloud, dark and dense, suddenly settled upon them, at length fell with sweeping violence, and after reiterated assaults left my poor mother; widowed with two orphan infants, prostrate and powerless amidst a scene of desolation.

My father died on the 19th of April, 1773, was interred on the 20th, and I was born on the 21st, at Lamington, in New Jersey, near Black River, a branch of the Raritan, a mile from old Germanton. My father's remains were deposited in the burying-ground annexed to the Presbyterian

Church near that place, as appeared by the inscription on his tomb, which I visited a short time before leaving that country to become a resident of the South.

What were the circumstances of my mother through my infancy and for some years afterwards, it is of little consequence to state, if I knew them. I have some early recollections that spring up in an insulated manner, but how they succeeded one another, it were vain to give any account. I have not the vanity to suppose, while I am writing this account of my life, that any part of it is to be thought worth the time necessary to its perusal. It is for every one to do with it as he pleases. Should the wish to know occur to any one, he has the opportunity of such reminiscences as are sufficiently distinct to be ascertained in what the writer sincerely intends to be a register of truth.

The date of my birth, it will be observed, makes the earliest scenes of my life cotemporary with the Revolutionary War, or with events immediately connected. I remember the calling away of men from their homes to serve in the armies, and the spirit that was manifested in the countenances, conversations and actions of people around me. The marching of troops, a circumstance which I always hurried out to gaze on with sensations rising almost to transport; the fife's shrill and piercing notes, stirring into reckless activity emotions of which I had scarcely known myself capable; the drum rattling into madness every impetuous feeling that thrilled along the nerves or swelled in the heart; the plumes and epaulettes of the officers; the measured and stately march; the burnished arms, the extensive columns presenting the movement of a vast and powerful body pervaded by one animating spirit—all made impressions upon me at the time which in some of their characters may be considered as peculiar to the years in which they were produced, and which therefore could never have been attained, but at the period when they were actually acquired in the experience.

At one time I was under the care of my grandmother at Black River, on a farm left to her by her husband, the Rev. Mr. Harker, at his death. She was far advanced in years, and I extremely young. Her kindness, as is usual in such cases, is in my recollection, but there is reason to think that my misconduct was too much for the total suppression of her feelings. Both she and my mother were ever faithful in giving me all the instruction in their power, and especially in training me to the knowledge of God, of the scriptures, to pious sentiment and religious duties.

One night, alone in bed, I well remember being occupied in my thoughts almost to solicitude on our manner of breathing; and the next morning the first question I put to my grandmother after seeing her, was, how it was possible for us to breathe in the dark? I do not know whether

this was an inquiry involving too much for her philosophy, or for my supposed capacity of understanding such explanation as she might have been able to give, but no answer was returned, and it was not till many years afterwards that I found the solution of my difficulty.

My grandmother would sometimes, though I believe not often, become much vexed with my behavior, and when her anger was roused, the emphatical expression that she uttered with a shake at once of the head and hand was, "*I'll break you.*" This threat, understood literally by me and not in the figurative sense in which she used it, was to the last degree terrible. It presented her to my imagination as placing me across her knee, and snapping me in two, as she would dry sticks or a pipestem.

We lived in the neighborhood of a man who took great delight in terrifying children. I would sometimes wander in quest of amusement, till being near his house, he would suddenly present himself, writhing his muscles into all the distortions expressive of fierceness, his eyes flashing with rage, and his motions indicative of the most desperate purpose. It never failed to inspire me with an instinctive promptness for flight. The effect was a complete panic, and precipitated me into so intent an economy of time, that to have incurred a loss of it by looking over my shoulder was felt to be perfectly inadmissible, and in such cases I never discovered the distance which had been widening at every step between myself and the enemy, until I was fairly within the threshold of my grandmother's door. I relate this little circumstance, to show how some minds will prefer that kind of gratification which arises from making themselves objects of terror, though accompanied with the utmost detestation, before the pleasure that springs from communicating happiness even to children, and being the objects of their love. It was not long before I left that seat of my earliest years, and it never failed to return upon my recollection as a little paradise, but the corner of it, to which this man was contiguous, seemed ever haunted by a demon with whom abhorrence in my imagination was inseparably connected.

At another period of these earlier years, my mother lived in Amwell, a part of the State to which I believe she had retired from the confusion and exposure of the warfare near Elizabethtown, New York, and other parts of the maritime country. While we remained here for two or three years, my memory had stamped upon it much of the agitation and discussion that prevailed respecting the proceedings of Congress, of the States, of Great Britain, the armies and battles, the raising of militia for short service, and the enlisting of troops during the war, the successes and disasters of the contending forces. One fact continues vividly in my recollection, that a man of our neighborhood, in respectable circumstances at home, who had served with the militia, suddenly made his appearance

among us after an absence of some months, barefoot and his clothes hanging around him in rags and tatters. I looked upon him with astonishment, and probably with the more, because I was totally unable to comprehend at that age, the possibility or necessity of his being in such circumstances.

We afterwards lived in Newton, and then in Trenton, but in the latter of these places not till very near the close of the war. While we resided at the former, a body of men arrived from the American army and the scenes of its active movements. Newton was the court house village of Sussex county, and high in the interior of the State. Dates I cannot recollect, but it is not improbable that it was at the period when the conflicts were going on in lower Jersey. While I was mingling among these men, one of them gave me a fife. I went home in ecstasy, but great as it was, it was doubtless not more exquisite than the annoyance was to others, as I soon had occasion to learn; though I could by no means comprehend how my notes should not be as enchanting to them as they certainly were to myself.

At a subsequent period, young Symmes lived at Newton, distinguished afterwards for the theory which he wished to establish, that the earth was a hollow sphere, and that the interior part was accessible near the poles. His father had married my mother's sister, so that we were cousins german.

When my mother lived at Trenton near the conclusion of the war, the portion of my life which passed at that place has ever recurred as unequalled in interest by any other in my recollection. Our situation was exceedingly pleasant on elevated ground at the southern limit of the town. The distance was but small to the bank of the Delaware. Being then about 9 or 10 years of age, it was my custom to stroll as far as the river. The prospect up and down its expanse was always enjoyed with exquisite delight. Above were the falls, where the river dashed, and roared and foamed among thickly scattered rocks, displaying a scene of incessant action, animating at once to the eye and the ear. On the opposite bank was a mill almost always in motion. There the current of travellers passed by a ferry, on the principal route between New York and Philadelphia. Below was spread to the eye a long reach of the river, passing the village of Lamberton, otherwise called Trenton landing, where such masted vessels and other craft as were fitted to the navigation, were seen in motion, or presenting a scene of activity at the wharves.

The banks and fields were covered with verdure of a velvet softness. A refreshing coolness was diffused through the limbs by the shade from above, and the earth through its grassy carpeting. A smooth margin of composted sand between the bank and the water, diversified with its pure

whiteness the beauty of the scene, while the spirits were quickened into gaiety, by the light motions of the numerous birds, by their shrill and varied notes, and by the fish that often bounded wholly above the water, or sported upon the surface.

It is hoped the reader will excuse this indulgence of a lightness, if not puerility of recollections, which have often recurred through the successive years of a life, much indebted to them for their cheering brightness, when interspersed, as they often have been, through scenes of more grave and sombrous aspect, and connected at last with the present approximation to its close.

One of the latest events of this last residence at Trenton, was the wintering of a body of troops, on a beautiful field, separated from us only by the public road leading to the ferry already mentioned. The interest of this circumstance was much abated to me by their being French, in consequence of which, though I was often permitted to stroll among their tents through the day, I was cut off from every attempt at communication with the men, or of learning any thing from their conversation. One of the impressions most deeply engraved upon me, was from the nightly calls of the sentinels, which I scarcely ever failed to hear, at whatever period I happened to be awake, through some months of their continuance in that encampment. Though it was a mere formal hail, with the inquiry briskly addressed, "Who goes there?" and the answer, "Friend," yet, upon my ear it never failed to strike with a stirring and portentous sound. One day as I stood near the door looking towards the river, my eye was caught with a sudden gleam, and was almost as quickly directed to the spot from which it proceeded. Two men appeared fully in view on an ascending ground, beyond a small ravine, engaged with rapiers in furious combat. The sun was shining with all the splendor of a clear day, and the glittering of their swords seemed to convey, as by an appropriate language uttered to the eye, the flashings of their rage. I stood in momentary expectation to see one or the other sink before me with a fatal blow. Such were their eagerness and their quickly renewed passes at each other, and yet so prolonged was the combat, that I became petrified with horror that grew upon me till I was almost overpowered, and I believe I turned away for relief, for I certainly did not see its termination. I soon inquired, however, and was informed that neither of the combatants was killed. Two officers, who were friends, had taken a walk, and began to amuse themselves by stopping now and then, merely to try their dexterity in fencing with their swords. At length, it seems their feelings became too ardent for mere sport, and finally mounted to mortal fury. The difference of their manner was apparent. Both were skilful; but one never retired from the footing that he took, while the other, with a sudden thrust, instantly bounded off from his ad-

versary who almost as speedily followed with another thrust in return. I was told that the one who had practiced the elusive movement, had not succeeded in the strife equally with the other, for he had received several wounds, and began to be weakened with the loss of blood, but had inflicted scarcely any injury of consequence. The action was witnessed immediately at its beginning from the camp, a file of men was dispatched, and before any fatal mischief occurred, they were put under arrest.

I think it some time after this, that my mother removed her residence to Bristol, a place lower down the Delaware, and on the Pennsylvania side of it. Here I went to an English school, which has always returned upon my remembrance with peculiar pleasure. I believe the reason of this was, that the master had an excellent talent for exciting good dispositions in his boys towards himself, and to their studies. The affection I felt for him has never been extinguished to the present day, and I have no doubt it would continue unchanged to whatever number of years my life might be protracted. I was never kept to closer diligence in business, and yet my heart reverts to it as among the most interesting and happy periods of my life. Here I first engaged in the study of arithmetic, and though I found much perplexity in some parts of it, which would probably have created aversion under some teachers, I returned to every effort with fresh determination and courage. This feeling seemed to be inspired and maintained whenever my eye was turned upon the man. He was ever intently occupied in the various business of a numerous school; was prompt and dextrous in every thing; his expression was that of kindness and a wish to improve us to the utmost; and, as this was apparent in his features and his actions, a corresponding sentiment seemed to be transfused into the bosoms of his pupils, carrying us at once into a concurrence with his wishes, and an efficacious improvement of our time.

But a circumstance which most impressively marks this period is, that here I began, for what reason I know not, to turn my thoughts with greater earnestness than before, on the subject of religion. A part of the time while I was in this village, my mother went abroad leaving me to board at a neighbor's table. This was so near that one of the rooms in the house which she occupied, was left open for my use both day and night. Here I slept, and whenever I chose, to this I retired. I got hold of a religious book, and finding it give me pleasure in the reading, young as I was, and fond as most boys usually are of play, though I was much at my own discretion, I would sit or traverse the room alone, reading with an interest that grew so as utterly to preclude every disposition to stop.

While I was living in Bristol, an incident occurred which might have had some connection with this subject, though it had certainly happened so long before this disposition to religious thought, that in my reflections

since on that part of my life, the one circumstance has no appearance to me of having induced the other. On a Sabbath my mother was absent, having left my brother and myself at home. She had always made it a particular point in our domestic education, to pay a strict regard to the faithful observance of the day. I strolled down to the wharf for amusement, and while there, my brother and another boy came down, and a very small boat lying at the place, he immediately got into it to go out upon the water. I immediately became eager to accompany him, and urged for his permission. This he refused, but while he was at the head of the boat I sprang down upon the stern. My weight was not much, it is true, but the descent being some four or five feet, and the boat small, the impetus sunk the end on which I alighted some distance down into the water. It instantly mounted up again, and as I was in a toppling condition, and unversed in humoring the motion, I was tossed overboard and sunk, I know not how many feet, to the bottom. The pains of death of course commenced with the first expansion of my lungs, and they produced the utmost efforts of such action in all my limbs as nature prompted, for I knew nothing of swimming. Though I was very young, my reflection was all alive to the thought that a few moments were to end my existence here, and send me into another world where my destiny was to be forever fixed. The anticipation was horrible, and my struggles were convulsive. The distress both of mind and body was complete; my thoughts were hurried, but they were distinct; and it may well be supposed that no words can give utterance equal to their intensity. After a while I found myself approaching the light. Having by my struggles risen to the surface, I found myself prevented from sinking once more, which, had it occurred, I have no doubt would have ended the strife. My brother had placed himself at the spot where I went down, and as it happened, I at last rose so near that he caught me by the hair and saved my life.

When I was lifted out of the water and placed upon the wharf, I found myself surrounded by a number of persons, who had hurried to the place. The water spouted from my mouth and nostrils for some time with renewed efforts, until I began to feel relief. My sensations of joy for the deliverance of which the moment before I had been utterly hopeless, were as exquisite and indescribable as the horrors I had suffered. What a vast transition of feeling, and in how brief a space! It is a species of knowledge, which in its peculiarity and extent, is probably unattainable but by the actual experience. Though I was obliged to be supported or carried up to the house, a flood of pleasure even to exultation was pouring through my mind, not apparent, as I think, to others; but not the less real in intensity and continuance. I was given to the repose into which my exhausted powers naturally sunk through the afternoon, and when I awoke

it was to see my mother gazing on me with concern. At once shame and self-reproach must have been the expression that met her eye, for they were felt in all their force. I was dumb before her. She saw that it was enough for every purpose she could wish, either of warning or reproof; and so tender was she to my feelings, if not wholly engrossed with gratitude for my preservation, that for a long period not a word escaped her lips in my hearing, even to impress upon me lessons on the subject, which she probably saw there was no occasion to illustrate or enforce. For this I loved her the more; for though I was quite young, I ascribed her forbearance to what I have ever since believed to be the real cause: that she could not bear to lacerate me, when the wound upon my conscience was probably almost too deep for my fortitude to bear. I had been guilty of disobedience, but this was not the most aggravating circumstance. It was on the Sabbath, and I was violating it by going in quest of amusement wholly at variance with the reverence with which she had ever taught me to regard it. If she had inculcated upon me that what had happened was a judgment from God upon my transgression, it would have been unnecessary, for with this impression it already rested upon me in all its force.

These feelings gradually faded from my thoughts, and I lived as heedlessly as ever. It was long afterwards that the pious affections of which I have already spoken, became quickened in my bosom, nor am I conscious that the event just related had any connection with them. I was left in solitude at the time, and taking up a religious book, I began to read—my feelings were excited by it, and they grew into ardor and intensity. I deserted all amusement, my reading, my reflections, and a gratifying sense that I might be engaged in the service of God, and have his approbation, abstracted me from any of the diversions that occurred to my thoughts. As to the cause, it was perfectly inexplicable, and always has been. My experience at that time was probably one of the first fruits of the pious sentiments which my mother had instilled into me from the first dawnings of reason. She was not there, but the spirit of God was doubtless fostering these principles in my heart, and edueing them into action. I have since reverted to the few days which passed in these circumstances, and with these emotions alive in my bosom, as among the most grateful seasons of my life, and ever to be remembered with renovated satisfaction.

It could not have been long after this, that we removed to Princeton. Here all the circumstances and events of my life begin to appear less severed from one another by parts wholly forgotten, or obscurely remembered.

Here was a grammar school, and from the interest which I had been thought to show in reading books, my mother was counselled by others finally to adopt the measure which herself had meditated, of giving me a

liberal education. The difficulty most felt by her, was the want of such an income as would sustain her in the undertaking. I think it was in the year 1784, when I was eleven or twelve years of age, a Latin grammar was wanted, and upon inquiry none was to be had. We waited some days for a supply, but none came; and as the determination was made, I grew impatient. One of the boys by the name of F—n from Charleston, being told of the circumstance, and having one on hand that was nearly worn out, gave it to me. I refused it till I was told that he had two. I always felt grateful to him, and through the whole time of our acquaintance in the school, for three or four years, he manifested a peculiar friendship for me. The grammar was instantly and eagerly commenced, and as eagerly prosecuted till finished. Corderius, *Selecta e Veteri*, *Selecta e Profanis*, Cæsar, Greek Grammar, Greek Testament, Mair's Introduction, Virgil, and perhaps some other books, followed in as quick succession as intent application could compass them. Before my entering college, our family removed to Newark, where my studies were continued under Dr. McWhorter. The school at Princeton was made an object of special regulation, and sometimes of personal attention by Dr. Witherspoon. From this circumstance it certainly had singular advantages in comparison with other academies. The modes of instruction, and the exercises in which we were trained, were derived immediately from Scotland. Of their superior efficacy I was made sensible by the change. Dr. McWhorter was undoubtedly among the best teachers in the country, but in the class with which I was united, every thing came so easily in my preparations that it was almost like sport, while the rest of the class appeared to meet as much difficulty as they could well vanquish. This difference proceeded from the different methods of teaching, and I was perfectly convinced of it at the time.*

* For instance, in Mair's Introduction, it was the custom at Newark to write down no more than two or three of the longer sentences in good Latin, as a weekly task on Saturday. But in Princeton we were required to come prepared every forenoon, while we were in that book, to read the whole of one of those sentences in English, and then to repeat it with equal promptness in correct Latin; and our daily appointment was two or three pages. Nor was this all. For we then closed our books, and the instructor would read to us long portions of the English, and we must give the Latin of them without mistake in word or grammatical construction, from beginning to end. We were not permitted to do this tardily, for not only if any one made a mistake, but if he did not move directly forward in enunciating the translation of the sentence put to him, the next below was to pronounce it forthwith, and if successful, was to take his place. To a student trained to this vigor and promptness of thought and action, what difficulty could there be in writing down two or three sentences in corrected Latin as a weekly exercise, as was the custom at Newark? We wrote Latin versions weekly at Princeton also, but we had nothing but English sentences given, and we selected the Latin words and phraseology for ourselves.

While living in Newark, my religious impressions were often renewed. I do not know that I resisted them, or strove to repress or shake them off, but it is very certain that at various times when they had been felt with much force, alarm of conscience, and a dissolving tenderness of affection, they soon passed away, and I became as careless and thoughtless as ever. Dr. McWhorter's preaching was generally animated, plain, and practical. He sometimes became warm, pointed the guilty sinner to the coming wrath, showed the danger of growing hardened to all the considerations of God's mercy, his justice, his judgments, the means of grace, the opportunities of improvement, the uncertainty of life, and the dread consequences of failing to prepare in this time of discipline and probation for the eternity that is to follow. I would come home like the wounded hart with the arrow in my side, but it dropped off, the wound closed, and it ceased to be remembered.

That our present life is a state of trial, I think must be confirmed by every man who reflects upon the events of his own, and the manner in which they affect his mind, his affections, his outward condition, his mental character, and his prospects of the future. Limiting our views even to our earthly existence, it is probationary. Our choice of action, at any moment when it is made, must be regulated by the past, that we may choose our object, be intelligently directed to it, whatever it may be, and that the means may be adapted to its attainment. In regard to every one of these we are liable to error, and of course to be corrected by experience.

This taught us the use of words agreeably to their true classical import. Dr. Witherspoon had various methods of drilling a class. One was to run a verb, as it was called, through all the successive tenses and moods in the first person, then in the second person, the third, and so on: and to repeat the imperative, the infinitive, the gerunds, supines, and participles. This was done in both voices. Another exercise consisted in comparing an adjective, and keeping up the repetition of the degrees, through all the genders and cases in both numbers. A third method of giving us skill was to carry an adjective through the cases and numbers in company with a masculine substantive, then with a feminine, and then with a neuter. A fourth exercise was to come prepared daily with a page or two of vocables, so as to give the English for the Latin, and the Latin for the English. In another instance, he would select a Latin verb, and call upon each of us, successively, to give a compound with the meaning, till all the compounds were exhausted. A sixth exercise was made out by taking some verb, as *ago*, having various idiomatic imports according to its connection, and we were required to give examples of its idiomatic uses. This note is subjoined evidently not for all readers, but as a suggestion to teachers. But these are by no means all the methods of drilling to which we were called. When we first commenced any one of them, we were slow; but the quickness to which we presently attained, was evidence of the improvement consequent upon such practice. The most efficient cause of the high degree of perfection at which scholars arrive in European grammar schools and scientific institutions, is to be seen in the diversity of exercises devised and continually practiced through the whole course of education.

This experience constitutes the very thing which is called providence by those who believe in God's administration of all human affairs. It sets before us all the variety of ends which it is possible for us to choose, and we are subjects of trial, when we make our selection. If our end be a good one, it is one evidence in behalf of our virtue. We have been put to the test on this point, and it has terminated in our favor. If we limit ourselves to instrumentality which God approves, it is another proof that our affections and views have been formed as we have advanced through the past upon correct principles. If conscience has been our authority, it is still further testimony, by evincing both that it is enlightened, and that we have listened as became us to its voice. If at any time we have not adhered to these principles, it proves no less that we have been in fault, and as we have had our choice, we must properly sustain the consequences. One great consequence must ever be, "that if we have chosen ill, and refuse afterwards to be chastened by its external effects, or the reproofs and interdicts of the heart, we give proof that we are, so far at least, ripening in iniquity, and exposing ourselves to God's disapprobation, to that of all good beings, to our own, and to all the calamities which God has connected with it, in the constitution of his works, and by his positive determination. If it be said that we are the children of circumstances, still it is true that these circumstances are at once the arrangement of God, so as forever to retain us under a complete responsibility for the result as to good or ill which is to be their issue with respect to us. If we cannot choose our condition, or control events, we have our choice of the course we will pursue, so far as sin or obedience to the truth is concerned. This is unquestionable at every step we take, we have the incontestable evidence to it, which is of the nature of fact, the evidence pronounced by consciousness, whenever we appeal to it. The overruling power of the Almighty, then, detracts nothing from our complete responsibility. We are truly and justly probationers, both in our present state, and as to our framing ourselves to the good or ill connected with our welfare or our misery hereafter. He gives us external opportunity of knowing our duty, and having it forcibly urged upon us. He impresses it upon us by his Spirit, in a manner calculated to reform and improve us. This he never would do, were we, who are of wicked dispositions, not in a state of trial, nor susceptible of recovery. Were not this our condition, were we not in a state of discipline and responsibility, but wholly given up to the spirit of disobedience which every man feels to be prevalent within him, our only feelings at all times would be opposition to holiness, and complete abandonment to its motives and the outward expressions of it—our universal intercourse—and a consequent utter despair of heaven, and an overwhelming sense of final consignment to sin and all its woes.

I have indulged in these reflections here, because they are the result of the thought and experience of all those years of my life on the events of which I am now turning a reviewing eye. I can remember many occasions in those early years, in the various places in which they were passed, when my reflections were directed on God, a future state, and the eternal world. The interest I took in them when they were impressed upon me by the scriptures, or by any other cause, was the same in its aspect and species as it has been through later years. The intervals sometimes are apparent as to their cause, and sometimes they seem to have become irrecoverably lost to my remembrance. Whether they had a connection with one another, and by what ties of circumstances, or thought, or emotion as they were successively renewed, it would be impossible for me to determine, though to the Spirit of God who produced them and witnessed all their effects, they are present now as at the moment when they agitated my bosom. Sometimes I would return from church with a heart deeply affected with the considerations presented there of my obligations to God for his goodness in the ordinary blessings of food and raiment, relations and friends, health and the pleasures connected with it. Conscience impressed upon me portentously the consequences of my thoughtless ingratitude. The prospects of heaven to the good, and of endless misery to the wicked, drove from me for a time every wish for the amusements on which I was commonly intent. The love of God in sending his Son into the world to redeem me from death, and open the way to heaven, combined with all its force in impressing my conscience with the responsibility imposed by this consummation of mercy. My mother was often engaged in giving me religious instruction, and deepening its impressions upon my heart. Sometimes an accident would happen, to set before me the utter uncertainty in which I lived. The death of a neighbor by sickness, or by some sudden accident, the grave-yard, the darkness of night when in solitude, naturally accompanied with abstraction from sensible scenes, and plunging my thought into the spiritual world—every thing of this nature excited in me a sense of religion, a reference to God, and to the danger I was in of being lost forever, if I should die without being made the subject of his saving grace. It was all the striving of his Spirit, to prevent me from being wholly engrossed with the earth, and to educate me in this school of his providence for better and more glorious purposes than the interests and pleasures of a mere earthly existence. An excellent practical writer on “*Keeping the Heart*” remarks that “*Providence is like a curious piece of tapestry, made of a thousand shreds, which single appear useless, but put together, they represent a regular and connected history to the eye.*”

I am reminded here of an incident which happened at Princeton, but

which it did not occur to mention among events there. Among our boyish diversions, it was one to range ourselves in two companies, and having small wagons, to run stages, as we called it, along the street, to see who could pass and leave the others behind. One day we set out in this manner fresh and buoyant in our spirits, six in each company, and pressing the strife of our opposition to the utmost. We presently met a wagon with four horses, and in turning out, we all took the same side of the way. Our company, as it happened, were to pass between the other and the team before us. Our antagonists, thoughtlessly urged to take advantage of the circumstance, suddenly thrust themselves against us as soon as we came by the side of the horses. In the instant six of us were all thrown in a promiscuous heap directly upon the track of the wheels. It happened that the driver was following his wagon at some distance behind, and could do nothing in the emergency. The animals it seems chose their steps so as not to strike or trample on any of us. The wheels were to come next. The movement that overthrew us was so sudden and unexpected that I had no knowledge of our situation on the ground, and I was so completely under the rest that I could see nothing. In thinking immediately afterwards upon the matter, it appeared to me most natural that I should have waited till the others might have time to rise and release me; and this was my first thought after I was down. But it continued only for a moment. The very next instant I commenced a violent effort of limbs and body at hap-hazard, contracting and tossing in every direction, so as to disengage myself with a speed that quite surprised me, when I considered the confining pressure which had seemed to forbid all hopes of extrication. By this exertion, those that were above me were thrown off, and no sooner was I released than I sprang upon my feet, and found myself outside of the road, but in such confusion of senses that I knew nothing of the imminent danger I had eluded. I saw, however, the fore-wheel and then the other pass over the ankles of one of my companions. The rest had been saved from being crushed by the same effort which had proved the means of my own escape. The petrifying and awful effect, however, which was produced upon me, may be conceived when immediately afterwards I was told by a boy who saw the whole, that while I was down my neck lay exactly across the route in which the wheel was to run. I was young and thoughtless; but the first reflection that rushed upon me, was, that God in his goodness had saved my life by prompting me in the critical moment to act as I did. I exchanged not a word more with any one, but walked home with feelings sunk as low as a few minutes before they had been elevated. I soon found that every one but my mother knew the circumstance, and they seemed to gaze at me for a time with particular interest. My resolutions rose to a high pitch of strength, that I would no longer live as before, in the neg-

lect of my religious duties. My mother afterwards learned from others the peril in which I had been, for I could not bear to tell her myself. She remarked, as did others, that a deep and settled gloom hung upon me for many days, and my feelings were certainly in accordance with their observation.

There are doubtless incidents in the life of every one, which cannot but appear calculated to produce religious impressions. Even the man who is habitually an unbeliever in a special providence, will probably remember some, if not many, which had their instant effect in filling his mind with thoughts of God, of eternity, and a want of preparation for passing out of the present into a future state. If this be true, it is evidence of the nature of fact, that in our constitution we are destined for immortality. The first references of our minds in instances of danger, or extreme distress, are the language of nature. They may, in after thought, be resolved into baseless notions and superstitious fears, but still it must be admitted that our first suggestions are those of religion, and bear all the marks of being the genuine result of an original determination, to us inevitable, and as certainly natural. Is it to be esteemed a privilege or an honorable distinction to be wholly exempt from them? Then the brutes, in this respect at least, are to be envied by us, for whatever other attributes may be common to them and us, they are most unquestionably devoid of the religious faculty. For my own part, if there be a possibility, ascertained by the actual experience of any one, of a real and total freedom from the apprehension of future responsibility, and the consequences of conscious guilt through past life, when pressed by sudden peril upon the verge of death, it is a peculiarity in which I have never participated, and of which, therefore, I am unable to judge. To meet death with unyielding firmness in a righteous cause, or in inevitable necessity, is not incompatible with the gravest consideration of its ultimate issues. To unite these in our feelings is not only honorable, as something of which the inferior animals are incapable, but constitutes one at least of the most glorious distinctions of man among rational and immortal beings.

My recollection tells me that I have always been susceptible on the subject of religion. This has been the case on occasions of public or retired worship calculated to excite pious reflection and devout emotion, as well as in instances of sudden peril. It is not remarkable, however, that examples of the latter description should have taken the most tenacious hold upon my memory, both on account of their rare occurrence and their deep impressions, and the peculiar vividness of the emotions excited by them. That they were directed in signal mercy, I am perfectly convinced, both from the nature and permanency of their effects.

While at school in Newark, it was usual for us to bathe in the Passaic.

On one of these occasions, my companions commenced amusing themselves by running along the ridge of a high sand bank, and jumping from the extremity down a precipice of five and twenty feet, taking care to present their feet in alighting in such a manner as to sink them into the sand that lay loose and sloping in large quantities near the bottom, so as to be stopped gradually by its easy resistance as it was carried before them. I observed their manner for some time, and was prevented at first from attempting it by the height, and the danger of not preserving the right direction of the body and feet through so long a descent. At length, however, I resolved to put it to the trial, and the very failure happened which I had apprehended. They had commenced with small distances, till learning the manner to be consulted, they at length bounded from the top almost to the base. The essay with me was through the whole extent at once, and throwing out my feet too far, I alighted upon the extremity of my body with a shock that struck me breathless. It was attended also with so agonizing a pain in my back that I had no doubt it was broken, and that it must terminate in immediate death. I had perfect presence of mind, and made some attempts to breathe, but wholly failed. The torture was extreme, both of body and mind. At length I felt cheered by some commencing success, and in about five minutes I found myself able to rise upon my feet. The pain abated afterwards in a manner that perfectly surprised me, and once more I seemed to have been snatched, as in a moment, from the jaws of death. My companions who had been appalled at the accident, were rejoicing over me as we walked home, which I at last found myself able to do, though it was at least a mile from the river. Once more I was for some time oppressed with a melancholy feeling at the thought of the danger I had escaped; but I am ashamed to say, that it was accompanied more with the pleasure of safety, than with gratitude for the deliverance, or with steadfast resolutions to live prepared to die.

While I continued in Newark, my progress in the languages was uninterrupted. I never experienced any thing like reluctance or dissatisfaction in relinquishing amusement for study. I do not know that I was ever whipped for not getting a lesson. My usual feeling was that of gratification, when the hour for reciting arrived. The consequence was, as may be supposed, and as all my recollections suggest, that my teachers and myself were mutually satisfied. And though I have seen much of the indisposition of youth to prosecute knowledge when it was put into their power, and they had nothing else to do, I have never had such a comprehension of aversion from it, as their experience would probably convey. Nor is this by any means to be supposed singular. In every school or literary institution where numbers are assembled, there are always some, if not many, of whom the same thing is true. Yet, we are compelled to

believe that there are others, if, indeed, they do not make the majority, to whom it is equally mysterious, how it is possible so to delight in study, as to have their richest enjoyments broken up, if they could not be employed in it.

Having been much engaged in the instruction of youth, it has sometimes occurred to remark to such as could not be induced to an improvement of their opportunities, that there were hundreds of minds to whom, if the avenues of knowledge and its enjoyments could be thrown open as liberally as to them, it would be estimated as a consummation beyond which there was no earthly privilege, which, even in their youthful imagination, they would be so visionary as to have a conception of or a wish for. Upon some, perhaps, a beneficial impression has been left by the thought; but upon others there was every reason to know that it was followed by no other feelings than those of offence and irritation, which they would unhappily deduce from a supposed, or at least a chargeable, invidious contrast to their disadvantage between themselves and some others who were far beneath them in the world.

We at length removed from Newark to Elizabethtown. At this place too much time was lost to me in advancing my education. I believe all thought was for some time relinquished of extending it further. My time passed away in such boyish amusements as casually offered, or my invention contrived. After a year or two had passed in this manner, which I cannot but consider as wholly wasted as to all important acquisition in knowledge or culture, Dr. Witherspoon, who had known me in the grammar school at Princeton, passing one day in the stage through Elizabethtown to or from New York, mentioned to my mother the subject of continuing my education. He encouraged her to do so, if it could be effected, and he dropped some hints that if it could be no otherwise accomplished, himself would become my patron and see that by some means I should be sustained through a collegiate course. When he was gone, I was told of it, and in a moment, though I had nothing before me at home but an unlimited swing in pastime, my heart bounded at the suggestion of renewing the prosecution of my studies. My recollection presents to me no influence of motives springing from the ultimate consequences of a liberal education. The engagements of a school had always been interesting to me, and it was the gratification that was to be renewed, that filled me with eagerness for the object. I therefore teased my mother with inquiries respecting the precise manner in which the Doctor had spoken of the matter, and the probability there might be that my studies might be resumed. Some weeks, if not months, passed away in this uncertainty, and at last I received information that the determination was becoming conclusive in my favor.

Before leaving the subject of my residence at Elizabethtown, a circumstance occurs as having furnished another instance of the manner in which Providence decides our destination through life by incidents upon which the future seems to turn as upon the nicest pivot. In traveling along a road, the difference may appear of little import as to which of two roads we may happen to take when they are presented to our choice. The region we are to traverse, may seem to be much the same, especially to our early youth, which knows not how to look at distant consequences. And yet, by the decision made at the moment, the whole scenery and circumstances of our future days may become totally different from such as would have ensued had the determination been different. While living, then, at Elizabethtown, my mother spoke to me one day of a thought which had entered her mind of putting me into a printing office, to be brought up to that business. After asking the particulars as to the manner of making provision for it, and the man with whom I was to be placed, I was captivated with the plan, and urged it with much persuasion to as speedy an issue as possible. It would seem that I felt no real complacency in the idle life that I was leading, nor any wish for its continuance. The occupation of a printer was connected with literary pursuits, and my education was sufficiently advanced to enter upon it with advantage, and to furnish a foundation for an enlarged and liberal prosecution of the profession. Such were my views, even at that early period. Every day I asked my mother how the plan advanced, and when I was to begin. She told me that she had proposed the matter to one who carried on the business and published a newspaper in the town, that he had promised to consider it, and was to give an answer. At length she received one in the affirmative: but no sooner was it reported to her, than she revolted from the project, and informed me that her mind was now in such a state that she never could consent to it. At this I was not a little surprised. I argued, and even remonstrated: explained to her the comprehensive prospects which I hoped to push with success, beyond the mechanical parts of the profession, that I had no idea of limiting myself to humble and contracted views in the business, and that though it was easy to do this, it was with a view to the ulterior and higher opportunities it would put in my power, that I was induced to wish for it. When her dissent was communicated to the one who had consented to take me, he complained not a little, and I urged this also as a reason for concluding the affair by letting me go to him. All, however, was of no avail. She had thought more fully, and could not be reconciled. Her reasons on which she conclusively rested, did credit to her sentiments, whether those reasons were in accordance with fact and truth or not. She finally objected to the profession, as having a tendency to harden and pervert the heart, by engaging it in the temptations and

wiles of controversy. The facility of publication to one who commands a press, she said, was a snare, inducing him to give vent to passions, and to commit himself in sentiments, which, if sustained, must injure his moral principles, and, if relinquished, must expose him. It seemed to her as if a familiar and mechanical dealing in types was attended with the consequences of recklessness and hardihood in regard to true sentiment, as sailors who eminently live in the midst of dangers are most regardless of conscientious restriction, and learn to "sin as with a castrope." It was with such impressions as these, whether experimentally true, or only baseless apprehensions, that she explained her purpose as it became finally settled on the subject, and the plan was relinquished. It was so long after this that Dr. Witherspoon proposed the continuance of my education through a complete collegiate course, that the thought of my becoming a printer, from which I had been so critically diverted, had dropped out of sight. But when I look back at these events, they contain to me a striking exemplification of our being wholly at the disposal of Providence, while at the moment we may think of nothing else than of determining every thing by our own choice, or by the opinions and wishes of our friends. This conviction is more apt to be made upon us, when on the turning point we took a direction that changed the whole aspect of our life, than in cases of minute and scarcely observable consequence. But there is no difficulty in seeing that by one of these two, or by a succession of them, we may come to be placed in circumstances equally decisive upon an extensive scale, or in producing such a contexture of our character and condition at last, as must exhibit those little events or influences to have been of the utmost consequence, though while they were passing they scarcely attracted our notice, and have long been forgotten, and become to us as though they had never been.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.)

TEACHING THE EYE.—The great majority of mankind do not and can not see one fraction of what they might see. "None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to see. A powerful modern writer has summed this up in one pregnant sentence: "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread-out fingers; and multitudes of such examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ERA OF NORTH CAROLINA.

An Address delivered before the citizens of Elizabeth City, July 4, 1859,

BY R. B. CREECY, ESQ.

It is with feelings of unfeigned regret, that I look around upon this extraordinary assemblage of persons, met to do honor to the natal day of our country's independence; regret, at the disappointment which they must necessarily meet with, from the imperfect manner in which I am compelled to perform the part which has been assigned me in the entertainments of this occasion. The brief time allowed me by those upon whose invitation I appear before you, added to the insufferably hot weather which we have had for some days past, is my humble apology to my respected audience, for inviting them to a plain, substantial, homely meal, composed of simple matter-of-fact dishes, without any of the plum-puddings of rhetoric, the Champagne of wit, or the south-side Madeira of eloquence and poetry; delicacies, to which you have hitherto been accustomed on this great day of our country's birth, and to which you are fairly entitled for the compliment of your attendance here this day.

The weather alone would plead with my friends, I trust, an ample and sufficient apology for my apparent neglect; for who, alas! can do any thing for his country or his friends, with the thermometer at 90, and his patriotism oozing out at every pore. At such a time, who feels like bursting into a blaze of patriotic passion; nay, rather, who does not feel then, like melting, into the plaintive melody of song; thus:

"Oh, this confounded weather!

(As some one sung or said,)

My pen, though but a feather,

Is heavier than lead;

At every pore I'm oozing—

(I'm "caving in" to-day)—

My plumptitude I'm losing,

I'm dripping fast away.

Had I a yacht, like Miller,

That skimmer of the seas,

A wheel rigged for a tiller,

And a fresh gunwale breeze,

A crew of friends well chosen,

And all atanto, I

Would sail for regions frozen—

I'd rather freeze than fry.

I'm weeping like the willow

That droops in leaf and bough—

Let ocean's sparkling billow

Burst cold upon me now;

And, as becomes her station,

The muse will close her prayer—

God save the corporation!

Long live the valiant mayor!"

It has often occurred to me, in my solitary musings upon the stirring events of the Revolutionary drama, that it had been fortunate for us latter day patriots, if Dr. Franklin, who was one of the committee appointed by Congress to draft the Declaration of Independence, had drawn that immortal State paper instead of Thomas Jefferson. Franklin was eminently practical—Jefferson eminently speculative.

Jefferson was a scion of the English cavalier, grafted upon the French stock; and he encouraged the speculative habits of thought acquired in the French school. He drank French wines, eat French dishes, dressed in French costume, and wore the French cockade. He was a rhetorician and a poet by nature, and did many things, and wrote many things, without reference to their practical effect. See, for example, the poet, in the opening phraseology of the Declaration of Independence. "*When in the course of human events.*" Why run his poetical eye down the long vista of human progress, to make our great epic a part of the lengthened catenation? Why not leave it, a great, disconnected individuality? So, also, with that other passage of the Declaration; "*all men are born free and equal;*" a passage, which some of his friends have given themselves much unnecessary trouble to explain, in order to relieve the sage of Monticello from the embraces of the modern abolitionist, by which Jefferson meant nothing but to round a period with a rhetorical finish; for in point of fact, few men are born equal and none are born free.

Jefferson died, without having grappled successfully with the business details of life, and left to his heirs nothing but glory; nothing but glory—the glory of a name which is the tocsin-cry of liberty throughout the world, the sound whereof starts a quicker heart-throb wherever it is heard among the down-trodden sons of men; a heritage more valuable to those who boast his lineage, than heaps of gold piled mountain high.

Franklin, on the contrary, was a genuine Boston Quaker, and preserved through life the hereditary instincts and peculiarities of his eminently practical race. Commencing life, literally with two rolls of bread under his arm and a hard shilling in his pocket, he worked his way up to fame and fortune, simply by the force of that native practical talent which regarded no object save for its uses. He died, the great type, through all time, of the practical man, and bequeathed large legacies to his kindred, and large charities to Boston and Philadelphia, the cities of his birth and his adoption.

Now, had Franklin written the Declaration of Independence instead of Jefferson, it would unquestionably have borne the impress of a different paternity, and we should probably have been saved a deal of trouble. In the first place, had Franklin had the management of the matter, the 4th of July would surely never have come in the month of July. Rolling

his practical orbs down the tide of time, he would quickly have seen how unsuited the season for a great holiday, and he would, most surely, have made the 4th of July come along about the 20th of October; that lovely Indian-summer time, when Nature, decked in the russet livery of Autumn, wears her loveliest aspect.

The Declaration itself would doubtless have been very different from that which bears the impress of Jefferson's genius. It would have dealt in no rhetorical generalities; but upon the money question it would have been all right, with all our losses estimated and calculated in £, s. and d., according to the rules laid down in Daboll's Arithmetic. Upon the taxation question, placing himself in *attitudine pugnandi* and showing the true blood of a fighting Quaker, I think he would have told King George, in very plain terms, that if he did not take his foot off of our necks, and his hands out of our breeches pockets, he would get both of his eyes blacked.

Its spelling would perhaps have been faulty, for, if I mistake not, the Doctor had some peculiar fancies upon that branch of education, which, I think, would not have looked graceful if embodied in the spelling of the Declaration of Independence. His practical mind could not understand how r-o-u-g-h could spell *ruff*; c-o-u-g-h *coff*, and b-o-u-g-h, *bow*; so he went for a change, and proposed to simplify the process, by spelling all the words of our language according to their sound. For example, our plain old Anglo-Saxon word, *wife*, which we have been taught to spell with four letters, w-i-f-e, the Doctor thought could be spelt, phonographically, with great economy of time and ink, with two letters, thus: y-f, *wife*. For this reason, I had rather Dr. Franklin should have had nothing to do with the spelling of the Declaration of Independence.

I have thought it would not be inappropriate to the occasion and the place, and not distasteful to the audience which I have the honor to address, to take a summary review of that portion of our Revolutionary struggle, in which our own State of North Carolina bore the chief part; in other words, to present for your consideration, the North Carolina chapter, in the history of "the times that tried men's souls." Like "Old Mortality," in Scott's immortal romance, I shall aim to re-chisel upon the tablets of your memory, the names, the deeds and the character of the men, who, in that heroic period, marched under the rebellious banner of the colony of North Carolina, and staked their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, upon the issue of the contest.

For a long period of time after the war was ended, and our country's independence established upon a sure and recognized basis, our State did not receive her fair share of credit for the efforts and sacrifices made and endured in that glorious struggle; and it is by the recent labors of her

patriotic sons, that her claims to distinction have been completely vindicated. The whole story of her struggles, her heroic daring, her stern endurance, her determined resistance, will never be fully told; but enough is known and enough has been told, to entitle her to the honor of Lord Cornwallis' reproach, that her territory was the "Hornet's Nest of the Revolutionary War."

It is a matter of profound regret, that the Revolutionary annals of our State were not examined and preserved at an earlier period of time, when the facts of history were fresh in the memory of the living witnesses, and could have been established by the most reliable and authentic traditions. The written records of the time were exceedingly scanty; in the case of North Carolina, they were peculiarly so. The official reports were often imperfectly drawn, the actors being more familiar with the use of the sword than the pen. The Press, that living Daguerreotype of the times in our day, was then but little understood, as a vehicle of public intelligence; and in North Carolina its feeble voice had been silenced amid the clangor of arms. "*The North Carolina Magazine*" had been established in Newbern, and "*The North Carolina Weekly Post Boy*" in Wilmington; but they soon died out in the confusion of the conflict, the editors, unfortunately for the fame of our State, laying down the pen and taking up the sword. The population of the country consisted, almost entirely, of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, sparsely settled, at remote distances, rarely drawn together by objects of general interest, with no large towns or cities as centres of communication and rallying points for mutual defence, and with little or no mail facilities, from the sparse and scattered condition of the population.

Hence, from the peculiarities of our colonial condition, being without a press, without large towns as common rallying centres, with but little communication by letter; (from which private source, many of the most stirring incidents of the war, in other sections, have been derived;) hence arose the great ignorance, mystery and darkness, which, for so long a time, hung like a pall over the glorious history of the war in North Carolina.

True, the great leading outlines of what our sires were doing for the good cause were well enough known. It was well enough known, that our most trusted patriots were in the field, cheering their countrymen to arms. It was well enough known, that they had driven Governor Martin from his palace at Newbern, and had compelled him to take refuge on board a British man-of-war, lying at the mouth of Cape Fear River; that they had compelled the British stamp-agent to resign his office, under the open threat of a house-razing for his residence with tar and feathers for himself. It was well enough known that CASWELL and LILLINGTON were in the field, and had won a triumphant victory over two thousand

tories and British at Moore's Creek Bridge, early in the war; that HOWE was the Harry Hotspur of the South; that HARNET was the Sam Adams of North Carolina; that DAVIE was as wise in council as he was valiant in battle. It was well enough known that we were sending vessels laden with provisions, to relieve the wants of our suffering Boston brethren, groaning under the pressure of the Boston Port Bill. It was well enough known that North Carolina was the place of refuge for the brave patriots of our sister colonies to the south of us, whose territory was overrun by British arms; and that North Carolina had thrown a wall of fire in the way of Cornwallis' march to effect a junction with the British forces in Virginia; a wall of fire through which, it is true, he cut his way; but with his feathers badly scorched; all historians now admitting that his *quasi* victory at Guilford was, in fact, a triumph of the American arms; and that his feeble resistance at Yorktown, that crowning glory of the war, was a consequence of Guilford—the feeble, staggering blow of a conquered man.

These, and more like these, were known, and well known: but alas! how little was known, or is yet known, of other, but not less interesting, features of the struggle which was then raging in the rebellious colony of North Carolina; the fierce encounter with the Tories; the ambush; the skirmish; the surprise; the endurance; the privation; the hair-breadth-'scape; the sundered kindred tie; the lusty valor of the young but unknown brave; the sire's counsel to arms; the romantic story of woman's trials and sacrifices, of woman's courage and encouragement; the noble mothers of the Revolution—Sparta's record shows none nobler or more heroic.

Where is North Carolina's record of all these and more? Where lies the guilt of the wasted treasure? Where are the traditions of our Revolutionary ancestors? Alas! traditions are like the words of the Sibyl's Prophetess: written upon the leaves of the forest and scattered to the winds. It is the fault of those who followed immediately upon the Revolutionary Era, that those treasures of history, richer far to us than gems of Orient; more valuable to our children than all the gold which California has ever furnished, "or all which she yet locks from the cupidity of man in the virgin chambers of her snow-clad sierras," are lost forever.

Honor, all honor, to those who, in our day, are engaged in the pious task of repairing the damage as best they may, by gathering up the scattered fragments of the squandered treasure. Honor, all honor, especially to the names of DAVID L. SWAIN, of the University of North Carolina, DAVID CARUTHERS, of Western North Carolina, and FRANCIS L. HAWKS, of New York.

Strange as it may appear, even some of those brilliant achievements of our Revolution which have rendered the names of their authors immortal, and which we now cherish as the brightest gems in our coronet of jewels,

were comparatively unknown, or not thoroughly understood, until long after the Revolutionary Era had passed away. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, that bright page in our annals, that immortal act which has crowned the Brevards, the Alexanders, the Davidsons, the Polks, the Grahams, the Morrisons, the Averys, with imperishable fame, and won for our old State the honor of having planted the first banner of Independence upon the ramparts of the Revolution; that act did not become a fully recognized historical fact, until nearly half a century after that—20th of May, 1775—when it was accomplished.

So, too, with the War of the Regulation—the first conflict of which history gives us any account, between American citizens with rifles in their hands and soldiers under the immediate command of the royal Governor Tryon; the significant forerunner of the Revolution; the means in the hands of Providence, by which the hearts of our people were trained for the coming crisis, by which they were first taught the great lesson in human rights, that “*Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God*”—a contest which establishes for North Carolina the honor, the great honor, that it was her soil which drank the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of American liberty. And, yet, how long was the character of the Regulators misunderstood; how little was understood of the motives which prompted them to resist, even unto death, the oppressive acts of Governor Tryon and the British authorities; how completely, and for how long a time, did the English version hold possession of the public mind; but yet, just so sure as “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,” just so sure is it that the blood of the Regulators was the seed of the Revolution, in that part of North Carolina where it was poured out—seed, which sprang up and bore abundant fruits at Guilford, at Ramsour’s Mills, at King’s Mountain, at Eutaw, and other bloody fields.

The battle of the Alamance, fought by the troops of the British Governor, Tryon, and the citizens of Western North Carolina, on the 14th of May, 1771, preceded the battle of Lexington nearly four years. It was a battle in which large bodies of armed men were in hostile array on either side—in which blood was poured out on both sides—no less than sixteen of Tryon’s men having been killed by the unerring rifle of one man, Pugh; it was a battle fought to redress onerous and galling wrongs—to redress unlawful and oppressive extortions of British officials—oppressions long complained of and grievously borne, against which the laws, as administered, afforded no protection, or but the mockery of relief; it was fought at a time when the whole country, from New England to Georgia, was uttering murmurs, deep and threatening, against the violated rights of our country, when the stamp act had been passed—when the great heart of our country was swelling with the purpose of resistance; it was fought at a time when our

wisest statesmen and most brave were pausing ere they counseled their handful of undisciplined countrymen to draw the sword against the veteran soldiers of England, who had learned the art of war under its greatest masters, and borne victorious banners from the bloodiest battle fields of Europe; a battle which, although in its result a partial defeat of our countrymen, was a great moral triumph for our country.

Yet, justly entitled as is this great battle of the Alamance, to a bold, bright page in the history of our whole country—great as it undoubtedly is in all its aspects and bearings, in the time when it was fought, in the objects for which it was fought, in the personal daring which it exhibited and the resistance to oppression which it signalized, in its touching incidents, its moral triumph, and in the fruits which soon sprang from the seed then sown in blood—yet, its name, and fame, and character slept unheard, or worse, misunderstood and misrepresented, for half a century, before it found a herald to blazon its glories to the world.

Where lies the blame? On whose shoulders rests the moral guilt of such neglect?

We are sometimes called a plain, unpretending people. It is not a bad name—it might be worse—it ought to be better.

I once heard a distinguished citizen of our State, the most able, perhaps, that the State has ever produced—the late Judge Gaston—say in a public speech, that he trusted it would be long before we exchanged that title for one less equivocal. For myself, were I to consult my own choice, I should prefer a title with something more of the positive in it; I should choose it a little stronger—a little less milk-and-water, and a little more of the brandy-cocktail about it. But, really, it appears to me that those sons of North Carolina, who permitted the glories of Alamance to live so long unsung, deserve no better, if, indeed, they do not deserve a worse title to fame, than that of being plain and unpretending.

From this hasty reference to the achievements in North Carolina, during the heroic period in the history of our country, and the no less trying times which immediately preceded that eventful period, let us turn for a moment to the character of the men, who, with unshrinking courage, led the van-guard in the fight, and flung North Carolina's banner to the battle and the breeze;—the Nestors, the Achilles, and the Ajax Telemons of the Revolution.

First, among that glorious galaxy of heroes, to whom we can point with the same proud spirit with which the mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her jewels, pointed to her sons, I place the name of one who was the leading spirit in the early dawn of the Revolution; whose sad fate it was to die, with his sword half drawn from the scabbard, while the gloom of uncertainty was yet hanging over the destiny of his beloved country; but

all the more deserving of grateful recognition from us, that he died without reaping the glories of a war, in which he had counseled his countrymen to draw the sword. That man was JOHN HARVEY, of Perquimans.

Of vigorous understanding and determined spirit; with large wealth, and the prestige of great ancestral distinction;—being a lineal descendant of that John Harvey, who, a hundred years before him, was Governor of North Carolina;—John Harvey, of Perquimans, was the natural rallying centre of the patriots who opposed the oppressions of Great Britain. He was, unquestionably, the foremost man of his time; holding high official positions; leading on all important committees; Speaker of the popular branch of the Assembly; and vested with extraordinary powers, when it was determined to resist the encroachments of Great Britain. He “rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm,” ere it burst in all its fury. But, alas! he sank into an early grave! He died when the *reveille* drums of the Revolution were calling his countrymen to arms, but he lived long enough to show the part he would have acted in that great struggle, if death had not called him away to a patriot’s reward.

Whoever would renew his vows of patriotism, at the tomb of a true patriot, let him visit the grave of John Harvey, which is yet to be seen upon the banks of the Albemarle, in the *neck* that bears his name.

Among the patriots who met the shock of war, and shared the perils and the glories of the conflict, the foremost rank, has, I think, by common consent, been assigned to RICHARD CASWELL. Caswell was equally distinguished as a soldier and civilian. He commanded at the Battle of Moore’s Creek, and with a small force defeated a large body of the enemy. In other engagements he was greatly distinguished. His administration as Governor of North Carolina, during three perilous years of the war, was marked by singular wisdom and fidelity. By some of his too partial admirers, he has been compared with Washington, that great Colossus of our country, who stands apart—alone—without a parallel—“a mark, a sign, and a wonder, to guide the wayfarer in the pilgrimage of life.”

Other names, in quick succession, crowd upon my memory and clog my utterance.

SAM JOHNSTON, a Nestor in council; that man of iron will and flinty purpose, on whom the lamented Harvey’s mantle fell.

DAVIE, the young brave; the eloquent, the chivalrous, the daring, the gifted WILLIAM R. DAVIE; the Chevalier Bayard of the war; “the knight without fear and without reproach;” the accomplished gentleman, the polite scholar; the statesman, the soldier; afterward, our national representative at the court of Versailles; the Patrick Henry of North Carolina. Oh! that he had a Wirt to tell the story of his life.

HOOPER, whose ability as a writer was recognized and appropriated by the Continental Congress.

The enthusiastic MOORE, whose patriotic heart was fired by the warm blood of the Emerald Isle.

Honest old CORNELIUS HARNETT, whose voice first rang the stirring words of our national Declaration of Independence into the ears of a North Carolina audience.

The rough, but gallant, DAVIDSON, who fell at Cowan's Ford, and mingled his purple life-blood with the blue waters of the Catawba.

And other names, whose glorious deeds time will not allow me to enumerate.

NASH, who fell at Brandywine, and HOWE, and LILLINGTON, and SHELBY, and POLK, and GRAHAM, and RUTHERFORD, and SUMNER: Carolinians, all.

These, these, are our jewels. Wear them next your heart of hearts; wear them like a conqueror's wreath; wear them with the same proud step, with which the chieftain wears the nodding plume, when marching to his "tented field" of glory. Let old men tell the story of their deeds. Let manhood emulate, and childhood lisp them. Let banners flaunt their names. And in that day—should that day ever come—when North Carolina calls again for the blood of her sons; those names, those deeds; like the fabled dragon's teeth, will spring up into armed men, ready to pour out again, their blood like water, for their country.

[NOTE.—Perhaps the author meant ELI W. CARUTHERS instead of DAVID CARUTHERS, on page 30; and the 16th instead of the 14th of May, as the date of the battle of the Alamance.—EDS.]

THE INSECT WORLD.—Professor Agassiz says, that more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects and describe their appearance. Meiger, a German, collected and described six hundred species of flies, which he collected in a district of ten miles circumference. There have been collected in Europe twenty thousand species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin, two professors are engaged in collecting, observing, and describing insects and their habits, and already have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

SYSTEM.—Curran said to Grattan, you would be the greatest man of your age, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers.

THE COTTER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY EGROEG.

“Men lapped by luxury, unused to toil,
Accustomed ever to fair Fortune's smile,
Rich as to wealth, indulged in pampered ease,
Caressed by every charm with power to please,
Are esteemed happy; and themselves are sure
There is no pleasure they cannot procure.
Yet not to these would I direct my song—
The life of joy like theirs cannot be long.
Let but reverses come, their pleasures fly;
The friends who shared with them the sunny sky,
Like birds of summer, leave them to their fate—
Then comes repentance, but 'tis then too late.
I do not sing for these—let them enjoy
Life's shade and sunshine, mingled pain and joy.
The humble peasant now employs my strains,
Whom Fortune's bloated scion oft disdains.
Yet not to him alone—to all the earth
Who esteem pleasures by their real worth,
I fain would sing—alike to friend and foe
Where dwells true happiness 'tis mine to show.
At simple joys philosophers may smile;
The fool may deem the poor man's pleasures vile,
May look upon the peasant with a sneer—
His toilsome days, his coarse, but healthy cheer:
But who would exchange places—who would give
The peasant's joy for wealth's prerogative?
The humble farmer leaves his healthy cot,
And leaves what ties to life in that dear spot!
All that can bind the heart of man to life—
A frugal, virtuous and loving wife,
The ever constant friend, who loves to share
With him the load of toil, of hope, and care;
Rejoices with him when he meets success,
And soothes his sorrow when he meets distress.
She bathes his fevered brow when sickness come,
And is in all the goddess of his home.
He sees his children busied with their games,
And as he leaves his heart repeats their names;
He blesses these sweet pledges of his love,
And prays their safety from the Power above.
His heart is light, and all around seems gay—
Above the birds, below the flowerets play;
The fields look pleasant, and the daily toil
Is undergone with cheerfulness—a smile
Illumes his face—he blesses his low sphere
When fancy brings his wife and children near.
He labors, but he thinks—O! blessed gift,
That gives the laborer poor the power to lift
His soul from toil, and revel all at ease
In joys of home, of heav'n—of where he please.
What though his neighbor lolled while he has wrought,

He owns a treasure in his pleasant thought.
 But to the honest only this belongs—
 Whose heart is blackened by a life of wrongs,
 Finds in his thoughts a hell—in vain he strives
 To fly his mind, it dogs him while he lives.

“The Statesman busied with the cares of state
 Passes his time in constant self-debate.
 Here must a foe be met, a vict'ry won;
 Here shout reply to shout, and gun to gun;
 Here must he scale a politician's wit,
 To do his county some great benefit;
 Here must he counteract some treach'rous plot;
 Here must untie some worse than Gordian knot.
 Domestic joy the statesman never knows,
 Nor stops to taste the pleasures of repose.
 To days of labor night brings no relief—
 His dreams are fearful, and his slumber brief.
 He feels his throbbing pulses, and laments
 The endless toil that brings no recompense.
 At dawn the crafty ruler strives to hide
 The trace of care too bitter to subside;
 With smiles he decks his face, with great address
 Assumes a look and tone of carelessness.
 But careless only seems—that restless eye,
 Despite his efforts, gives his smile the lie.
 That lofty brow where Reason has her throne
 Unwrinkled now, scowls darkly when alone.
 That voice enchanting all within its reach,
 So rich and charming with its honied speech,
 Knows curses only when in solitude,
 He walks his chamber in no pleasant mood.
 Can he be happy? Can the joys of life
 Exist in such a heart, where only strife
 And stately bustle can conspire to throw
 A charm around existence here below?
 A dreadful state is his—in life unblest,
 He toils and shines awhile, then sinks to rest.
 But is it rest? Ask of the trembling soul,
 E'en while it shudders in its hellish goal—
 E'en while tormenting conscience rages high,
 Ask the poor soul if ease or rest is nigh.

“The soldier, hard in heart and stout in arms,
 Who revels blissful amid war's alarms,
 'Mong Northern glaciers drags his wearied limbs,
 Where Nature lavishes her strangest whims;
 In Southern deserts, 'neath the burning sun,
 He proudly boasts the spoils his valor won.
 He stakes existence in the doubtful game,
 And perils health, and life, and heaven for fame.
 And what is fame? A dew-drop on the grass
 That glistens in the sunlight as you pass,
 Exists and shines, then vanishes away,
 As does the dew before the heat of day.
 The soldier leaves his children, home, and wife;
 In Fortune's favor puts his hopes of life—
 His prospects of success; and onward flies
 To gather glory, till he sinks and dies.
 What is there so repays the hero's toils?

Is it the love of men, or battle's spoils?
Does he delight in viewing scenes of blood?
Or does he pant to tramp the gory flood?
When he has fought his fights the soldier dies,
Rots unlamented where his carcass lies;
But as his soul wheels up the heavenly vault,
Too late he sorrows for his lifetime's fault;
Reviews each field of blood; counts up the slain;
And hears his victims groan with deadly pain.
He sees the hearths his guilty hands made bare,
And yields his conscience up to black despair.
Mortals may loudly laud their conquerors,
But bloody hands God's holy heart abhors.
The proudest feet that tread th' ensanguined field;
The bravest soul that never knew to yield;
The sternest eye that e'er beheld the gore
Of wounded enemies, and sighed for more;
The men whose sweetest music is to hear
Foes' dying groans, their own victorious cheer—
To hear crowns tumbling with a crushing crash,
And feel the deadly squadron's solid dash—
To these when death has come, how sad the hour
That drags them headlong from their vaunted power!
For earth they lived, for earthly fame they strove—
And wounds, and blood, and death their only love.
Repentance comes, but 'twill not give them now
The stainless heart of yore—with haughty brow,
They bend beneath the Almighty's chast'ning rod,
And, cursing, stand before an angry God.
Now hear their doom: 'Behold, yon trembling soul,
Above, around, whom tides of anger roll;
This is thy work—go share his wretched fate,
And let his curse add fury to thy hate.'

"Yon stately ship, careering o'er the deep,
Its freight of lives conveys with stately sweep.
Oft has she witnessed ocean's sternest frown,
And stemmed the blast, while other barks went down.
The rude, but generous, sailor sees her swim,
And proudly turns to scan her graceful trim—
The tapering masts, the well-stretched sails, the deck
So well arranged; nor dreams he of a wreck."
Beside the ship he sees the wavelets bow,
And foaming, turn to kiss the conquering prow.
Reclining on the deck, his fancy turns
To where Equator's sun in glory burns;
Or where, in Northern climes, the icebergs roll,
To ward the sailor from the long-sought poll.
In quick review before him pass the toils,
The numerous dangers, and the cheerful smiles
His ocean life has known—his heart beats fast,
When mem'ry turns to gaze upon the past.
The little cot that nursed his boyish form,
Till it was strong enough to breast the storm;
His mother's gentle voice, her loving eye
Reproving, when he erred, so tenderly;
The little sister, whom despite her dread,
To view the ocean's wrath he often led,
And in whose willing ear he told his tales

Of dangers undergone, of calms and gales—
 But while he dreams, the sky is overcast,
 The threat'ning storm-clouds gather thick and fast;
 The thunder mutt'ring in the distance shows
 That Nature now has laid aside repose;
 The close-reefed sail, the captain's hoarse command,
 Proclaim too well that danger is at hand.
 Soon o'er the deep the storm-god comes in wrath,
 And foam, and wrecks, and corpses strew his path.
 He howls around the ship till ev'ry sense
 Is swallowed in the war of elements.
 The waves at last awakened from their sleep,
 Marshal their watery forces o'er the deep;
 They surge, and foam, and swell, and sink, and rise,
 Till every billow seems to touch the skies.
 The shouts of men upon the battle field,
 When first the stubborn foe begins to yield;
 The cannon thundering on the smoky plain,
 Hurling its grape-shot on the foe like rain—
 These all are grand, but when the storm clouds lower,
 And ocean rises to assert its power,
 They sink to nought—the conflict of the wave
 No mortal ever lived who dared to brave;
 The cannon's loudest roar must silence be
 When thunders forth heav'n's dread artillery;
 The murderous shot that ploughs along the plain
 Stops short when heav'n's fierce lightning sweeps the main;
 Each march and countermarch the soldier craves
 Is nought to the manœuvring of the waves.
 Dreadful the conflict, and the gallant boat
 Bids fair o'er ev'ry threat'ning sea to float;
 But soon a trembling voice is heard to cry,
 'The ship has sprung a leak—prepare to die.'
 Then o'er the waters bursts the fearful shriek
 Of agony too deep for words to speak;
 Then floats to heaven the short, but earnest prayer
 That all may find a kind Protector there.
 "Nor greater joy the restless trav'ler knows,
 Who seeks in distant lands to flee his woes—
 The scene he shifts, but never shifts his mind,
 Who seeks in other lands relief to find.*
 Who loves to view sweet Nature's varied face;
 Who changes home with every change of place,
 Contented with his lot whate'er it be—
 In love at once with wealth and poverty;
 Who is in calm and storm alike possessed
 Of peaceful thoughts, and an unruffled breast—
 He may indeed be happy; but who bears
 For home, or friends, or kindred, any cares,
 Must still be wretched, whether Fortune's smile,
 Or sad disaster follow him the while.
 What though impelled by curiosity
 The wondrous sights of other lands to see;
 Though Grecia's fields of glory lend their charms—

"Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

HOR.—LIB. I, EPIST. XI.

The child of heroes, wise in arts and arms;
 Though Egypt's ruins pregnant still with fame
 Recall the glories of a fallen name;
 Though every seat of learning, power, and art
 From their neglected graves in turn could start—
 Though these, and more than these, his sight might bless,
 He could not but lament their emptiness.
 The sculptor's cunning may impart to stone
 A grace that Nature would not blush to own;
 But here his work must cease—to form the eye,
 The breast alive with thoughts, 'twere vain to try.
 We may admire the chiseled monument,
 But soon our admiration will be spent—
 The *form* is perfect, but with all his care
 The sculptor cannot place the *spirit* there.
 Thus with the traveller; his ev'ry joy,
 However sweet, is sure of its alloy;
 And though o'er many distant lands he roam,
 He ne'er can feel the solid joys of home.

“In every occupation we can trace
 The curse that blights the comforts of our race—
 The soldier's murdered, and the sailor wrecked;
 The trav'ler's swift career too oft is checked
 By dagger, or by poison, or fatigue,
 As all alone he threads the endless league;
 The statesman sinks beneath his load of care,
 And finds, too late, that pleasure is not there;
 The sculptor makes the marble almost speak,
 But finds at last his powers all too weak;
 Upon the pictured landscape one can gaze,
 And lavish on the painter ev'ry praise;
 But never can a picture be complete,
 Till life's imparted to the senseless sheet.
 It were an useless toil to number more,
 To show more plainly our misfortune's store.
 There is one lot, however, wholly free
 From all that appertains to misery—
 The humble peasant in his humble garb
 But seldom feels misfortune's painful barb.
 To toil is sweet to him, 'tis sweet to rest;
 'Tis sweet to clasp his children to his breast;
 'Tis sweet to rise at dawn and hail the light;
 'Tis sweet to watch the shadows fall at night;
 'Tis sweet his wife's rich store of love to earn;
 'Tis sweet to leave her, sweeter to return.
 His days are pleasant and his nights serene,
 And round-faced Plenty smiles upon the scene.”

* * * * *

Scarce had the peasant finished, when behold!
 A dreadful sight before his eyes unrolled:
 His cottage, loveliest spot upon the green,
 Burst into flames—how fearful to be seen!
 A shriek of agony bursts through the air:
 “O! help—O! help—our child is burning there!”
 In vain the maddened father strives to save
 His lovely offspring from a fiery grave;
 The burning timbers fall upon the heap—
 The child is sleeping her eternal sleep.

The sorrowing father learned, alas! too late
 That pain can reach the humble as the great.
 He learned that Death is ready to destroy
 The gray-haired father and the beardless boy;
 That age or station never can restrain
 The strokes of sorrow, nor the shafts of pain.
 He learned that they alone enjoy a heaven,
 To whom the glorious crown above is given.
 Religion is the only thing that gives
 The erring mortal comfort while he lives;
 And 'tis religion only that can be
 The endless comfort of eternity.

“CLARA MORELAND” BY EMERSON BENNETT.

THE passion for novel reading, so prevalent in this country, gives birth annually to hundreds of silly books which deserve much more to be thrown into the fire, than stowed away in the brains of honest citizens. This passion, increasing at every gratification, wholly vitiates the taste for the correct and beautiful in literature, and gives employment to men, who in any other occupation, would scarcely rise to mediocrity, and who are certainly far below mediocrity, as writers. The public, by intrusting their taste to such poor keepers, frequently form a wrong standard of merit, and praise or condemn a book in proportion to the excitement it produces. We look in vain among many of the standard authors of the day for the pure diction, and correct ideas of the more classical period, when Scott and his contemporaries flourished and pleased. A few writers still endeavor to preserve the purity of taste, that characterized the time I have just spoken of; but by far the greater part of them, while they copy the faults, ignore the beauties of earlier writers. Conspicuous among the latter stands Mr. Bennett, remarkable for no great originality of thought—if I may judge of him by the work before me—nor very select in his language, he manages to carry us over page after page by sheer excitement. The peculiar forte of Mr. Bennett lies in his selection of events, and from this cause alone the present book is even readable. The scene is in Texas; the time selected is that immediately preceding the late war with Mexico. The principal characters undergo a variety of misfortunes; are lost on a prairie, captured by Indians, adopted into the tribe, rescued by friends, taken by robbers, rescued by a troop of ‘Texan Rangers,’ captured by Mexicans, again rescued, and all hands are married; so ends the book. I cannot give a longer account of the events; for my review is confined to narrow limits, but I will give my opinions of the book as briefly as possible.

Any one would notice, before he had read many pages of this novel, the want of probability in the events chosen. Every picture of life that

is drawn is distorted, and on comparing it with nature, fails in many respects. And since the principal beauty of every picture or description consists in its close resemblance to nature, he who fails in this cannot be said to do well. A few instances of Mr. Bennett's ill success in this respect, must suffice. When captured by the Indians, and condemned to death, he makes the evident love of an Indian maiden, conceived for his hero at first sight, the means of saving his life and that of Clara, with whom he was in love. It is surely a new feature in the scene of passions, to make jealousy—the jealousy of an Indian too—the instrument of kind acts to one who causes that feeling. Again, when taken by the robber chief, who was his rival for the affections of Clara, and his private enemy, the hero is hanged in a deserted forest; but even in his last gasp is cut down by a friend, who *very fortunately* chanced to be near. At another time, Harley, one of the principal personages, is gagged and bound hand and foot by the same robber, and buried alive in a deep, dark cave. But his friends, *led by fate*, thinking he was far away, went from their direct route, found the cavern, and determined to explore it contrary to their better judgment, and by that means freed Harley from a pit covered over with stones. This was certainly a miraculous deliverance; but as the days for miracles are past, none are now so credulous as to believe such things.

Time will not permit me to enter more fully into details on this subject; but I must pass to another great fault of this book—its want of plot and method. I am by no means a stickler for too much method and stiffness in books like this, but some probability, some connection of one event with another, and dependence on each other, are indispensable. This work is wholly devoid of plot; the author selects two persons, and makes them undergo all the misfortunes that his somewhat imaginative mind can huddle together. Each chapter is a story in itself, almost unconnected both with what precedes and what follows, except that the same characters are used throughout the book. Mr. Bennett shows a remarkable aptness in his choice of improbable difficulties, and improbable deliverances. He leads us a head-long chase after his hero, and frequently seems as much astonished to find him in danger, as any of his readers can be. Then he has to stop and devise some means of escape, and in his haste never chooses the natural way. His way of treating his hero, reminds one of a blind man pushing another blind man at the top of his speed through a place that both are ignorant of: soon both of them tumble over a stump, and begin to rub their noddles in astonishment, and ask each other "what's the matter?" One can almost see the author rub his own pate, when he has pushed his hero over a larger stump than usual.

Mr. Bennett by no means shows a talent for character painting. Give a statue the power of locomotion, and it will do as well as the best and

most life-like of his creatures. Clara, the principal female character, is a mere nothing—a cow with a bonnet on would do as well. She sometimes “throws her arms around somebody’s neck, and vents her grief in tears.” If it were not for such sentences as this scattered over the book, one could very readily think her an electrified dead woman. Dundenah, the Indian princess, has a character not a whit better than that of Clara. At first, you are led to believe her a stern, heartless savage; but she soon becomes as whining and as fond of crying as the best of them. The hero himself is not much better than either of them; for in more than one place we find a sentence like the following: “Let me weep! let me weep, it may appear childish, but it will relieve my aching heart”—aching because he had met his friend—“and impulsively I threw my arms around his neck, and sobbed upon his breast.” Poor man! truly his feeling must have overpowered him. All the other *dramatis personæ* are on a par with those I have mentioned. One sentence in the book itself is a just criticism on the characters of all. One of the party says: “We all seem to be the foot-balls of Fate, who kicks us about as she pleases.”

BETTIE AND I.

We wandered on the sea-shore,
The waves were running high;
But naught cared we for wind and wave—
Bettie and I.

The spray kept dashing o’er us,
As with the rain ’twould vie;
Yet, not the less merrily we laughed—
Bettie and I.

Then, sitting on the breakers,
We wondered, with a sigh,
If we could e’er—could e’er forget—
Bettie and I.

Two vessels in the distance
Passed, together sailing, by:
We thought how like ourselves they were—
Bettie and I.

For thus, on life’s broad ocean,
We thought we could descry
Ourselves together sailing—
Bettie and I.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.

AFTER partaking bountifully of a good English breakfast, *qualified* with a little of Allsop's best, which our good natured landlady of the "Union" had prepared for us, our party feeling desirous of seeing the wonders of the great city, and wishing to take advantage of the beautiful morning, which is something rather rare in London, started from our hotel in a quandary. So many things were to be seen that it was a difficult matter to determine which to visit first. We were in the heart of a great, busy and ancient city, at Charing Cross, from which point we could take a "bus" to any part of London. Where shall we go? that was the question. We have seen the royal palaces and Westminster Abbey, within whose consecrated and venerable walls lay entombed the kings, queens and great men which this noble Island has produced. Now let us visit the famous Tower of London, but not with the same emotions of piety and reverence. Upon yonder hill we see its walls grown hoary by the lapse of a thousand years. Begun by William the Conqueror, to quench that love of liberty ever present in the bosom of the Anglo-Saxon race, the Great or White Tower stands now as a monument of the tyranny that was exercised over the Saxon by his ruthless Norman conqueror. Having determined to spend the morning in that part of the city about the town, we proceeded to Hungerford Bridge, took a boat down the Thames to a landing a short distance from the point of our destination, where taking a cab and riding through Billingsgate market (in which locality fish women reign supreme) we were in a few minutes at the South-west angle of the outer wall, which is the principal entrance. Having crossed the bridge and procured our tickets of admission, we were ushered into the ante-room of the armories which is for the reception of those who have obtained tickets. In this room it is necessary to wait until conducted into the armories by the wardens, who are obliged by law to attend every half hour, and take round the armories those who have assembled. While seated in this room one almost felt as though he were transported back to the times when were immured within the walls of this ancient pile so many prisoners of State—not that there was anything peculiar about the room, but from the grave and venerable appearance of the Wardens, who are meritorious old soldiers, dressed in the exact livery of the yeomen of the guard of the time of Henry VIII. The account that is given of this order is—that they were anciently the servants of the constable of the Tower, employed by him to guard the

prisoners and watch the gates ; but, as a reward for their kindness to the Duke of Somerset, Protector during the minority of Edward VI, while a prisoner in the Tower, they were appointed extraordinary yeomen of the guard, and have ever since worn the dress of that body and lived in the Tower.

Before proceeding further let me give a brief description, or rather explanation, of the plan of this immense structure. I shall not attempt to be very exact either in the explanation of the plan, or in a description of the contents of the Tower ; suffice it to say that the whole is encompassed by a deep moat, supplied with water from the Thames, but which, from its insalubrity, has been for several years kept dry, and grass now covers its sides and bottom. Within this moat are two immensely thick walls, the outer and inner, the former enclosing an area, I suppose, of thirteen or fourteen acres. In the inner wall are, at convenient distances, twelve towers, to each of which are appropriate names—such as Bloody Tower, &c. The White Tower, the oldest of all, occupying the centre of the fortifications, was built, as aforesaid, by William, the Norman, to awe into subjection the rebellious spirit of his new subjects. Such is this famous castle, of which all have read so much, and whose stones, could they speak, could tell of such scenes of horror and bloodshed as would make us blush to own that our fathers were ruled over by such monsters. The White Tower is a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture ; it is nearly one hundred feet high, one hundred and sixteen feet long, and ninety-six feet wide, and has turrets at each angle ; the external walls are fifteen feet in thickness. While wandering about in this building, admiring, and wondering at, the many curious specimens of ancient workmanship, a small doorway in the wall, in Queen Elizabeth's armory, was observed, communicating with a cell ten feet long and eight wide, which, according to tradition, is the one in which was confined Sir Walter Raleigh, and here, it is said, he wrote his *History of the World*, of which Tytler says that "it possesses a purity of language remarkable for the times in which he lived." What a commentary it was upon the mutability of human fortune for Raleigh, the eminent statesman, and highly honored of the Queen, to find himself immured within the precincts of a narrow and comfortless dungeon ! The first apartment into which our guide conducted us was the Horse Armory. In this room are deposited the different armors worn by the kings and noblemen of different ages. The armor is exhibited upon equestrian statues of the different owners. Thus you can trace the change in the war gear of our ancestors from the time of the Norman conquests down to the reign of William III, when, I believe, defensive armor was abandoned. Here are also deposited the various trophies won by the British arms, from, I believe, every civilized nation in the

world, except the United States, and from many barbarous tribes. The old soldier, that conducted us through, evidently took great pleasure in pointing out and explaining the uses of the different weapons, and telling when, where, and from whom they were taken. After looking about and listening for some time to his prattle, I naively asked to see some from the other side of the water. He good naturedly replied that, "Old England had never had a *chance* to get any; we were good friends," and so forth. Modesty forbade that I should tell him that in this I concurred, but still did not think that it was from not trying to get a "*chance*." We all concurred in thinking that they made desperate endeavors for a "*chance*" at New Orleans, in January, 1815.

The history of the twelve smaller towers of the inner ward is replete with incidents of crime, bloodshed and horror. To attempt a description of them would be tedious and unprofitable; there is scarcely a room, it is thought, in them that is not connected with the history of the crimes of the kings and parliaments of England. Beginning with the Bloody Tower, which, it is said, was the scene of the murder of the Royal Children, sons of Edward IV., down to the Flint, or Little Hell, as it was called, from the narrowness and darkness of its dungeons, the heart of a civilized man sickens at, and grows weary of, the same tale of oppressions and murders. One will find, in rambling over these prisons, many inscriptions upon the walls, some of which breathe the spirit of true religion, and show a soul bowed down with the sorrows and oppressions in this life, and hopeless of peace and comfort this side of the grave. Over the fire place in one of the rooms in Beauchamp Tower, is to be found the following inscription: "*Quanto plus affectionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.*" It is said to be the work of the Earl of Arundel, a Roman Catholic nobleman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Being tired of clambering lofty flights of steps and hearing our guide tell his accustomed tale of what such and such a place was noted for, we all, with one accord, requested him to show us the jewel-house, that we might see the royal crown, &c., of old Mother England. Having shown us to the door, and taken from us all sticks, umbrellas, &c., which he placed in the corner at the entrance, he told us to advance, and that he would see us again when we came out. But I was very certain he would do that, for it is a rule from which they never vary—always to *see* you before you leave. Although there is no charge, but still, like our "*niggers*," they conceive such a fondness for you, that they always desire "*something to remember you by.*" It is generally necessary to invest a shilling in such stock. But pardon me for the digression to the Jewel House. We found in this department a middle-aged woman to be "*monarch of all she sur-*

veyed," *pro tem*. With a small stick in her hand, she pointed out the different pieces of jewelry belonging to the royal family. They were in a large glass case, surrounded by a railing. The jewels are exceedingly magnificent and costly. To attempt a description would be useless. There were the crown of the Queen, the rod of equity, placed in the left hand of the sovereign at the coronation, the swords of justice, temporal and ecclesiastical, &c., &c. It was quite amusing to hear the description given of these jewels by the woman who attended in the room. She had committed the story to memory, and sang it off through her nose. It reminded one very forcibly of the singing geography-schools, where the pupils commit, and sing out their lessons.

I fear I have already tired you by my prolixity, and so will, with a few observations upon the tower in its three-fold capacity of palace, fortress and prison, conclude. This venerable pile of our ancestors has served in this three-fold capacity, and its adaptation for each is remarkable. As a fortress, its position is the best, and from this and the immense strength of its walls, it is impregnable. What a feeling of just pride must every Englishman experience, when he reflects that this castle of his ancestors, though it dates back almost ten centuries, has never yet felt the shock of a foreign foe, and that over its battlements has floated none other than the British flag. In the capacity in which we now consider it, it was much used in the early ages of English history, when the rights of men were ill understood, and when the Island was "rent with civil feud and drenched in fraternal blood." The possession of the tower was the object sought after by each faction, that by means of its strength and security, they might better carry on the war with their rivals. But it is as a prison and palace, that it is most worthy of attention. In the former capacity, it has confined kings, princes and nobles, and its floors have been drenched with royal and plebian blood.

EDITORS' TABLE.

SALUTATORY.

To the Students; to the Public; to the Ladies, and, finally, to all whom it may concern:

THE time has at last arrived for the discharge of those duties which your kindness has obliged us to undertake; and, we assure you, it is with no pretended self-distrust that we set our untried sails for a twelve-month voyage on the troubled waves of public life.

We have heretofore been happy in having, for critics, our own indulgent little College world; but to rush at once before the world—it is a thought to make the boldest hesitate. Surely it is no cowardice in us to feel our hearts beat quick with apprehension just as we are entering that fiery furnace of public criticism which it is the lot of all once to pass through.

If the public determine that our attempts are worthy of the Institution which we have the honor to represent, we may well rejoice in the consciousness of duty well performed; in the belief that our labors are not misapplied; in the pleasing reflection that we are not entirely without our use in the literary world. If a discriminating public tell us that we write nonsense, we shall still have the proud consolation that we have done our utmost, and shall hold you equally responsible, for not electing better men; for we are sure that the Class of 1859-'60 have within their ranks material for editing the Magazine.

Since our first entrance into office, we have made unremitting efforts to improve the Magazine, both in style and matter; and we would beg of your forbearance to look into the case and see what obstacles we have had to contend with—to succeed a corps accredited as able as ever strove for our Magazine; to procure and establish a publisher; to obtain a "sanctum;" to strive against all the predictions of those "wise in their own conceit;" with all the sneers of those so destitute of everything resembling public spirit, as to work for the destruction of what it should have been their first care to advance, and, finally, against all the want of credit and friends incident to bankruptcy.

We return our sincere thanks to the two Literary Societies for their financial assistance—an act so generous—so long hoped for in vain—so like themselves. Under their nourishing patronage, we hope never more to be reduced to so miserable an extremity. With the exception of a very few, we have experienced a unanimity of support from the students truly surprising; indeed, we flatter ourselves, so universal a regard for the Magazine was never before witnessed. We should be worse than ungrateful, did we fail to express our warmest thanks to the liberal public of North Carolina. Let censorious wiseacres say what they may, but as long as any *people* respond with such cordiality to the call of mere College boys who strive to do their little for the advancement of the State, every candid mind must admit them to be full of generous sym-

pathy for whatever makes an honest effort to be useful. But, kind public, do not expect too much of us; remember that we are yet untried, and, though every faculty with which Providence has endowed us, shall be strained to its farthest limits for your entertainment and improvement, that we are not prepared to promise anything further than may be reasonably expected of the young and inexperienced.

The Magazine has been increased sixteen pages in size; the typography has been much improved, and the pages enlarged, so that the present number contains nearly double the matter of any of its predecessors. We have also, against the advice of our best friends, been at much trouble and expense so to embellish the Magazine, as to render it at the same time a useful and welcome visitant at every fireside in North Carolina. The engravings are by JOHN SARTAIN, of Philadelphia, the artist for the "Eclectic Magazine," who confessedly stands at the head of his profession. Owing to an inadvertency of ours, it was stated in our prospectus, that "each number will contain a *Lithograph* of some distinguished North Carolinian." The likenesses are not *Lithographs*, but the finest *Mezzotint Steel Engravings*. We have run this risk, determined to make the Magazine inferior to none of its kind in the United States, even though we should pay the deficiency from our own private funds; since every one admits that, once having reached a high position, nothing would be easier than to maintain it.

Yet all these improvements have been accomplished without the addition of a single cent to the subscription price. Our desire is to place the Magazine within the reach of every North Carolinian. But we must not convert our Salutory into an advertisement; especially since our prospectus has been so long before you. The increased size of the Magazine was adopted with an especial reference to admitting all those purely University writings which it has been our misfortune so long to lose completely, merely for the want of some medium of publication. The numerous political sheets in the State could hardly be expected to insert them in their columns, both because of their length, and because they were of no interest to them; and the literary ones alas! have been no where to be found.

We shall be grateful for all contributions from any source whatever, but especially so, from those connected with the University, either in the capacity of matriculates, trustees, or, simply as friends. It is well known that the object of a College Magazine is to encourage literature among the students; but *College* is unable to sustain the Magazine, so we must needs strive to please others besides our student-friends. But how can we please our fellow students better, or conduce more to their improvement, than by adding tone and dignity to our periodical, by the insertion of longer and abler pieces than can be expected from the College muse. We have ample room for all College contributions, and would most earnestly exhort our friends to use the Magazine for their improvement.

We would most gladly have you bear this fact in mind—that our object is not money, but improvement—improvement to the University, to the State, and to ourselves. Ours is a "University of North Carolina" Magazine, and it shall be our ambition to disseminate a literary taste as widely as possible

among the students. We are not so elated with our elevation to the "Editorial Chair," as to aspire to a rivalry with many other Magazines of our country; but we only hope to aid in the development of the intellectual resources of our State. If circumstances much to be deplored have placed us in the van of literary progress in North Carolina, surely it is no presumption in us to stand there. It is our candid belief that were the Magazine conducted on right principles, it would be productive of more good to the State than any other, however much its superior in point of literary excellence. It is at College that the young men of the State imbibe their first notions of literature; it is here that they lay aside the child and put on the man, and if we succeed in inspiring into newly-donn'd manhood a taste for literature—if we cause one student to devote himself to the cultivation of letters in North Carolina, our end is accomplished, our brightest dreams are realized; and with hearts swelling with the noble joy of having benefitted our species, we shall lay aside our gowns editorial.

We have determined to offer, for the encouragement of literary emulation among the students, a prize of thirty dollars for the best article, on any subject, contributed to the Magazine during the year; also, one of twenty for the next best. The particulars of the plan will be specified in our next number.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF "OUR CLUB."

READER, I wouldn't have you to imagine for a moment that I intend to gratify your curiosity by writing this—no such thing; I do it to amuse myself partly, and partly because I have to write it, being the Secretary of "Our Club." I would advise you not to read it; because, by so doing, you will find out some of our secrets. But I haven't time to talk to you any longer; because I've got to write down the minutes of our first meeting.

First, it was decreed that the Secretary should begin his book, by giving an accurate description of the members of our "Our Club." Mr. Quizzem is the fattest man in the crowd, so I shall begin with him—we call him Quiz, for short. Quiz is an Alabamian, fat and saucy, fond of Champagne and oysters, hating Whiskey, and having a most supreme contempt for work of all kinds. He's very fond of a joke, and prides himself on being the wit of the crowd. He can tell anecdotes capitally, has a great many at command, and is fond of telling them when he has a bottle of wine by his side and a pipe in his mouth. I shall pay him the compliment of saying that he is a whole-souled man, hates to hurt anybody's feelings, but a regular devil when once aroused.

Tom Sturdy is next to Quiz in size, but he is not fat. He is as solid as a boiled ham, with muscles like ropes. He never minces his words, but says exactly what he thinks, regardless of consequences. Tom is no coward, as every one knows; and as his ways have got him in more than one scrape, so his fists have got him out of them triumphantly. Sturdy is very fond of ladies' company; and is ready to love, fight for, and flatter every pretty girl he sees. He

thinks it is as pleasant to flatter a lady, as to knock down a man; and is always willing to do either. But he is no heartless creature—Tom can never be accused of that. He thinks admiration different from love; and says that no sensible woman would call an admirer, a lover.

Sam Soaring comes next in the catalogue. He is the poet of the Club. Quiet and retiring among strangers, no man in our crowd can entertain a friend better than he; no one has command of sweeter words or a sweeter voice; and when he is deeply interested in any subject, I defy any one to be more interesting. Sam is by no means a sot, but he occasionally indulges in wine; and then his wit is as sparkling as the Champagne he drinks.

Tim Trembler is a very fair specimen of the cautious part of humanity. Sturdy sometimes calls him Mr. Fabiosus—alluding, I suppose, to the old Roman. Tim is naturally fond of drink, but his caution prevents him from being a drunkard; indeed, his oldest friends never remember having seen him tipsy, when the least danger could accrue from it. Tim is withal a great braggart, but is always *wanting* in time of action.

Ben Short is the pet of "Our Club." He is a little fellow, very talkative, and is forever perched on somebody's knee. He is good looking, besides; and this circumstance undoubtedly contributes to his popularity with us.

I have now described all the members of "Our Club;" but some of you may say, What is your name, Mr. Secretary? I will reply in the old proverb: "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies." I intend to keep profoundly dark as to my name, and my whereabouts. I will tell this much, however: the object of "Our Club," is to discuss matters and things generally, never attend to our own business, and talk about whom we please. I shall pass over our first meeting, since it was for the purpose of organizing; and pitch *in medias res*, or rather, into our second meeting. The conversation was opened by Short, who bursted into the room, ran through the crowd, and jumped on Quiz's knee, and remarked—

"Well, Quiz, I have just seen Tom Sturdy's sweetheart; and an ugly specimen of humanity she is."

"My sweetheart?" quoth Tom. "As well say that the Man in the Moon is in love with a fence-rail."

"Whom are you railing at?" shouted Quiz, nudging Ben in the short ribs.

"Ridiculous, Quiz," said Ben. "You are forever making puns, that the neediest wit in Christendom would be ashamed to steal."

"You may take the covering of my *pericranium*," put in Tim.

"Hey! Tim, what is that, your hat or your skin?" replied Quiz. "But earnestly, Tom, how do you manage to fancy ugly women?"

"'Tis not her ugliness I fancy, but her beauty of mind. She is no common woman, and has no ordinary education."

"An eulogy, by Mr. Sturdy. I really thought you had lost your heart last commencement."

"No sensible man can fall in love with a ball-room belle. I enjoyed the speeches far more than the dancing."

"Intellectual man that you are. Rise, poet, and sing his praises," said Ben.

"Tom Sturdy needs no praise from me, else would I give it. I, too, was de-

lighted with the addresses. Mr. McRae sustained his high reputation, and Dr. Hooper did excellently. Some of the Seniors, too, did credit to themselves."

"Encore! encore!" said Quiz; "I'll bet on Sam Soaring. I can't imagine how any of you managed to enjoy any thing in such a crowd. I went to the chapel Wednesday morning, fully determined to bear every inconvenience; but I soon changed my mind. I had my "bugs" on, expecting to captivate somebody; but, dreadful to relate, presently some one put a dusty shoe on one of my coat-tails. This I tried to endure; but when another ugly, dusty piece of leather pushed itself on my pants, and a huge, freckled hand deposited itself on my shoulder, my philosophy fled—and so did I."

"Where did you go then?" said Ben.

"I went out in the sunshine, brushed my dusty clothes, and peeped in a window at the girls."

"Romantic youth!" replied Ben. "What a pity you are not appreciated in college."

"'Tis not my fault."

"No, indeed; but your wit is like Tim's courage, always wanting when it's wanted," said Sturdy.

"Stop, Tom, you are too harsh," said Ben.

"I hate a fool."

"It's a wonder you don't cut your own throat then," replied Quiz. "But let us drown all differences in a glass of Champagne—here's the bottle."

"O! boys, some of the Faculty will see us. Put down the curtain, Tom," cried Tim.

"No danger, dear Trembler. Here's health to you all!"

"Tim will have a fainting fit directly," interposed Sturdy.

"It's fit that he should faint," quoth Quiz. "Come, Sam, give us an *impromptu* song."

"I can neither sing nor rhyme, but I'll try:

The lights are all flashing,
The glasses are clashing,
And the Champagne is sparkling bright;
And while we are drinking,
Away with dull thinking—
O! let us be merry to-night."

Hurrah for Sam! Give us another! I'll empty my glass to that. Where's the bottle? Empty—confound the luck!

"Another—give us another stanza, Sam," shouted Ben, his eyes already beginning to sparkle.

"Let's fill up our glasses first," suggested Tom.

"The bottle is as dry as a salted herring. I move Sam suspend operations till we replenish; I say this, Sam, not because I love poetry less, but Champagne more," said Quiz.

"I'm in favor of not getting any more to-night," whispered Tim.

"Tim is right for once," replied Sturdy. "Sober enjoyment is my motto. But come, all of you, let's hear what has happened everywhere, and particularly at the Hill, during vacation. What news have you got, Quiz?"

"I thought you *knew* I know no *news*—quit pinching me, Ben—except the accidents and incidents of our commencement. I have told you one of them already, and I have a score of others, all ready too."

"Now, Quizzem, an thou lov'st me, cease from puns," said Ben, smiling as well at his own wit, as that of Quiz.

"You may reserve your accidents for another time," said Sturdy, not noticing the pun. "Now, Tim, open your budget."

"O! don't make Tim *budge yet*," said Quiz, imploringly.

"Quiz, I'd be ashamed of such attempts; do be serious once in your life."

"I stand corrected, Tom. Proceed, Tim, with your news."

"No news have I, except that I enjoyed my vacation. I fell in love, flirted with a beauty, got flirted, stuck my fore-finger between my teeth, and came back to the Hill."

"Hurrah for Tim—three times three for his sweetheart," cried the whole crowd. Tim seemed immensely delighted, and after the cheering, crossed his legs with all the dignity and composure of a hero.

"Well, that's *cheering* news," stammered Quiz, catching his breath after a hearty roar of laughter, and bursting out afresh.

"Now, Ben, is your time."

"Well, I did nothing but hunt and fish, as a general thing; then, by way of a change, I fished and hunted."

"See Ben blushing, like a maiden fair," said Tim, who delights in high sounding words, when there is nothing to scare him.

"Let him blush—he looks the prettier for it. Sam has a yarn to spin, long and full of interest, if we'll make him write it out. So, friend Sam, you must regale us at our next meeting"—

"With a regal feast," interrupted Quiz.

"And as I have a long tale, too, to tell, I will manage to have it prepared before long."

We are all in favor of that. Blow out the lights—let's leave—hurrah!

"BENNETT'S CHRONOLOGY OF NORTH CAROLINA."

THIS valuable little book should be in the hands of every North Carolinian. It is well arranged, and affords a vast amount of useful information not contained in any other publication. Though it is faulty in some respects, yet we think it will do much in calling the attention of North Carolinians to the chronology of their own State. It is neatly printed, well bound, and we heartily recommend it to all our readers. For sale by W. L. Pomeroy, Raleigh, N. C.

REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D.—Dr. Hawks has been elected to the chair of History in the University, vacated by the resignation of Prof. SHIPP; the Doctor, being absent from home, has not yet been heard from.

GRAHAM AND DOBBIN.

IN Commodore Maury's introduction to the eighth edition of his "Sailing Directions," a large quarto volume of more than 400 pages, recently published under the authority of Congress—a work replete with rare information and curious speculations on various phenomena of the sea, as well as of the land, he indulges in sanguine expectations of the enlargement of our knowledge of these phenomena, by a general concert in the various parts of the world in meteorological observations, and he goes on to remark:

"I am assured by the friends of this measure in Europe, that if the United States will but do for the extension of our observation to the land, what was done by Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett, while Secretaries of State, and by Gov. Graham and Mr. Dobbin, while Secretaries of the Navy, for the establishing of them (meteorological observations) at sea, the nations and meteorologists of Great Britain and the Continent, would meet us as readily again, and join hands with us as cordially, as they did at Brussels, (in a conference of scientific men) in 1853."

The above is highly gratifying to us, coming as it does under the seal of office, from one of the first scientific men of his own or any other age. It certainly speaks well for North Carolina to place Graham and Dobbin, her favorite sons, by the side of Webster and Everett, the men of whom Massachusetts has most cause to be proud. It seems that at least in the cause of science Massachusetts and North Carolina, hand in hand, are taking the lead, and it must be gratifying to all lovers of useful knowledge, to know that these advances have been received with a proper spirit by the *savans* of Europe.

But especially to the friends of the University will the above quotation prove acceptable; for it shows that the lessons of wisdom which she taught her sons have not been forgotten, but in their mature age have ripened into enlarged views and liberal sentiments which promise abundant fruits. May the officers from other States and graduates of other Universities, remembering the example furnished by Massachusetts and North Carolina, keep the march of science upward, and not fall behind the nations of Europe.

APOLOGETIC.

WE owe our patrons an apology for not performing our promise to issue the Magazine on the first of the month. Circumstances entirely beyond our control, or that of the publishers, and incident to the establishment of a new office, have been the cause of the delay. Our publishers promise to be punctual hereafter.

COLLEGE RECORD.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

As we have been honored with a visit from this distinguished Orator, Statesman and Patriot since the last issue of our Magazine, it would, perhaps, be fitting that we should make some notice in our record of an event so flattering to the University, and so agreeable to ourselves. For many reasons it would be an unprofitable task for us to attempt any thing more than a mere passing notice of this so important event in the history of our *Alma Mater*. First, because we feel ourselves unable to say any thing worthy of the subject; secondly, because, if we could, the effort has left in our minds only those few, deep traces, which no one of his hearers will ever forget; and lastly, because at this late day, any such account as we could give, would be uninteresting and uninteresting to our readers. We have great hopes of seeing this celebrated oration in print one of these days.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

It doubtless will seem queer to many that we should avail ourselves of this opportunity to lay before our readers an account of Senior Speaking. Our reason is that the occasion was fraught with much of permanent interest; that, at some future day, it will be pleasing to those who are prudent enough to preserve their Magazines, to give a backward glance into their college days, and see what were the subjects of the last Senior Speeches. The Festival passed off very smoothly, and was in every respect complimentary to the graduates. We never recollect seeing so interesting a display of fine faces and dresses.

Below will be found the names of the speakers and their respective subjects:

MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1859.

I. *Our Commerce.*

CICERO STEPHENS CROOM, of New York.

II. *Nor is it only thus, but must be so.*

JAMES PEYTON TAYLOR, of Pittsborough.

III. *Self-Education.*

GEORGE FAUCETT DIXON, of Alamance Co.

IV. *Our aim is Happiness.*

JAMES GEORGE WHITFIELD, of Lenoir Co.

V. *Southern Chivalry.*

FRANCIS DOUGHTY STOCKTON, of Statesville.

VI. *Querulousness of the Age.*

JAMES ANDREW MILLER, of Rutherfordton.

- VII. ————“ *O thoughts of men accursed !
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.*”
WILLIAM JONES SOMERVELL, of Tennessee.
- VIII. *Our Departed Great.*
JAMES PARK COFFIN, of Tennessee.
- IX. “ *By our own spirits, we are deified.*”
BERRYMAN GREEN, of Virginia.
- X. *Joan of Arc.*
N. COLLIN HUGHES, of New Berne.
- XI. *Nature, man's best guide.*
JAMES LUTTRELL GAINES, of Buncombe Co.
- XII. *Dr. Kane's Companions.*
JOHN THOMAS GATLING, of Sunsbury.
- XIII. *The Age of the Troubadours.*
G. BURGWYN JOHNSTON, of Edenton.
- XIV. *Elements of American Greatness and Glory.*
TIMOTHY WALTON, of Alabama.

TUESDAY.

- I. *The Gifted are the Favored ones of Earth.*
ANDREW JACKSON COSTIN, of Wilmington.
- II. *Central North Carolina.*
ISAAC ROBERTS, of Carbondon.
- III. *Robespierre.*
HUGH HAGART BIEN, of New Orleans.
- IV. *The Hamiltonian System.*
THOMAS WEST HARRIS, of Chatham Co.
- V. *Fortune favors the Brave.*
JOHN ALLEN WOODBURN, of Guilford Co.
- VI. “ *An honest man's the noblest work of God.*”
SIMMONS HARRISON ISLER, of Goldsborough.
- VII. *Rienzi.*
LOUIS CHARLES LATHAM, of Plymouth.
- VIII. *History.*
STEWART LAWSON JOHNSTON, of Plymouth.
- IX. *The Huguenots.*
CHARLES LESESNE, of Bladen Co.
- X. *Resolution, the Exponent of Laudable Ambition.*
MARSHAL HENRY PINNIX, of Caswell Co.
- XI. *America in the Nineteenth Century.*
J. MARTIN FLEMING, of Wake Co.

XII. *Benedict Arnold.*

ELIJAH BENTON WITHERS, of Caswell Co.

XIII. *Every Man a debtor to his Profession.*

RICHARD STANFORD WEBB, of Alamance Co.

XIV. *Importance of Mind.*

RICHARD FRANKLIN HAMLIN, of Kentucky.

XV. *Experiment; the Life Improvement.*

MILLS LEE EURE, of Gates Co.

WEDNESDAY.
I. *Utilitarianism.*

ISAAC REUBEN FERGUSON, of Georgia.

II. *The Vocation of the American Teacher.*

JAMES GRANT BUSTIN, of Halifax Co.

III. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

WILLIAM WALTER SILLERS, of Clinton.

IV. *Principle and System, the Conditions of Success.*

WILLIAM McDONALD, of Moore Co.

V. *Lex non Scripta.*

GEORGE EDWARD SHEPARD, of New Hanover Co.

VI. *Our Government; its influence on the Nations of Europe.*

EDWARD FLETCHER SATTERFIELD, of Roxboro'.

VII. *Influence of Liberty on Literature.*

JOSEPH LANGLEY GRANBERRY, of Tennessee.

VIII. *Ignatius Loyola.*

GEORGE DEW JONES, of Texas.

IX. *"This above all, to thine own self be true."*

JOHN SOMERVELL, of Tennessee.

X. *The Necessity of Subordination.*

JOHN WILLIAM BALLARD, of Wake Co.

XI. *National Decay.*

FRANK PEGUES LONG, of Tennessee.

XI. *Qualifications of a Statesman.*

AUGUSTUS MOORE FLYTHE, of Northampton Co.

XII. *The Servitude of Popularity.*

WILLIAM JUNIUS ROGERS, of Northampton Co.

XIV. *The Spirit of the Age.*

ABNER SYDENHAM CALLOWAY, of Wilkesboro'.

THURSDAY.

- I. *"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."*
HENRY LOWNDES RUGELY, of Texas.
- II. *Life and its Purposes.*
LUCIUS FRIERSON, of Tennessee.
- III. *The Imagination; to be cultivated.*
RICHARD WILLIAMS NIXON, New Hanover Co.
- IV. *Pleasant Retrospections.*
GEO. CHAMBERS McCONNAUGHEY, of Rowan Co.
- V. *The Press.*
GEORGE MARTIN PILLOW, of Tennessee.
- VI. *The Satanic School in Literature.*
JAMES COLQUHOUN GREENE, of Virginia.
- VII. *Man is never contented.*
THOMAS JEFFERSON BADGETT, of Caswell Co.
- VIII. *The Battle of Saratoga.*
COOPER HUGGINS, of Onslow Co.
- IX. *The Chivalric days of Scotland.*
DANIEL PURCELL McEACHEN, of Robeson Co.
- X. *Anthon's Classical Series.*
WILLIAM BINGHAM LYNCH, of Orange Co.
- XI. *The Monuments of Antiquity.*
ELIJAH THEODORE MORROW, of Chapel Hill.
- XII. *Defeated Ambition.*
HENRY RIVES DANIEL, of Bladen Co.
- XIII. *Marriage and Divorce.*
JOHN THOMAS COOK, of Warrenton.
- XIV. *Silent Influence.*
CALVIN NEWTON MORROW, of Alamance Co.
- XV. *The Dignity of Labor.*
SIMPSON RUSS, of Bladen Co.

FRIDAY.

- I. *Alfred the Great.*
ANDREW DICK LINDSAY, of Greensborough.
- II. *The Conservative Elements of the American Future.*
JESSE THOMPSON BOYCE, of Texas.
- III. *Literary Enterprise.*
JOHN ALEXANDER SLOAN, of Greensborough.

IV. *"The truth of History"—what is it?*

RICHARD COGDELL BADGER, of Raleigh.

V. *The Poet of Man.*

THOMAS LOW WATSON, of Chapel Hill.

VI. *America shall never wear a Crown.*

JOHN WYATT COLE, of Richmond Co.

VII. *To be Great, is to be misunderstood.*

BENJAMIN LEWELLEN GILL, of Franklin Co.

VIII. *To be Little, is not be understood at all.*

FRANKLIN CHILDS ROBBINS, of Randolph Co.

IX. *The Monastic System.*

REUBEN FRANCIS CAMERON KOLB, of Alabama.

X. *Comparative merits of Curriculum Colleges.*

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS FETTER, of Chapel Hill.

XI. *Political Economy.*

WELLS THOMPSON, of Texas.

XII. *The Common Sense Man.*

WILBUR FISK FOSTER, of Alabama.

XIII. *"The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave."*

NICHOLAS BIDDLE SHANNON, of Mississippi.

XIV. *Let Nature and Honor guide you.*

JAMES BLAKENEY PERKINS, of Mississippi.

XV. *Cultivated Intellect in Public Life.*

CHAS. WASHINGTON McCLAMMY, JR., New Hanover.

EXCUSED.

1. *Anatomy and Physiology.*

PETER B. BACOT, of South Carolina.

2. *The Licentiousness of the Press.*

GEORGE BADGER BARNES, of Northampton Co.

3. *Character and Influence of the Female Sex.*

JAMES EDWARD BEASLEY, of Plymouth.

4. *The Old Guard of Napoleon.*

THOMAS PASTUER BONNER, of Washington.

5. *Charles II.*

ROBERT WILLIAM COLE, of Greensborough.

6. *The Last Indian's Lament: A Poem.*

JOHN DUNCAN, JR., of Texas.

7. *Time, the Common Arbitrator.*

JOSEPH HARRIS FIELD, of Mississippi.

8. *The Spirit of the Age.*

THOMAS STRAFFORD HILL, of Georgia.

9. "*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber.*"

JOHN BAIRD LYNCH, of Virginia.

10. *'Tis the Man that makes the Mind.*

WILLIAM GRAVES MEBANE, of Tennessee.

11. *Vulgar Prejudices against Literature.*

EDWARD LIVINGSTON RIDDICK, of Gates Co.

12. *True Merit vs. False Pretensions.*

JAMES LAFAYETTE ROBBINS, of Randolph Co.

13. *Music.*

JOSEPH ADRIAN WILLIAMS, of Pitt Co.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

We are sure that no apology is necessary in presenting our readers with an account of the Commencement Exercises, as every one will immediately see the propriety of keeping a college record in a more durable form than the newspapers afford.

We must acknowledge our indebtedness to the *Weekly South Carolinian*, the *North Carolina Standard*, and the *Fayetteville Observer*, as well as our obligations to Gov. SWAIN and Prof. CHARLES PHILLIPS for their courtesies in assisting us in compiling this brief sketch of our annual festival.

The exercises of the week began on Monday night, by a very eloquent and forcible sermon from Rev. D. S. DOGGETT, D. D., an eminent Divine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Dr. DOGGETT makes a very imposing and venerable appearance in the pulpit, and speaks directly from the heart—the only source of true eloquence.

The audience was large, and was held in the closest attention for more than an hour and a half. This fact is sufficiently demonstrative of the excellence of the discussion and of the deep interest felt in the subject, viz: the mission of Christianity to seats of learning. The instructions were drawn from Paul's visit to Athens. The text was from Acts xvii. 15: "And they that conducted Paul brought him to Athens." After a vivid description of Athens, locally, intellectually and religiously considered, Dr. Doggett called attention to Paul's experience in its Streets, in its Synagogue, in its Agora, and on its Areopagus. Whence he inferred that the wisdom of the world cannot discover God; that it cannot purify the life; that the Gospel which Paul preached is worthy of universal dissemination, as it is the power of God unto man's salvation; and that it should engage the attention of the most gifted and the best educated of our youth. A warm-hearted and direct appeal to the graduates to learn the life hidden with Christ in God, of which Paul was so bright a manifestation, and to devote themselves to the teaching of it to their fellows, closed this excellent discourse. Dr. Doggett's manner is peculiar and very striking. He

drops his words deliberately into our ears, and his thoughts reach our minds in distinct succession; so that both have their proper effect at the moment each is presented. He congratulated the religious part of the community that so many of the class hoped to be preachers.

Tuesday night, as usual, was given to the Declamation of the Freshman Class. This was animated and well executed. The ladies were particularly well pleased with the "Pretty Little Fresh." The order was as follows:

1. Burr and Blennerhasset—Wirt. Henry C. Wall, Richmond Co.
2. Spartacus to the Roman Envoys in Etruria—Sargent. William M. Fetter, Chapel Hill.
3. The Babe of the Alamo—Anonymous. Aurelius C. Jones, Texas.
4. Grateful Patriotism not an Abstraction—Webster. William W. Jones, Henderson.
5. Political Conservatism—W. B. Spencer. Thomas S. Webb, Tennessee.
6. The Destiny of the Human Race—Zachos. Andrew J. Moore, Pitt Co.
7. The Shunamite—Willis. Wm. C. Jordan, Greenville.
8. Bernardo del Carpio—Mrs. Hemans. John H. Bass, Georgia.
9. Defence of Christianity—Phillips, the Irish Orator. Herbert M. Varner, Georgia.
10. The Daughter of Herodius—Mrs. Osgood. Leonidas P. Wheat, Chapel Hill.

Wednesday morning every countenance was beaming with anticipation of the rich intellectual feast, which they were sure awaited them from Hon. DUNCAN K. McRAE. Some knowledge of his subject had transpired, which put the guessing powers of every one to the test. Here it was that the immense superiority of the "Toll Mites"—disciplined at many a *clean* black board and sharpened on many a rough Greek root—was manifest. Many were the conjectures as to how he would treat his subject; but, alas! the shrewdest genius that ever rolled a box to an effigy or sung a chemical sung to popping Champagne stoppers, was totally at fault. Mr. McRae surpassed all expectation. As he is unwilling to put the Dialectic Society to the trouble of having his address printed in pamphlet form, we have concluded to insert the following imperfect sketch, rather than let such an event fade from the recollection of college posterity:

"He said that an assembly, like the one before him, composed of intelligent and educated persons, gathered together under the precincts and within the sanctum of their own educational establishments; before which men of learning and of letters were called, from time to time, to speak on topics of general interest, literary and others, under circumstances calculated to produce a corresponding desire to excel, afforded a lively image of an assembly of the ancient world, before whom the liveliest productions of the human mind were wont to be exhibited. The speaker referred to Macaulay's description of Athen's in the days of her splendor and power. 'Of the crowds that assembled round her porticos to read inscriptions for instruction, who gathered around Herodotus as he recited his history, and of those who would gather around the wandering minstrel in the market place.'

Before the art of printing was discovered, oral teaching was the only means of instruction, and the mind of men demanding to be taught, the assemblies were frequent. With us, they are occasional; they are seasons of festivity and relaxation from the cares of life. To the ancient world, it was an essential feature of their organization. Everything should be done that would give dignity and interest to these occasions. Their men of character and experience should be invited. All minds, imbued with a sense of the public good, should be willing to contribute, that the feast might be varied and luxuriant. Here it is science is wooed from her solitary cell. The joyous countenance of an intelligent assembly is one of the most inspiring influences of a living feast. The welcome sound of applause, the electric communication of thought, feeling and sentiment, from heart to heart, the strong sympathies and affections enkindled by these gatherings, give to these places early success, and disseminate from them a wide-spread influence. He was happy to congratulate them on the number and character of the guests that have come up to their feast; the upright statesman, the distinguished patriot, who had devoted a long life of service to his country, with usefulness to her and honor to himself, and now fills the chief place of honor; the President, attended by an illustrious member of his Cabinet, a native Carolinian, an alumnus of this institution, were now en route to reach this place. They have been delayed by the natural, well-meant hospitalities at a neighboring place, but they will arrive in time to do honor to some portion of your feast. [Great applause.] Eminent expounders of the laws, worthy of their profession, are lending their influence; a bright array of beaming beauty—and what land can boast an array more bright, more beaming?—are here, not only by common consent, but by universal desire, and occupy a large space in our midst. It was for the young gentlemen before him a glorious holiday, and with all his heart he would bid them embrace and enjoy it. The speaker drew a beautiful picture of the emotions natural to those before him, who were, he said, in the very flush of youth. Behind in the past, there was but a day; in the future, they beheld no limits to their wishes. They had not yet considered what was self-independence and self-support. Full of bright waking dreams, they discerned no dim shadows in the distance; rocked in the cradle of their desires, and flattered with their powers, like unconscious infants they sleep and smile in a garden of rich fancies, full of flowers and fruits. High hope stands out before them, encircling the ground with immortality.

Who should disturb this vision in the slumber of youth? Why not permit them to sleep on till necessity awakened them to the reality? But would this be the part of justice? It was the part of friendly admonition to warn them to get ready their arms, and not to think of life as if they were indissolubly bound to its pleasures, and it would never cease. They were not to confine their visions to a golden sun, a clear sky, a stretched out sea in its calm, a plain of velvety green, but they were to cast their eye occasionally to the dark mountains, the crags upon which their feet might stumble. A simple man believeth every word, but a prudent man looketh well to his going. They were not to imagine life a series of enjoyments. Obstacles would oppose them at every step. Vigor, spirit and determination would be required to surmount

those obstacles. It was for the realities and reverses of life that they should prepare. It was within those walls, surrounded by their teachers, they should submit to discipline, and learn those lessons which would fit them to perform their duties in the world. Self-energy, self-discipline, self-control, obedience to rightful authority, these constituted the elements of success, and fit the soldier to become the commander.

The speaker alluded to the successful effort of Mr. Gaskin to weaken the force of the Shaksperian saying, "that there is a tide in the affairs of men leading on to fortune," by establishing in its place, "that every man is the author of his own fortune, happiness or misery." Occasionally it might be that an indolent man rises to a lofty height. But those cases were very rare, and for one that attained a tolerable elevation, thousands and thousands there were, who creep in darkness and never have, never will, mark their career by any acts of public usefulness. Look abroad and find a man who has concentrated his mind upon one object, applying himself with diligence, and he would show them some measure of success. A man shall conquer the world to his will by the sweat of his brow. Calm, patient, and laborious application will do the work, and no one need be disheartened who is possessed of a reasonable mind. Labor, study, discipline will enlarge his apprehension, will exalt his intellectual faculties, and place him upon such an elevation that the eye of genius will not penetrate further than his own. The speaker then referred to the men of olden times, who had made for themselves a name by laborious application in youth. He instanced Demosthenes, Homer, Michael Angelo, Luther, Napoleon, Burke, Fox.

The speaker contended that it was not necessary to be a genius, in order to be successful. The experience of the world had proved that invention and discovery in art and science had always arisen from those only who were laborious students. The speaker spoke eloquently of Washington as a man of labor and method, and who had made the model statesman, the excellent Governor. More and more are we becoming, from day to day, alive to his worth, and the women of America would ere long entitle their sons to the last resting place of the Father of his country. The speaker called upon the young men to cherish the Union of the States, to preserve, if possible, this magnificent confederacy, of which we were members. Let other nations who were too feeble drift upon our shores; if there be any fruit hanging upon our walls, let it fall when sufficiently ripe into our lap, but let us not stretch the hand over the wall to steal. Let us keep on our course until hundreds, millions of people, gather under the folds of a common flag. But let us once be disjointed, and where are the new joints to unite them again. Where are Oregon, Washington, California, New Mexico, Dacotah, Nebraska, those golden regions and rocky mountains, where are they to go? Where the monster North-west, like a majestic maiden that stands on the banks of the river holding in her hand the cornucopia that pours wealth in upon the people, where is she to go? What will there be of intellect, of grandeur, strength, endurance, in the new confederacy, that the old does not possess? We have given but a few abstracts from the very full notes we have of this most eloquent address. It was listened to throughout with undivided attention. As the speaker became ab-

sorbed in his subject, the professional for a moment overcame him, and "Gentlemen of the Jury" escaping his lips, at once drew forth bursts of applause, and peals of merry laughter.

The speaker, looking at the number of sage counsellors before him, said, I see so many judges before me, and such good judges, too, that they were well calculated to inspire the idea, and (looking at the ladies) such a fair jury that I wonder I don't think so still. The applause with which this sally was greeted prevented the speaker from proceeding for some time."

Thus ended an address of which the University may well be proud.

As we are crowded for space, we defer publishing more of the Commencement Exercises in this number. In the September number shall appear a finished record of the rest of the exercises, including the speeches of the President and a synopsis of the other speeches. We are induced to adopt this course, because of the permanent interest which is attached to, perhaps, the most noted commencement on record.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Philanthropic Society of the University of North Carolina, held on Friday, March 25th, 1859, the decease of our fellow-member, Mr. WILLIAM PLUMMER, of Warrenton, having been announced, on motion, a committee was appointed to draft a preamble and resolutions appropriate to the mournful event, who having met, reported the following, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an inscrutable Providence, it has pleased the all-wise Governor of the Universe, to cut off by the hand of death an esteemed fellow-member; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the decree of Him who "doeth all things well," yet we cannot but deplore the loss of one, who, in all the varied relations of life, was ever distinguished by an integrity of character, purity of heart, and exemplary Christian virtues, which we should make our highest endeavor to study and imitate.

Resolved, That in his loss, our Society has been deprived of an honored member, the community in which he resided of an upright and useful citizen, and the church of which he was a consistent member of one its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That while we would not intrude on the sacredness of their grief, yet we desire to tender to his bereaved family and relatives, our heart-felt sympathy in this their hour of deep affliction, and recommend to them the consolation derived from the belief, that he has been translated to a brighter and happier state of existence beyond the grave.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the University Magazine, Warrenton News, and Raleigh Register and Standard, with a request for publication.

JOHN T. COOK,
NORFLEET SMITH,
BENJ. M. COLLINS, } Com.

DIALECTIC HALL, May 16th, 1859.

It is with no ordinary feelings of sorrow that the Dialectic society has heard of the recent, sudden and painful death of our late fellow-member, GIDEON J. PILLOW, Jr., of Columbia, Tennessee. Surely we now have cause to mourn. When one of our number is called from his earthly sphere of action, whose locks have been whitened by the snows of many winters—whose brow bears the marks of many a hard fought battle—we are apt to look upon the event as quite an ordinary occurrence. But when we are called upon to drop a tear over the grave of one cut down in the full strength of early manhood, who has so recently left our body, looking forward to a long life of usefulness and honor, how sad and painful is the duty. He whose death we now lament, was a member of the class of 1854-'55, and left us just four years ago, bearing with him the Bachelor's degree from this University, together with a certificate of good morals and an high order of intellect from our Society. But before he has had time to prove to the world that he merited the college honors conferred upon him so lavishly, he has been cut down without a moment's warning, and when least suspecting any danger. Therefore,

WHEREAS, The Dialectic Society has been in so melancholy a manner deprived of one whom we delighted to honor while among us,

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the untimely accident which brought our late fellow-member to a watery grave, we bow with reverence and submission to the will of the Great Being who inflicts this heavy blow.

Resolved, That while we crave the privilege of sympathizing with his afflicted family, as this flood of sorrow rolls so heavily over them, like the dark waves which sing a mournful requiem over his precious remains, we would point them to that sweet promise—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the parents and family of the deceased, and also to the Nashville and Columbia (Tenn.) papers, and the University Magazine, with the request for publication.

LUCIUS FRIERSON,	} Com.
JAS. H. POLK,	
JAS. P. COFFIN,	





Your Ob^t. serv^t.
Aaron V. Brown

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

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OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

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VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAM'L P. WEIR.

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No. 2.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. JOSEPH CALDWELL, D. D.

~~~~~  
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.  
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(Concluded from the August Number.)

Had the bestowment of me upon the printer been fulfilled, the whole train of circumstances and events ensuing upon it must of course have been different from the course into which the disposition by Dr. Witherspoon gave a direction. The time came when the conclusion was announced to me, and that the stage was forthwith to carry me to Princeton. It was in the spring of 1787, and I was fourteen years of age. A few hours brought me to the place, but they were filled with a profusion of thoughts, as to the immediate and more distant prospects that were now opening before me. The course of trial already past, of the species of employment before me, was of such a nature as not to harrass me with distrust, and though at an age when we may be supposed to feel but little concern about the subsequent years, still distant, when the arrival at manhood will call upon us to act for ourselves, my anticipations then extended to them. The tender premonitions which my mother had sometimes poured into my bosom, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, she would cast her eye forward, and endeavor to impress me with the dreadful uncertainty of the course I might choose, and the destiny that awaited me in the world, had not been wholly lost upon me. I had long been idle, and in the habit of looking for nothing but pastime, but this occasioned no regrets, and I looked forward to assiduous application as the certain and proper consequence of the change. Upon this my purpose was fixed, nor was a doubt felt that it was to be instantly and constantly realized.

On arriving at Princeton, I went and offered myself to Dr. Smith for

examination, and being told that it would be proper for me to see Dr. Witherspoon, I went to him at Tuscalan, a mile in the country. He subjected me to trial on one or two sentences in Mair's Introduction, and then said that I must enter the senior class in the grammar-school. This was a mortifying disappointment to me, for I had counted on joining the freshman class in college. I did not realize the effects which a long absence from studies had produced, and when called on to make Latin, rushed upon it as though I had just left it off. I instantly experienced the consequence, in the tardiness of my recollection, and the blunders I committed. I told the Doctor I hoped soon to renew my attainments, which had been much impaired by long intermission, and that if allowed to enter the freshman class, I should prove able, by a close application, to take standing with it. He replied that even if I could, it would be under so great disadvantages that it was by no means advisable; that I was young, and that he wished me to have every opportunity of being a good scholar. He said that by taking a stand upon entire equality with my classmates, I should, by a sense of strength, go on with pleasure in the prosecution of my education, instead of being disheartened by difficulties, and liable to have the standard of my feelings lowered, and of becoming reconciled to inferiority, by resorting to the reflection that I ought to be excused on account of my disadvantages. The Doctor was unquestionably right, for though my feelings suffered mortification at the moment, I never doubted afterwards of the solid benefits resulting from his determination. As it was, I was graduated under nineteen years of age. Of what importance was it to finish an education sooner? And even had my years been such at the time, as to have brought on a completion of my collegiate course at one, two, or three and twenty, instead of nineteen, the consequences, of laying a substantial foundation, of growing into proper confidence and decision of character, by habitual success through every occurring difficulty, and the greater maturity of faculties by the delay, would have been amply sufficient to recommend the retrocession of a year at the commencement of the course.

In the autumn of 1787 my class became freshman in college, and at the end of four years afterwards we were graduated.

A residence of four years and a half at that time of life, may well be supposed among the most interesting of all that I have ever passed. It is usual for men liberally educated to remark, though certainly it is not without exception, that the collegiate part of life is often an opportunity of experimental comparison, more happy than any other at least of equal length. As it happened with me, the impression is confirmatory of the truth of the remark. It was not, however, without deduction in ample sufficiency to do credit to another conclusion which men have been apt to

pronounce when life is drawing to a close, that when the whole with all its diversity of coloring, is looked at with a retroverted eye, it is questionable whether the enjoyment or the suffering has predominated.

When a concurrence is here expressed in the opinion that the years of a collegiate life are among the happiest we ever enjoy, an explanation seems necessary to prevent mistakes of most pernicious tendency. Whatever may have been the experience of others, my own tells me that if any instances occurred, and my recollections sadly remind me there were some in which I sought after enjoyment in violations of the laws, it was not to these that I have ever held myself indebted for that portion of time which was to be credited as happy. If there was any pleasure in the moments of clandestine acts of mischief, it was so mixed in my bosom with the agitations of apprehended discovery, and dread of the consequences darting across my mind, that I should be far from recommending it on the score of enjoyment. But in all such cases, and I most heartily thank the guardian Providence that was over me that they were not very numerous, as soon as they were over, the gloomy cloud which they brought upon my feelings, and which they kept hovering around me for many days, was enough to decide most unequivocally that much was to be set down on the page, not of profit but loss. Things of this kind which I did during the four years of college residence, were happily "few and far between," so that the effects produced in each instance in tormenting me, had some opportunity of fading out of my recollection, before another could act with any temptation upon me. But the miseries more or less, which in compliance with solicitation, I sometimes consented to inflict upon myself, were only a portion of the consequent suffering. They have never returned upon me but with pain, and always to beget most sincere wishes that they had never happened. Then with the sensations from which they have sprung, have been their unfailing retribution, when they have been resuscitated in my remembrance.

Undoubtedly it were well if all who have lived in colleges were similarly affected by similar causes. We have occasion to hear persons reverting with no small amusement, if not with delight to the disorders committed by them while students of college. It is true, there are sports of a description to be recollected and related without regret for any ill in their nature or their consequences. But every act at variance with the laws or the regular business of a body of youth assembled for education; especially such violations as spring from a spirit of insubordination, opposition, or ill will to instructors; all schemes of mischief by night or by day that have for their object to produce tumult, disrespect towards the persons or the authority of teachers, or to dissolve energy in the prosecution of business by diffusing levity, or contempt through the transactions

of it, can never be remembered by a man of correct feeling without compunction and chagrin. And if these be the sentiments excited in the bosom, the feats in which they were exhibited must drive out all the pleasure that can be supposed to proceed from the renovation in our bosoms of the lawless and pernicious hilarity which was once permitted to revel in our early years, at the expense of all that was valuable in the habits, dispositions and attainments of our primitive education.

I have sometimes seen persons advanced in life, manifest no hesitation in recounting by the hour the disorders of their college life, in the presence of youth, and even of their own sons, who were themselves students at the time, and passing a vacation at home, or incidentally in company with them at the very site of the college, or perhaps some other place. The manner, the loud laugh, the arch and contemptuous jeer at the instructors upon whom, their tricks, if not their gross and shameful outrages, had been directed, all acted as a charm upon the thoughtless being in whose hearing they were recited with so much glee, and he would return into the college, charged with a spirit of mischief, and with a disposition to beard the faculty, or his tutor at least, up to the very brim. What consequence is so likely to be heard of next, as that the young man has become a bad member of his community, that he is remarkable for idleness and dissipation, that his time is passed in furtive acts of disturbance, noise, interruption of others, sallying out in the night upon excursions of intemperance, debauch, and such heroic deeds of irregularity as will serve to fill up hours of transport in the recollection, to the delight of the company around him in future years. But these are not all the consequences of which he may expect to hear. The most probable result is, that the youth may present himself at the door of his parents, to stun their ears with the intelligence that he has been ejected from the place of his education upon one or more charges of ill behaviour, so violent as at once to make it impossible for him to be retained any longer in the college, or so incorrigibly persevering that all attempts to reclaim and save had been exhausted upon him in vain. Then commences another process no less dangerous to principle, if it can be made successful. It consists in presenting the picture of the wrongs, oppressions and prejudices of those with whom he had to deal, in such coloring and form, as to win upon the affection to which he appeals, turn over the ignominy of the case to the authors of this foul treatment, and thus be initiated in the methods of commencing with ill, and triumphing by address. It is infinitely better never to speak of the disorders of a college life, whether once committed by ourselves, or reported by others, but with the most decided disapprobation. This is preferable in all society, but especially in that of the young. Let such disorders never hope to find countenance or palliation

with those who wish all the guaranty possible to the prospects of their children, or to the efficacy of good education in the country. Too many are apt to indulge the weak imagination, that to expect or insist that a youth shall refrain from disorderly or rakish practices, would be to make him miserable. The better method is to impress him with a conviction, and rationally and affectionately to make it, as far as we can, the true and internal result of every experience, that every escape from temptations of this nature is to be estimated as an escape from the miseries inseparable from a corruption of the heart and degeneracy of habit.

Nor let it be thought, that when a youth strays from a regular deportment, he is to have sentence harshly pronounced upon him as though his case were highly penal. The difference is wide between displacency on our part in their extravagances, and an imputation of total abandonment. But through the whole range of this interval, while we are confining ourselves within it, we may still feel a portentous gravity towards their follies, show earnestness in the connection of their mistakes, frown upon their excesses, and pronounce with severity upon their transgressions. In doing all these pertinently, we need never be afraid that we are detracting from their enjoyments by withholding them from immoralities, but for our encouragement feel most confidently assured that just in proportion as we can become successful, we are building up and establishing their true instant as well as permanent happiness.

I have been led through these reflections by a recurrence to the events of my collegiate course. Their importance to the young, to parents, and to society, it is hoped may apologize for their protraction. Through the whole of that period of my life, my habits were marked with diligence, punctuality, and good will to my teachers, and the habitual satisfaction, I believe I may say enjoyment, which is the natural consequence of these. To this an exception must be made in an event, some circumstances of which it may not be amiss to relate. Toward the latter part of the time that I lived in college, it became customary for the steward to furnish a milk diet alternately, with coffee at supper. At length it was observed that our supper table was served with bread and milk only, and it came to be understood as a rule finally adopted that nothing else was in future to be expected. Numbers were dissatisfied, and the discontent soon spread until it was supposed universal. This was signified to the steward, but it produced no alteration. The feeling grew to a higher pitch, and it was resolved that measures must be taken to obtain redress, as we thought proper to call it. The method seemed to us moderate enough, for it consisted in nothing more than entering the dining room in the utmost order, in the usual manner, taking our seats regularly, and in forbearing to touch the food. This we continued to do for some two or three days, at the

supper hour. We begun at length to grow tired of it, and as it seemed likely to continue, the students became violent, and when the door was opened for admission, threw in a volley of stones, which, as the tables being long, stood with their ends towards the door, raked them, as mariners would say, fore and aft. The whole, as is obvious, was a foolish piece of business, but the last was most unwarrantable, and ought to have been too shocking to be perpetrated except by a vulgar mob. Certainly it was unworthy of a society of young gentlemen of the first order, as we professed to be. Could we all have been transferred back to the grammar-school, there would have been no perplexity in selecting a penalty fitted to the nature of the act. But under the system received in colleges, we had doubtless made good our claim to the credit of posing the Faculty as to the method of treatment best adapted to the emergency. To give way before violence and outrage, especially with combination, was not to be entertained for a moment. The difference between coffee and milk was a trifle in comparison with the consequences to the government of the institution. We were told that Dr. Smith would personally attend at the table with us in the evening, to take his supper with us, and observe the quality of the milk, against which complaints had been raised. This was a new thing, and as we certainly had a high respect for his person and character, it was to be tried whether this would not be enough to bring us back to propriety. The experiment failed, for, while the vice-president and tutors took their meal, the students touched nothing.

I find, however, that in reciting these pitiful details, I am engaged in matters that may well be supposed to become sickening to the reader, as they do once more to myself, and as they always have done whenever they recurred. And yet I have known many an insurrection raised in a college, the merits of which were not more respectable than this. The following day, it appeared that our offences were felt to have risen to such a height, that the Faculty could not reconcile themselves to the ordinary transaction of business with us, and our recitations were broken off until the order of college could be restored, and respect to the authority and laws re-established. The general feeling now showed itself agitated and tumultuary and, as is usual in such cases, stories began to be circulated, either totally groundless, or distorted into provoking shapes from some little fact or expression wholly indifferent in its nature which might have actually occurred, but all ingeniously and strangely calculated to excite the reigning resentment especially against the steward. And now we continued to be tossed for sometime in a manner to most of us more and more distressing, while others evidently exulted in the pretext it furnished them for every species of disorder, and the protection from punishment, under the plea that the best students of the college were involved alike with them-

selves. It was not very long before that which the wisdom of the Faculty had hoped and anticipated, really happened. Most of us began really to wish to find out some mode of extricating ourselves from the perplexity which continually grew more painful and embarrassing. This was probably soon understood by Dr. Smith, and many of us rejoiced when we were told that he would be willing to see a few of us in his study. A number were speedily selected, and I happened to be one. We presented ourselves before him, and he spoke to us at once with gentleness and a dignified reserve. He asked if the students were prepared to come to an understanding with the Faculty upon any terms which could be consistent with the re-establishment of authority and the government of the college? I well remember the shameful manner in which some of us met this inquiry. And I among the rest assumed to talk swellingly, and to endeavor to show with what wrongs the students had been provoked, particularly by the steward. But I have done with the narrative, when it is further said, that we took care not to leave the Doctor without accepting the assurance he gave, which was that if we were all prepared to submit to the laws of college, and return to order, it would be acceded to on the part of the Faculty, and the business of the classes might immediately re-commence, without further notice of any thing which had been done. It was a grace on the part of the Faculty, which some of us were very far from having a right to expect. For my own part, without any disposition at this moment to extenuate any absurdity in which I was implicated while that shameful behaviour was going on, I was certainly not forward in participating in the disorder or promoting it. It is enough for me, and ever has been, when the remembrance has haunted me, to think of the bold and flippant airs which I assumed in that interview with Doctor Smith. To these I was very much prompted by my standing before him as a representative of the students; for as to myself, my feelings and conduct were habitually respectful, benevolent and ingenuous. But the plea with which I then sustained myself has never since that period been able to mitigate the bitterness of my mortification, or prevent the ardent wish that my conduct on that occasion could be merged in a complete and perpetual forgetfulness.

I have already related some incidents from which I narrowly escaped with life. Another of this nature happened, while I was a student of college. It was usual for us to resort on summer evenings to a particular spot in a small stream about a mile distant, where the water was deeper than common, to amuse ourselves in bathing. A sort of raft had been constructed by nailing planks to cross pieces of timber of no great size, so that a surface of plank was made on both sides of the pieces. It was not very buoyant, and would scarcely bear the weight of one individual

without sinking under him. The sport consisted in hanging around it by the hands, thrusting it about, and turning it over in the water. Several were engaged in this manner, and the amusement became so inviting to me, that though but just beginning to swim, I felt persuaded it would not be difficult to keep myself above the water by means of the raft. I watched my opportunity and reached it, but no sooner was this effected than it was turned into a vertical position by the rest, and the next moment came down and covered me as under a trap. I was instantly drowning, and again began to think myself wholly lost. Happily, one of the company perceiving that I was gone and no more made any appearance, pushed away the raft from above me, observed where the air made its appearance that was escaping from my lungs as they filled with water. Being well grown and strong, and I but small and light, he seized my arm and bore me to the shore.

Rescued once more from those dying agonies, I ought to have been filled with gratitude for the mercy which had spared and preserved me. But these feelings had at the time but little place in my bosom. Through the earlier part of my residence in college, religion found scarcely any admittance into my heart. It appeared to be a subject of which I had become exceedingly thoughtless. The studies to which I was daily called, the amusements of athletic exercises, of walking through the fields and into the country, the pleasures of growing knowledge, the occupation of castle-building, to which my imagination was much addicted, the gratifications of success in my recitations, interspersed with occasional failures, calculated to mortify and vex me, the pleasures which I took care generally to secure, of success in the public examinations, the buoyancy of spirits which immediately followed, seeming almost to lift me up from the earth, from a sense of release from every restricting tie of business, and the opening of a vacation of some weeks' continuance in unlimited freedom, constituted altogether a series of occupations that left no time or disposition to think of God, the giver of all my blessings, of the sinfulness of my heart, the uncertainty of life, or the prospects and destinies of eternity.

But I was not left to proceed uninterruptedly under this engrossing influence of the world. In the full enjoyment of health, I attended breakfast one morning as usual in the steward's hall. It was customary to supply our table with buck-wheat cakes, which being light, well made, and bespread liberally with butter, were counted by many of us, at least, among our luxuries. I had heard it suggested a little before, that those cakes were prepared upon extensive copper surfaces, for the purpose of greater expedition. No attention, however, had been paid to the report. It was heard as an idle story, which some might propagate to discredit our fare. After having eaten about half a breakfast, my eye was caught with

what I thought a pretty lively appearance of greenness upon the cakes, of which I had been freely participating. A sudden horror thrilled through my whole system. In a moment a full conviction seized upon me that I was poisoned, and that I was beginning to feel the fatal consequences. I rose almost tottering from the table, asked permission to retire, and from that instant through the space of several weeks, considered myself as hastening speedily to the grave. Never did an unhappy being continue more harrassed and agitated from day to day with symptoms of dissolving strength and a rapid decline. I sometimes suspected, for I wished to think that I was under mistaken apprehensions of having received poison with my food. But though it did not fail to occur that others ought to have been affected similarly to myself, it was impossible with all the efforts of which I was then capable, to shake off the impressions that haunted me, that various feelings to which I was subject, indicated a hastening dissolution. A dismal melancholy brooded over my mind, as a dark and lowering cloud. My whole aspect and manners must have soon appeared altered to others, though I had an extreme reluctance to let my situation be known, and strove much at first to carry a countenance of cheerfulness, for which I was usually rather remarkable. My spirits were depressed. The world grew to be a matter of indifference, or rather unpleasant repulsion. I could think no more of it as having interests for me. I involuntarily retired from intercourse, and courted solitude, that I might be free to indulge in the gloomy train of reflections that kept me miserable. I often prayed that I might be prepared for death, but derived no satisfaction from it, for I seemed to be sunk down and lost to all the capacities of happiness or hope.

It is probable that others observed and distinctly noted the change that had passed upon me, long before I suspected them to know or think any thing respecting it. It appeared as if I was shut up within myself, and had ceased to know aught that was passing around me. There was reason to think, as I learned afterwards, that I was under religious conviction, and the delicacy with which they acted towards me on this account, prevented me from discovering anything said or thought respecting me. I came, therefore, to be left to the solitude which was at once my wish and my torment. It is not to be doubted, that had some discreet Christian contrived to fall in with me, and engage affectionately in conversation on religion, until he could have learned something respecting the peculiarity of my situation, I might have been taken by the hand, and with the light of the gospel, been conducted out of a despondency which to me was like the valley of the shadow of death, into a region illuminated with the brightness of heaven, and the smiles of God's favor. But I have reason to believe that I appeared to others so anxious to conceal my situation, and

possibly betrayed such sensitiveness to every thing that bore allusion to it, that no one was willing to attempt an intrusion into my confidence. What makes me think that a balm might have been poured into my diseased feelings, that would have been attended with grateful relief, and not been rejected as offered by an impertinent interference, is, that after long continuance in this suffering state, some person in whom I had confidence, did take occasion from some expression incidentally thrown out on my part, to advert to the satisfactions of religion; and the manner in which it was done, made me grateful, as though I saw in him the friend of my heart. The truth is, as the reader is well aware, that a morbid melancholy had settled upon me. It is of no consequence how futile and senseless was the cause. This will only show that the precariousness of our temporal happiness may spring, not from evils that are real and inevitable merely, but from sources which, if you will, exist in the imagination only, and are in their true merits equivalent to nothing. Religion is the proper and only effectual cure of all the ills that humanity "is heir to." Ignorance, misconceptions, the natural darkness of the soul, or a diseased action of the body upon the mind, may sink the unhappy subject into desperation; but in every case, could the gospel be brought to bear upon him, not with a perverted, but with its genuine influence, the remedy is infallible and complete. Its action in the instant it is felt, will be pronounced to be the very infusion into the wounded spirit which heals wherever it is felt, carrying along with it energy and joy that are like "life from the dead."

The reader will see that at a period of my life as happy as any which I had ever known, which had been of long continuance, and to which I suspected no interruption, it was broken as suddenly as a vessel of glass is dashed in pieces, not by the loss of property or friends, not by a fit of sickness, the necessary amputation of a limb, or the stopping up of one of my senses, but by a glancing thought of imagination only, converting a bosom into a scene of darkness and desolation, where all, till then had been light and cheerfulness. I sometimes struggled for deliverance, from an occasional supposition, that such might really be the nature of my affection. But in every effort, though resolutely made, I was fairly overpowered, and felt myself brought down irresistibly into the dust. I discovered upon a few occasions incidentally occurring, that being in company my thoughts were stolen away from the dejecting apprehensions that usually occupied them, and my spirits would mount unawares to the gaiety once familiar to them. But in less than an hour after returning into solitude, I found myself again prostrate under the same incumbent pressure, though I recollect that at the moment I manfully determined no more to yield to it. After a continuance of some two or three months in this wretched state, I came to a conclusion that to prosecute education any longer in

circumstances so disqualifying and disheartening promised no valuable result, and that it was too much for me to continue to bear. The issue to which I arrived was, to obtain permission to leave the college, and should I live to study a profession, to apply myself to the study of medicine. The explanation was made to Dr. Witherspoon and Dr. Smith, and they listened to it apparently with regret. They spoke of the importance of completing an education whatever my profession might be. It terminated in a recommendation to visit my friends for two or three weeks; that possibly my health might be improved; and if it should be, by all means to return as soon as possible to my studies. They doubtless suspected the true cause of my difficulties, and their advice was fitted to the removal of them. To get home was but an afternoon's ride in the stage, and after being there a few days I discovered that the state of my feelings began sensibly to change. I had grown into the habit of daily prayer, and it was not long before my mother without my knowledge discovered it, to her great satisfaction. I staid out the three weeks, and so surprising was the recovery of my mental firmness and emancipation from the bondage which had so long bowed me to the earth, that I felt no difficulty in resolving to return and resume the studies to which I had once determined to bid adieu forever.

It may be asked, perhaps, in what light I considered the experience through which I passed in regard to its religious influence, and whether it was deemed by myself to be attended with true conviction of sin, or to terminate in a change of heart? To this I feel compelled to answer in the negative. My heart was too much in a state of bondage through the fear of death, to agree to the character of one renovated by the faith of the gospel. I never enjoyed any of the satisfactions of religion, springing from love to God, and confidence in his mercy, through Christ's atonement, as the means or the pledge of pardon and acceptance as an heir of life. Could I have experienced this, it would probably have dispersed the thick and dreary cloud that hovered around me, and would have darted sunshine through the soul. It was a spirit of depression and despondency, as if all hope were blighted, and I could look with no complacency upon the present or the future. I struggled for deliverance, but every effort was felt to be in vain. I engaged in prayer because I dreaded the final judgment of the Almighty, to which, in my apprehension, I might soon be called. Looking on this life as having no interests *for me*, and on death as all that intervened between the present and the irretrievable loss that was to follow, every resource was cut off to which I might look for some satisfaction to beam upon my mind, or replace its dejection with joy and courage. And that which makes me think the more that I had none of the true spirit of a child of God is, that in my wishes for relief, I thought but little of its

nature, provided only I could effect an escape from the dreadful gloom which constituted my misery. The consequence was, that in a very short time after my return to cheerfulness and confidence, my thoughtlessness of God, of piety, and a future world, in too great a degree returned with them, until at length my mind became as worldly as ever.

It has been already mentioned that Dr. Witherspoon lived a mile from town. It was already a long time that he had retired from the daily and personal supervision of the college. He had become advanced in years, and after passing much of his life, not only in an active and efficient management of the institution, but in a participation of public affairs, and as a member of Congress in the Revolutionary War, he sought exemption from the daily cares of collegiate government, leaving its maintenance principally in the hands of Dr. Smith, who had married his daughter, and who held the vice-presidency. Mrs. Witherspoon, whom he had married in Scotland, died while I was a student, and some time afterwards it appeared that even at that late period he resolved upon another marriage. One morning, shortly after prayers, it was rumored among us that the Doctor had set out very early, in the old family carriage for Philadelphia. It was soon confirmed, to the surprise of all, for the matter had been conducted in brief time, and principally, if not entirely, by correspondence, with a lady of his acquaintance. He took breakfast that morning with Dr. Armstrong, in Trenton, twelve miles on the way. Dr. A. felt the subject to be of a delicate nature, and forebore all allusion to it, especially as Dr. Witherspoon said nothing respecting it himself. Dr. W. was but little in the habit of appearing in the style of that morning's equipment; probably it had been some years since the wheels of the ancient vehicle had rolled under him. To make out a competent number of animals for the draught, (less than four, it seems, would not do,) some were called into this higher service, from the more humble functions of the cart or the plough. It could not be expected, therefore, that they should appear in uniform, as if they had been originally selected for purposes such as that for which they were now arranged. As speedily after the dispatch of breakfast as might be, the visitor and the visited passed to the door, one for the continuance of his journey, the other to show honor to his guest, as well as gratitude for the privilege he had enjoyed. For truly Dr. Witherspoon's conversation could multiply many times the pleasure of a breakfast served up to a man in the best manner, by his own fireside, and in the most auspicious circumstances. As ill luck would have it, if that can properly be called luck which the circumstances rendered almost inevitable, the first thing that caught the eye of Dr. Armstrong, and in easy good nature prompted the tongue, was the disparity in size, color, and form that reigned luxuriantly among the quadrupeds. "Why, Doctor,"

was his remark in pleasantry, "you do not seem to be very well matched." It will not appear strange if to one upon the verge of being a bridegroom, at any age, though it might be sixty-two, which happened to be the Doctor's, the image of horses, absorbing as that might be which was furnished by his own, was not uppermost in his thought. And this might especially be expected, when the one to whom he looked to be the bride, was in all the bloom and fullness of two and twenty. That, therefore, befell which the two friends had most studiously, and till this very last moment, successfully eluded. The one spoke of horses, the other thought of matrimony; and the reply of the Doctor was, "I neither give advice, nor do I take any." This was said as he ascended into the vehicle, and both the coachman and his animals commenced their respective functions with an action commensurate with their energies.

A few days elapsed, and one morning it was whispered among the students that on the previous evening the Doctor had returned with his bride. This was at first offered in the shape of a surmise only. But such a subject could not be permitted to rest without more light than what the night had thrown upon it. It was soon ascertained to be a fact, and a few of us were forthwith deputed to solicit the intermission of business for a day at least, that we might all manifest our joy, and do honor to the occasion. We soon arrived near the Doctor's mansion, and while we were yet some distance from the door, he presented himself for our reception. We were not a little delighted to be greeted with a welcome beyond what we felt ourselves assured in anticipating. We were invited with a flow of feeling such as we had never observed in the Doctor, to enter, and then advancing to the side-board, to join with him in a glass of wine, which needed not to have been so well selected as it was, to prove to us highly palatable and cheering. Being commended to drink to the health of the bride, we answered by uniting that of the bridegroom also, with a respectful wish, and I am sure an ardent one too, flowing from the bottom of our hearts, for their happiness through many years to come. We informed him that we appeared on the part of the college to ask some release from ordinary business on an occasion so gratifying to us all, and that we might have opportunity of manifesting our joy. "Yes, by all means, if it is your wish," was the reply. "At such a time as this, we must admit a suspension of business for two days at least, if not three." In the length of time spoken of, a discovery was made of something beyond our most sanguine expectations. It was one, as may be supposed, in which we could see nothing to mar our satisfaction. We were delighted to the full, and though we could not press him to our bosoms, he found his way to our hearts. We took our leave with grateful expressions, and hastened back with the tidings to our fellow students.

At the close of the third day, a large piece of ordnance, a thirty-six pounder I think, which was a relict of the Revolutionary contest, had been brought up and placed before the college. At the first fire, as a signal, the whole front appeared illuminated as in an instant: at the second, in an hour or two afterwards, the light was as suddenly extinguished. This was the conclusion of the three days allowed us, falling little short in hilarity of feeling to our young bosoms, of that which had been excited in older minds six years before, when intelligence was received that definite articles of peace had been signed at the British court, recognizing the independence of these United States.

I have related these incidents of a college life, because to some they may be amusing, who have been themselves familiar with it: to others who have not, they will serve as specimens of the manner in which students live, or may be affected in their peculiar circumstances.

It is a question which may easily occur, whether the youth is happier who passes his early years in a University, or he who is reared to an occupation which through the same period calls him to bodily labor. The inquiry may be extended to the whole of life. It may be asked whether any one has a greater prospect of enjoyment in a life of diligent mental or corporeal occupation. As to indolence or unfaithfulness in the prosecution of either, they are not to be brought into view, both because they are unworthy of our consideration, and if mixed with the subject, must make it wholly indefinite. It is certainly very common with students to pant after the privileges of a rural life; and perhaps it is no less so for the son of the farmer, who is constrained to daily toil, as every one ought to be who is to follow that profession, to feel convinced that the opportunities of a liberal education would crown his utmost wishes. It is probable that the unhappiness of each is chiefly due, not to the nature of his business, but to the indulgence of an unsettled mind, and of complaint against the renewed exertion and confinement that return upon him in uninterrupted continuance. Each of them knows and feels his own difficulties and discontents, and it is through these that his conclusion is drawn unfavorably to his own employment. Each looks at the occupation of the other through imagination only. This selects the objects and colors of the picture, and he longs for the pleasures on which his eye is directed, without having forced upon his feelings the toils and solicitudes which experience would teach him to be inseparable from them. An actual subjection to these would soon convince him that nothing was gained by the exchange, were he allowed to make it. The true secret of human happiness, so far as profession is concerned, is probably to be seen, not so much in the employment, as in that discipline over ourselves which by directing our efforts upon the greatest efficacy and skill in the performance of every

thing we would do, becomes interested in the result, and in the true and efficient means of its attainment. Let not the farmer or the mechanic, nor let their sons look with envy upon the privileges of the student. Placed in his situation, subjected to his confinement, and to the same rigorous exaction upon his mental faculties in the daily task, he would probably soon sigh for exemption from them, that he might be replaced in the condition which he had deserted with fond and disappointed calculations. A student sometimes returns home from the academy or the college, repining or clamoring with discontent, and soliciting as a privilege to be employed in some manual or bodily exertion, rather than continue under the pressure and restriction of a college life. He is perhaps gratified by his parent. A short trial convinces him of his misapprehensions, and he eagerly compromises for a return to that from which his feelings had so strongly revolted. This furnishes no evidence in behalf of collegiate felicity, any more than that the blistering of the hands, or the soreness of the muscles by the labor of the first days, would prove that the same effects and the sufferings from them are to be borne continually, should he addict himself to labor through the whole of life. Before we can be enured to any species of industry, some uneasy, if not painful effects, must be experienced. A mind unalterably fixed upon its purpose will find these to be trifles. Once seasoned to its occupation, it is better capable of determining the satisfactions it is to enjoy in the choice which it has made. Nor will it then do justice to its own election, if doubt and vacillation be not perfectly excluded. In proportion as these are permitted to agitate the breast, they will prove elements of dissolution to our happiness. All envy at the imagined superior advantages of others, all repugnance and fretfulness at the obstacles or inconveniencies that meet us as we advance, are an unreasonable quarrel with the laws of nature, and the determinations of Providence; and if that be our temper, every situation and every profession will harrass us with their occurrence in sufficient numbers to make us dissatisfied with our lot. One who often counts the hours that are passing, or which are yet to come before a release from his business, is likely to find it too long for his wishes. Another who looks to the objects he is bent on accomplishing, will be apt to think it too short, and instead of abridging the day, he longs to extend it. The one who improves his time with diligence, receiving it as it is meted out to him, in the prosecution of his settled purpose, admitting no wavering uncertainties to weaken or tease him with discontents furnishes a third description of character; and which of them is likely to exceed in happiness, cannot be difficult of determination. Let not the student, or the professional man, envy the mechanic, or the farmer. It implies that he wants self-discipline, and if he continue long unhappy, the fault is in himself and not in his circum-

stances. Nor let the person whose business calls him to muscular action, imagine that in literary, or professional life, he would be more highly favored. It is to this very indulgence of an uncertain mind that he owes all his miseries. But who can be happy without reference to God? How shall any man, young or old, rationally hope to be blest, if his plans be all chosen and pressed forward without the admission of the principle that He rules and must be consulted in all our affairs? In our diligence, our danger is that we shall rest in our own efficacy, and the sufficiency of the world. If this be our spirit, it is essentially an error, nor is it one of minor consequence, which may take place, and yet we make our way with disadvantages only. It is an error more fatal to our plans and efforts, at least to our happiness, than any other can be. This would appear to carry with it the evidence of a first truth, an indisputable axiom, to the judgment of the most enlightened mind, as well as the humblest christian. The man who admits this, not merely as a general principle when he happens to come to it, but habitually and practically, in his meditations and the execution of his plans, will find himself carried forward by consistency to a complete acknowledgement of the gospel.

After a continuance of four years and a half from the time of my joining the senior class in the grammar-school, we were graduated in 1791, my age being then eighteen years and a half. The delight I felt on that occasion must have been excited by a disenthralment from the confining rules and the ever-returning responsibilities of a college life, rather than by any prospect of circumstances more exuberant in happiness. My education was all that I could look to; my fortune was to be made, and not one definite object was before me to give direction to my movements. The gay feelings that spread through my bosom were overcast by a sombrous aspect, diffusing through them a pensiveness that sometimes almost oppressed me. I had always been successful in my studies, and this was an encouragement. But my views were altogether indefinite; the world was before me, and I knew not how I was to get hold of it, that I might bring any ability I might possess into action, gain advantages, and then make them avail for the acquisition of more. I had not even decided the profession I was to follow, and of course could not look any where for this species of preparation. I was young, however; my spirits were cheerful. One thought in which I indulged was, that I had time to spare before coming of age, and that I might afford to pass some of it in amusement, in reprisal for the long confinement from which I was now emancipated. This was an unhappy mistake, for I acted so much upon it, that the improvement of a year or two was lost; which time, had it been faithfully applied in a course of valuable studies, would have added largely to my attainments. I went to reside with my mother and brother, who were now

at Black River, near Flanders, where he lived as a farmer upon the land once my grandmother's, and which she had bequeathed to him at her death.

Some months passed away in idleness, or little better. I grew weary of it, but knew not what to do. I was among farmers, and yet wholly unqualified to participate in their interests or occupations. I found that capital without a market was of no value. They looked upon me as a scholar, but they had no use for scholarship, and I was in danger of falling into disesteem, if not contempt, from the inefficacy of all that I possessed for any profit to them or to myself.

At length it was suggested by some of them, that a few boys in the village and neighborhood wanted instruction in the languages. It was proposed that I should teach them; and so weary was I of doing nothing, that I took refuge in the employment, though I thought it an humble business. It was an easy business to me, and I took pleasure in looking again at the beauties of Virgil, and unfolding them to my scholars. I continued some months to do this, but it was felt to be a matter of small moment in comparison with the larger and higher objects of imagination. It was still a difficulty to know how to get at them. They rose up in numerous and picturesque forms, but in my youthful inexperience and inability to address myself to men, to make propositions or present inducements to them, it seemed that it was all fancy only, which I began at last to think was never to be realized.

Whatever else may enter into the purposes of the young, love is certain to constitute a part. Some of our neighbors, as must always happen, made a figure in property and consequence above others. Next door but one to ours, was a family of this description. A young lady was of its number, who I found began to fasten upon me in a manner so pleasing, that I had no disposition to displace the thought of her by any reflections which might be at variance with it as an inmate of my bosom. My morning walks soon came to be decidedly more frequent by her house, than in the opposite direction. If she happened to be visible, which was not unfrequently the case, as northern families in the country are apt to be in the habit of bestirring themselves early, my eye would steal glances towards her, which would serve to make the time till I returned home, pass with more vivid enjoyment of the fresh air, the scenery around, the alacrity of healthful sensation, and the enchanting tints diffused by fancy over the fields, and every subject of my thoughts. As yet our intercourse had been but infrequent. We were both young, and could scarcely venture to think of a matter involving such serious consequences as matrimony. It was to our early minds too distant to be realized. Such at least I deemed to be the state of her sentiments, from her manner, so far as I had observed it. She was willingly communicative, but rather pensive than gay.

Her father had been educated for the ministry, but being of a slender constitution, and somewhat apprehensive of pectoral weakness, he had made choice of a farmer's life, that he might be called into activity, augment bodily strength, and prevent that reaction of the mind which might overpower it. Her mother was an excellent woman, but fell much short of her husband in sprightliness and intelligence.

At length as my walks would recur, for they were agreeable, it seemed observable that I was seldom, if ever, disappointed in seeing her; and when she appeared, it was not in a passing manner only, as at first, but when I came into view her movement lingered, her eye became directed upon mine, which, in spite of a repressive feeling of modesty to which I was exceedingly subject, was sure to be turned upon her, and we would almost stop under the influence that certainly fascinated me, and to which I could not but flatter myself she was not wholly insensible. If the wings of Mercury had been put upon my feet, I could not have felt lighter after observations like these. My heart began to run upon this object with renewed interest through the day. And whenever the thought of Miss O—— returned, the probability that if I should seek a more intimate acquaintance, the proffer would not be declined, excited in my young bosom trembling emotions, to be set down under the head of enjoyment; for time which had before dragged heavily, now glided along with a pleasing smoothness, and my uneasiness at the idea that I was making no headway towards the prospects to which I looked with indefinite contemplation, but determined purpose, ceased to torment me. My walks were still renewed, as I did not fail to be gratified with the appearance of her who was now their principal motive, I loitered as I drew near, and when the bow and the good morning were offered with a smile of interest and complacency, they were returned with expression and manner which I thought I could not misunderstand. I stood still and entered into conversation. The soft and pleasant tones of her voice, with her willingness to listen and reply, without any appearance of a disposition to terminate the interview, gave delightful intimations that something of the same sentiment was alive in her bosom, which was thrilling in mine.

After this our acquaintance grew more intimate. I visited the family sometimes, and my reception implied that there was no unwillingness that my visits should be continued. But to what purpose was all this? was an inquiry which began to press much upon me, and to occupy my thoughts as though I was engaged in an inconsistency with which I could not be satisfied. I had never given up the idea that my destiny was to be marked out, not in the place where I then was, but somewhere at large, in some other sphere, for the one in which I then moved was felt to be of dimensions too diminutive to satisfy me. These considerations, though thrust

out of sight by the force of my first youthful experience of a passion that reigns in the bosoms of all, began to weigh heavily upon me, whenever an approximation to the final issue compelled me to look upon it as but a few steps before me. I pretend not to say whether, if the plan of a matrimonial connection with this young lady whose charms had given me more knowledge of what it was to love than I had before acquired, had been urged to a determination, it would or would not have been successful. It was a question which in the existing circumstances, I felt too appalling to bring to a crisis. Had it been pressed to a successful conclusion, it would have undoubtedly furnished another instance of Providential disposition, by which the whole course of my life would have been permanently directed by a turn, as upon the minutest pivot, into a channel wholly different from that in which it has flowed. To myself alone it can be supposed a matter of any interest. But when every other person directs his eye upon similar instances in his own history, in which circumstances the most trivial have given a shape to the whole of his subsequent condition in the world, the reflection becomes obvious and impressive, by what small events Providence guides the destinies of our existence.

While in this situation which seemed tending to a crisis, and not long after its last peculiarities which had been so delicately interesting to me had occurred, I received notice, I scarcely remember how, that my services as an assistant teacher would be acceptable in Elizabethtown, in the lower part of the State. No hesitation was felt in accepting the offer. I left Black River forever, my studies were renewed, and the opportunities of a polished community, and literary society were relished more exquisitely after the tedious and dismal sequestration I had suffered. My companionship, and the privileges of living under a ministry and in a congregation where religion was highly estimated, and its impressions were often deeply felt, proved the means of turning my thoughts and affections anew and with more intensity on that subject. The result was such that the question of a profession, which had never yet been decided, terminated in a conclusion, if God would sanction it with his grace, that I would commence a course of studies for the sacred ministry. With much diffidence and apprehension, I entered on the prosecution of these subjects under the direction of the Rev. David Austin, then pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in the place. A relative of his by the name of Sherman, was my companion in study. My obligations both to the uncle and the nephew, for their personal kindness and encouragement, have ever been remembered with the deepest and most affectionate gratitude. Poor Sherman, as himself told me some years afterwards, in a letter, renounced Orthodoxy and espoused Socinianism. Other events afterwards befell, distressing and mortifying in their nature, which were successively heard of

by me with surprise and regret. They must have been humiliating to him, but it is useless to repeat them here. They imply nothing, however, that will affect his moral character, except it were true, as I was told, that he became, at least in some degree, intemperate.

Some months after commencing the study of Divinity, it was proposed to me to undertake the instruction of an academy at Springfield. To obtain funds, I entered into negotiation upon the subject. The gentlemen who spoke of it, appeared to me at first rather cool and reserved for my feelings, for their manner implied some apprehension respecting the result. I felt and manifested more independence than was consistent with my circumstances, for it was really a matter of some consequence to me to engage in the business. While we were conversing on preliminaries, and were on the point of reaching a conclusion, a letter came from Dr. Smith, of Princeton, proposing that I should become a tutor in the college. As soon as these gentlemen were aware of this, they manifested no small surprise and agitation, and their urgency grew continually, until while I persevered in my conclusion to accept of the tutorship, I was in danger of being charged with improperly disappointing them, as though a contract had been already made. On this, however, they could by no means insist. I asked them whether as friends, they would advise me to accept of their offer in preference to my prospects at Princeton. They candidly replied that they could not, and so we parted upon sufficiently good terms.

At the college I instantly began to feel the vast difference between the privileges of a student in a place where science and literature were the professional occupation of all around me, and abroad in the world, where the prosecution of these objects not only was unsupported by a community of feelings and interests, except perhaps with one or two, but seclusion from much intercourse was indispensably necessary to any tolerable success. In the midst of professors, and scholars, and libraries, bent upon as great attainments as I could compass, having a taste for learning and intent on qualifying myself liberally for a profession, I was happy in expatiating upon classic ground, and desired nothing so much as the very privileges I enjoyed of traversing the volumes which it was my duty to take as my guides to the ulterior purposes before me. Nothing troubled me so much as an interruption of my studies. This had been much the case through the whole course of my education, and as my disposition was in general kindly towards others, I never could well understand how numbers of young men could be prompted as they evidently were, not only to lavish as much time as possible in idleness, but to interpose obstructions with almost a spirit of malignity and persecution, in the way of others who were studious of abstraction and improvement. It is evident, however, that where there is no community of sentiment among men, they are not

satisfied with neutrality or indifference toward one another, but grow into opposition and even mutual hatred. To prevent this, self-discipline is more or less necessary. Its cultivation and establishment through society is one evidence of superior civilization. But the spirit of forbearance can never be fully comprehended, but by the exposition of the gospel to the mind and the heart, not in their ordinary natural state, but as they are made capable of the proper feelings of this virtue, by the Spirit of Him who revealed and illustrated it in the scriptures. And if forbearance, which is but a negative virtue, cannot be known and felt without such a reformation, much less can the spirit of that positive celestial charity be supposed producible by us, which binds all in the creation that are under its influence, to the throne of God and to one another in ties, which by his own formation, are the certain and only pledge at once of individual and universal happiness.

The same variance in taste, sentiment, and interest is exhibited in the little society of a college, as agitates the world at large, through its communities and governments. There is no condition, indeed, in which we may not learn human nature, and find it the very same in one as in another. In every one will be enough of the evil passions and obliquities to sicken or wound us with their offensive forms, and thanks be to Him who preserves and governs this world as a probationary state in mercy, there is a mixture of better characters and qualities, sufficient not merely to reconcile us to the evil, but to create attachments even in the best of men, by which they cling to their objects as with a dying grasp.

While residing at Princeton this third and last time, an incident occurred once more of a nature to impress upon me awfully the perfect uncertainty of life, while we are in the height of its enjoyments, in the vigor of youth, and when the peril is unsuspected the moment before we are involved in it. A young man fully grown, by the name of Simpson, was a student of the college. It happened that some intimacy grew between us, as might easily be, as I occupied a room in the college building. In the warm season of the year, we agreed to take an early walk to the usual place of bathing, because the air would be fresh, and we should be without other company. Simpson, though of full size and age, could swim but little; scarcely with skill and confidence enough to venture into deep water. It was different with me, and while he was practising in shallow places, the freedom and repetition of my passages over the deeper parts, there was reason to think became a temptation to him. In setting off from where he was to pass up the stream, which could not be done without swimming further than he had ever before attempted, I called out to him with a cheering voice, and without thinking whether he would make the trial or not, to follow on. I arrived at the shallow water above, and

on turning round was surprised to see him arrived at the middle of the deepest part. He seemed to be doing very well, and I told him so for his encouragement. Almost instantly afterwards I saw him place himself deliberately in an erect attitude, and descend as we generally do, to try the depth of the water. His appearance was so much that of self-possession, that it seemed handsomely done; but when he rose, as a little afterwards he did, his person shooting almost half above the surface, and the water projecting a full stream from his mouth, a sudden horror seized me; I saw that he had given out at the time when he went down; in his confusion, he had hoped the depth might not be too great for him; it was, however, far over his head, and, if he had held his breath at all, he had instantly ceased to do so. Without assistance, he must inevitably drown, perhaps before I could get to him to afford it, even if I were able. I was aware of the convulsive struggles of a drowning man, and had often heard how dangerous. I was small and light; he was larger than the ordinary size in bone and muscle, and had the appearance of unusual strength. The moment I saw him in that desperate situation a sudden compunction flashed through me for having probably been the occasion of his losing his life, when I so rashly spoke to him to follow from the starting place; and, beside this, I could not indulge for a moment the thought of seeing him drown without an effort to save him. All these considerations passed through my mind in far less than the time necessary to their utterance, for we think with almost incredible rapidity in such extreme emergencies. In fact, he had no sooner disappeared again, after rising out of the water, than I was on the way, whatever was to be the consequence.

In passing to the spot where he was struggling with death, I observed that he still continued to project himself above the water from the bottom, as often as he sunk. My plan for getting him out was, to avoid his grasp by going up behind him, in such a manner that by reaching out my right hand in front and taking hold of his left arm near the shoulder, I might exert upon him, steadily, as much force as was necessary to support his head above water, and so push him forward to the shore, depending on the other arm and my feet for swimming. This method was thought of on the way, for when I set out I really had not considered how the object was to be accomplished. It was, I believe, the third time of his appearing above the water, when I was so near him as to arrive where he was, against the next time, and place myself for taking hold of him, should he come up once more. While he was in view this third time, I called out to him with a voice exerted to the utmost, "To let me alone, and I would get him out." I certainly did not reflect in the pressure of the moment, that he might as well have been expected to hear me and follow my directions, as if he had been in the remotest extremity of the globe. He arose once

more, and finding myself precisely in the position I wished, I attempted to grasp his arm, but as I might have anticipated, it was too large for one so much smaller as I was than himself, especially at that part, and beside this the smoothness occasioned by the water, and the convulsive violence of his motions, convinced me at once that my scheme was utterly hopeless. He went down once more, and I was filled with horror in the despair of saving him. The next moment, however, I felt his fingers grappling at my legs, with such an indication in the manner as shocked me with the conviction that if he succeeded in laying hold on me, which had now evidently become his object, we must both drown together. In an instant I was in the utmost stretch of exertion to escape from him. Still his hands now and then continued to be felt, and always with a terrifying violence. I was convinced that I had swam far enough to be out of his way, and could not imagine how it could be that when I was persuading myself that I must be safe, his contact filled me with fresh alarm. I began to think that it would be impossible to elude him. My efforts, however, were of course continued, though I knew nothing of the direction in which they were made, until my breast struck upon the shore. I was surprised when this occurred, that it should have been so completely invisible to me. No sooner had it happened than turning round, I saw Simpson standing erect upon his feet, within four feet of me, his eyes closed, and the water shooting out of his mouth in a copious and continued stream. The relief felt when my own safety was ensured was as great as it was sudden, but how exquisite was the joy when I saw that he too was secure. While I had been making my way to the best of my ability at the surface of the water, he had been instinctively pursuing hard after me, though buried under it, and had felt the bottom in the same moment that I had touched the shore. He had been long struggling in the arms of death, but to my astonishment it soon appeared that I was much more exhausted than he. In walking half the mile we had to go to the college, my strength was wholly gone, and sinking upon the ground, I called upon him to give me time to rest. He showed no extreme debility, but seemed able to walk the whole distance without any such distress. My system certainly had no claims to the strength of his, but although while in the water, before missing my aim at his arm, I had retained perfect self-possession; from the moment I felt his clutch, it must have been a perfect panic with me, and my powers were overdone by the intensity of action that followed. The consequent langor, however, was not of long continuance. Rest, and the first meal produced no small repairs, and the pleasure felt for the safety of us both, probably hastened the system to its usual activity, so that by the next day the effects were no more perceptible.

I shall not think it worth while to note many incidents of my second

continuance at Princeton, except that I was called to act as tutor in the college, and one other.

In the tutorship my time was principally occupied in giving critical perfection, as far as possible, to my knowledge of the classical authors which it was my business to teach. This was at once my duty and my delight. It may be supposed, of course, that my qualifications to instruct were not questioned. But the part of a tutor's office which consists in government, is by no means certain to run parallel with knowledge and the ability to communicate it. This was the occasion of much solicitude, and of more trial to my feelings than I should have consented to bear, had it not been that advantages of improvement of a practical nature recommended it, and that the necessity of funds imposed it upon me. My feelings were always delicate and sensitive, and this put it easily into the power of those to whom the thought of being under authority was uppermost as ungrateful in their situation, to take revenge upon the unfortunate being whose indispensable duty it was to enforce the rules of the college. No provocation was necessary to call into action a spirit of mischief, tumult, and attack. No plea of necessity for quiet to the success of study, or for decorum and respect for the enjoyment of privileges and credit in society, was of sufficient avail to repress disorderly conduct, or prevent it from growing into outrage if it was not met and resisted. He, then, who exercises authority, especially over the young, may expect to be unreasonably assailed by some at least, whose study it will be, and who will therefore be far more successful than in prosecuting their education, to puncture his feelings, and to inflict torture upon them in an exquisite degree. The true and only remedy for such evils is forbearance, cordial solicitude for the real welfare of the young whose tuition is entrusted to us, and unremitting fidelity to the obligations binding us to the institution that looks to us for a conscientious discharge of the office it has devolved upon us, and for which we have made ourselves responsible. The instructor in whose bosom these motives are habitually alive, may, and will be, thoughtlessly or rudely assailed by the unfeeling, the discontented, and the unreasonable; but his motives and proper character will be irresistibly felt, and in the hour of trial he will be sustained against all the efforts of obloquy and opposition. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a young man acting in a tutorship to know at all times the estimation that attends him in his personal or official character. Incidents will occur to make him feel himself disparaged and depressed. The wounds which appear intentionally inflicted upon him, are apt to be felt much more deeply than accords to the real merits of the case, and if the officer be not mercifully inclined, he may easily exceed in the infliction of punishment. The conviction of the offender in his own mind, and his reclamation from his fault, are cer-

tainly the first objects of a teacher, and scarcely to be relinquished, until all the efforts of reason and affectionate solicitude have failed, and the stubbornness and invincible adherence to a bad cause, after time for reflection, have decided his case to be hopeless. The student who yields in such a struggle, furnishes greater assurance against future disorder or misconduct, than can be gained by a treatment that aims to deter by severity; and if he persist, the penalty which becomes necessary, will ensure all the efficacy which it is the proper object of exemplary discipline to secure. He who seeks to win the heart upon correct principles, will with difficulty be resisted. If he even be met in return with rudeness and insolence, let him not despair, for these if rightly received, furnish fresh pledges of final success.

In the beginning of September, 1796, I set out upon my journey to North Carolina. Mr. Charles Harris of that State had been acquainted with me while he was a student of Nassau Hall. It was but a year that he was at Princeton, for he entered the Senior Class on his admission into the college. So little had been our personal intercourse with one another, that I afterward scarcely remembered that I had ever seen him. This was about the year 1791. In 1796, the University of North Carolina had commenced its business, and Mr. Harris was acting as Professor of Mathematics. Having determined to make the law his profession, he accepted the professorship for a short time only, and at the close of the year he was to relinquish his place in the college. He had understood that I was in the tutorship at Princeton, and sent me a letter to know whether I would consent to be appointed his successor. I was as incompetent as a child to determine the answer I ought to give. I could do nothing but refer the question to others whom I supposed better judges, and whom I had reason to consider as my best and sincerest friends. The opinion of most, if not all, was, that I ought to accept the offer if it should be made. As to myself, it was flattering to my feelings, and presented a prospect of respectable and permanent income. I had but little practical knowledge of men, but felt quite convinced that if I was qualified to engage at once in any species of business, it was in teaching rather than any thing else. If my acquaintance with the world, even where I had grown up into it, was but small, of that part of it into which I was going, it might be literally said that I knew nothing. I might have had an idea that some difference was to be seen in the state of society, and in the manners and customs of the people; but in what the peculiarities specifically consisted, I certainly had no conception. It was concluded that it was best to travel by private conveyance, and after bidding an adieu, more trying to my feelings than I had supposed it was to be, I found myself with horse and gig on the road to Philadelphia. I stopped at Dr. Armstrong's, in Trenton,

to receive from him letters of introduction to gentlemen of Hillsborough, in North Carolina, where he had resided some time with the American army as chaplain during the Revolutionary War. Coming to Philadelphia on a Saturday, I was invited to preach the next day in Dr. Green's pulpit in Arch street. On Monday morning, one or two elderly gentlemen, who appeared incidentally to call, began to say that they had understood I was on a journey to another part of the country, but they had started the question whether it might not be possible and expedient to stop me where I was. They alluded to a vacant pulpit, which it seems, some suggestion had been made, that I might be invited to occupy as pastor. To this Dr. Green suddenly, and in a manner somewhat more decisive than was agreeable to me at the moment, remarked that the matter he believed to be totally decided: that I was on my way to Carolina, and that to Carolina he understood I was certainly to go. It would be to no purpose, therefore, to speak of plans which might be at variance with this. My disposition was exceedingly pliant at that age; I had been accustomed to look to others for determination more than to myself; the suggestion had struck suddenly upon my ear; my mind, it was true, had felt itself conclusively settled as to its object, and although there was an instantaneous and involuntary start of revolt in my bosom at the promptness with which Dr. Green undertook to pronounce for me, the matter passed away without any thing farther said, and the next day I again found myself on the road. The gentlemen who had entered Dr. Green's house, and commenced with the remark respecting the object of my journey, which they had learned, I knew not how, undoubtedly were about to propose that I should remain some little time in the city, to give further opportunity to some vacant congregation to which they probably belonged as elders, to form an opinion of me as a minister, and determine whether they might not give me a call. On this I have sometimes ruminated, as to the effects it might have produced upon the whole aspect of my life, had their proposition been listened to, and followed by a relinquishment of my prospects in the South, for a pulpit and a congregation in the city. It has impressed upon me anew, how surprisingly we are in the hands of God's providential interposition.

Should we place an elastic ball upon an immense plain, and imagine a motion given to it which would continue through the distance of 70 miles, and that it was subject, every now and then, to be acted on by impulses from other balls coming into contact in all various directions, sometimes laterally, sometimes obliquely in the direction of its motion, and then contrary to its direction, sometimes in the same line against, at other times in exact concurrence with its course, now with great efficacy, then with an action scarcely discernible, it would be a question of no easy

solution, where such a rolling body was likely to be found at any period of its motion, how far it would have proceeded, or in what line it would be advancing. It would have set out with an impetus originally imparted to it, and which is afterwards its own, it ever continues with an impetus forward, and these have a share of influence in determining both its distance and its course, but it is only a portion of influence which it exerts. How much is ever depending upon other influences and impacts which in continual succession are meeting it on every side, and whose arrival both in time and place is wholly from without and independent of itself. Will not this serve as an analogous illustration of the life of a being setting out in the world, and advancing through it under the controlling power of an overruling Providence? Let it not be imagined that I would confound the distinction between moral and physical motives, or consider them the same in their nature. Were this true, all responsibility would be taken away, and fatality be alike applicable to the material and spiritual world. Moral action is wholly diverse in its very nature, from material action, and it is in this difference that we forever continue accountable for every choice we make, and every deed we perform. In this very circumstance we see the wonderful and unsearchable wisdom of God. We might have been made acquainted with one species of agency only, the physical: and then every result, and our whole progress through existence, would have been with no more accountableness on our part, than the ball would be answerable for its position or direction at any particular moment. But this it seems is not the only way which God can devise for the influences of Providence. He can connect with his government over his creatures, a responsibility as complete on their part, as though any exertion of power by himself were wholly excluded. Who shall deny this wisdom and this ability to God? All the issues of our lives are the result, not of physical necessity, but of moral certainty, so connected in us with freedom of choice, and felt with a conviction so complete, that when God judges us, every mouth shall be stopped, for we shall know that our destiny as to happiness or misery, has been of our own framing. We cannot choose our own circumstances externally, but while we are standing in them, we can choose or retain our principles. It is by these that a character is imparted to us in the eye of our Heavenly Father, and it is with these that he connects our happiness or misery by inviolable conditions.

[Thus ends the Autobiography of Dr. CALDWELL. There is still unrecorded about forty years of his long and useful life, most of which was devoted to the interest of North Carolina, and is, therefore, interesting to us.

The following NOTE was written by a friend and former pupil of Dr. C. who intended to prepare a BIOGRAPHY of his former instructor; from some cause, he has not as yet executed his intention, but we hope he will soon, as we have earnestly pressed him to do so.—EDS.]

NOTE.—When a man dies who has filled a considerable space in the public eye, there seems to be a natural and just curiosity to know something of his private history, his parentage, his education, the events of Providence and the personal exertions by which he at length rose to merited distinction. This public interest in the history of a man who has been snatched by death from the stage of the world where he was acting a conspicuous part may be turned to valuable account. The memory of such an individual, who was of late the object of love and veneration, may be made a vehicle of much valuable instruction which would never have obtained access to the mind, if offered in a didactic form, unembodied with the narrative. It is fortunate when the subject of the memoir, himself, has left us authentic materials for the history of the earlier and more obscure part of his life. The development of all that secret portion of a man's history which passes within his own bosom, the geography, if we may be allowed the figure, of that *terra incognita* which, though rich in veins of gold, must have remained always unknown, but for these personal disclosures, has often been found interesting enough to make amends for the absence of incidents and adventures, and has rendered Confessions and Autobiographies the most attractive of all publications. Such an advantage the writer of the present memoir enjoys, having found among the papers of his deceased relative two small manuscript volumes, containing an account* of his life till the year 1796 when he set out for the State of North Carolina, at the invitation of the Trustees of the University to become Professor of Mathematics of that institution. This memoir of himself it has been thought best to introduce in the form in which it was found. It is supposed that the compiler of this volume will perform his task in a manner more gratifying to others who will take an interest in perusing it, if even a considerable portion of it should be occupied with personal narrative and private reflections rather than with sermons—a kind of composition with which, and that too of first-rate excellence, the world is already so full that there seems to be little use in increasing the stock. All, I presume, which his friends and the public of North Carolina would desire besides the personal and official history, is a specimen of a few sermons, which together with that may furnish their libraries with a memento of the man who was thought so great a benefactor to this State and who is endeared to so many, as the preceptor and guide of their youth.

From several passages in the narrative it would appear not to have been intended for the public eye, but only designed for the perusal of his circle of friends and to furnish authentic materials in case any future account of him should be called for. The reader will, therefore, make requisite allowance for any want of care in the composition which he may discover. The complaint, however, will probably be of the opposite fault:

too great formality and precision of expression, which it must be confessed characterized his style in a considerable degree, and of which he could not quite divest himself even in relating the familiar transactions of his private life. But although the reader will probably remark occasionally an involved and circuitous construction of his sentences, yet he will perhaps admit that oftentimes the thought is given forth with more strength from these tortuous involutions, as the stone from the sling, deriving impetus from its numerous gyrations.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE "OUR CLUB."*

At length has come the time I feared so much—
 And up must spring a poem at my touch:
 Like some old wizard, I must wave my wand,
 And call a full-grown poem fresh to hand;
 Must wake my sluggish feelings from their rest,
 Must nerve my heart and hand to do their best.
 Foraye obedient to my brothers' call,
 I bring my song—'tis worthless, but my all.
 I have no pow'r to call the poet's art,
 To make it give expression to my heart;
 My right hand hath no cunning to reveal
 The thoughts I cannot speak, but ever feel:
 But if a heart that beats forever true
 With love and loyalty, is dear to you—
 If this is what you want, then can I bring
 From out my breast a grateful offering.
 Yet when I look upon our little band,
 And press with friendship's grasp each friendly hand;
 When I look 'round upon each empty chair,
 And think of him who once sat smiling there;
 When rises plainly each remembered form
 Proud of its youthful hopes, with passions warm,
 When I reflect that ere long others too
 Must go, and burst our scarce-healed wounds anew;
 Then thought contends with thought within my brain,
 To give me pleasure or inspire with pain.
 Again I see the forms of brethren true,
 And hear their voice, and press their hands anew;
 Again I feel the pang, the bosom's swell
 I felt when to our friends I said, "Foraye, farewell."
 Thus class by class we see our friends depart,
 And feel each year keen separation's smart.
 But thus 'tis writ, and thus foraye shall be
 The sad experience of our destiny.

* The Secretary begs leave to certify that the above is an exact copy of the Poem delivered before "Our Club" by Sam Soaring, in accordance with law.

The golden clouds that deck the evening's brow
Are bright, and beautiful, and glorious now;
But scarce the sun shall set, when black as night,
Those clouds shall gather quick to mock our sight;
And rain, and hail, and storm shall beat the earth
To show mankind what smiling clouds are worth.
And thus in life, scarce comes our pleasure's noon,
When sorrow comes to cloud it all too soon;
Scarce have we learned to love our friends, when lo!
The summons comes that bids them quickly go.
Scarce do we learn to form and feel the tie,
When we must teach our lips to say, "Good-bye"—
But not our hearts—fore'er their names shall be
Engraved upon the plates of memory.
Blest Memory, the youthful love thy name,
And age, and weakness, bless thee still the same.
When one by one our loved ones pass away,
And our own bodies hasten to decay;
When every hope has fled, and we remain,
The lone inheritors of age and pain;
When we have over-lived our usefulness,
And naught is left us but to feel distress—
How pleasant then to ponder on the past,
And think of joys that were too sweet to last!
How full of joy each step in life to trace,
And call up one by one each well-known face!
To read the names and scenes on mem'ry's page,
The last and sweetest pleasure of old age.
When e'er I look around me, and behold
The lovely fading, and the young grow old;
When Nature stamps each change on ev'ry face,
And gives the hobbling gait for youthful grace;
When ev'ry hope that cheered our earlier ways
Is buried with the thoughts of other days,—
The question aptly comes, Why were we made?
And wherefore doomed to see each prospect fade?
To see the friends we love and foes we hate
Grow old and weak, and then succumb to fate?
We clasp within our arms and strive to save
Our cherished dead-ones from the ruthless grave—
In vain our efforts, they must surely sink
And leave us trembling, weeping, at the brink,
And wherefore do we cherish yet the dead,
And love their names e'en when their souls have fled?
Why do we often sit alone and gaze
Upon the pictures fancy loves to raise—
Of friends departed to their spirit home,
Whose dread, yet splendid gateway, is the tomb?
Why walk we near the mounds with solemn face?
Why is the grave-yard such a sacred place?
We feel, we know, the dead shall live again
In endless gladness, or in endless pain.
Though time should fade into eternity
The soul must live right on—it cannot die.
Sweet gift of God, the thought that we shall live—
The dearest that e'en God himself could give—
Go count the cost when his own Son he gave
That he might raise his creatures from the grave.

But other gifts we have, fair Nature's face
 Is naught but beauty, naught is it but grace.
 The beautiful, how it awakes our love,
 Binds us to earth, yet calls our thoughts above!
 The heart that scorns to feel a kindly tone,
 Bows humbly to the beautiful alone.
 'Tis this inspires the poet's sweetest lays,
 And tunes his feelings to the words of praise.
 Each scene of beauty does the painter draw
 From what his eyes, or what his fancy, saw;
 And every pleasure of each fleeting hour
 Owes to the beautiful its pleasing power.
 The scenes around our homes by mem'ry drawn—
 Their loveliness distinct, their roughness gone—
 Make us revere the place where, years ago,
 We tasted joys we ne'er again may know.
 'Tis this that turns the soldier's footsteps home
 When full of scars, his bloody work is done;
 He hopes to clasp again the lonely wife
 He loved so much before he knew of strife;
 And as he plods his long and weary way,
 His wandering thoughts recall the festive day,
 When 'neath the oak a maiden at his side
 Promised all blushing to become his bride.
 Another scene then rises to his sight,
 Well he remembers how the day was bright,
 When in his eager arms, with rapture wild,
 He clasped his beautiful, his first-born child.
 How changed the prospect when the cannon's roar
 Swelled out the dirge of those who lived no more,
 When glittering squadrons dashed with deaf'ning peal
 Against opposing squadrons' ready steel.
 The carnage o'er, how mournful was his tread
 Who sought a friend among the ghastly dead.
 And now, O joy! that peace at last has come,
 He bears his scars and hard-earned laurels home.
 Whose pulses do not leap more merrily
 When home is painted to his fancy's eye?
 The sailor tossed upon the raging main,
 In every billow sees his home again.
 The white-capped surges vividly recall
 His neat, white cottage, as they break and fall;
 Dark mountain waves that in the distance form,
 Come rolling on, the rear-guard of the storm—
 These all inspire him with a wild delight,
 And call to mind where he first saw the light.
 And when the clouds in forms fantastic break,
 The crimson blood mounts warmer to his cheek—
 Behold, he sees a loving mother there,
 Kneeling to God in earnest, voiceless prayer!
 And on the zephyr floating o'er the wave,
 A whisper comes—"My son, O Father, save!"

When far from home the restless traveller goes
 To feast his eyes, or free his soul from woes,
 In vain he seeks in some palatial dome
 To find the quiet joys, the rest of home.
 In a strange crowd he searches for some face,
 Where sympathy and kindness have a place;

Fruitless the trial—mocking faces throw
 A double bitterness upon his woe.
 When sick and wearied, no soft hands compose
 His soul to rest, his body to repose;
 But turning to the wall with bitter groan,
 The strong man weeps, because he is alone.
 O! then to him a *friend* were worth far more
 Than all Golconda's glittering, priceless store.
 As when the Arab coursing o'er the sand,
 Thirsting and famished, saw a sack at hand,
 With nimble fingers quickly it unrolled,
 And cried in anguish, "It is only gold!"
 So he despises all the tricks of art,
 Who seeks the riches of an honest heart.

Of all the varied pleasures men enjoy,
 There is not one more free from all alloy
 Of pain and disappointment, than he knows,
 Who to a trusty friend imparts his woes.
 To one we love 'tis meet to trust our fate,
 Wanton in love, or perish by his hate;
 I know no joy more quiet, more complete,
 No intercourse more sep'rate from deceit,
 Than kindred souls enjoy, from men apart,
 Who speak the overflowings of their heart.
 'Tis sweet to love, but far more sweet to know,
 Whether in joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
 There is at least one being ever near
 To laugh with us, or mingle tear with tear;
 With us to ramble o'er the evening walk,
 Now in gay mood, now with more serious talk;
 With us to love and relish every scene,
 Autumn's decay, or Spring's more lively green;
 With us to think and feel, to live and plod,
 And bow with us before the throne of God.
 O! sweet beyond description 'tis to feel
 The love of God along our heart-strings steal;
 To humbly lift our hearts to God in prayer,
 And while yet kneeling, feel his answer there.
 It were a task an angel well might claim,
 To sing the pleasures that surround His name;
 My pulse grows feeble, and my fancies weak,
 When of the great Creator's works I speak.
 My thoughts are vague, nor can my words supply
 A full description of Immensity.
 Now must I turn to other fields to find
 Tasks more congenial with my narrow mind;
 To learn the greatness of my God shall be
 The endless pleasure of eternity.

There is enough in Nature to admire,
 Nor is it meet that mortals should aspire
 Heaven and its wonders, and its Chief to scan,
 Until they learn full well the powers of man.
 Behold him in his cradle calmly rest!
 No thought, no care, disturb his tender breast.
 He has no power the stroke of woe to feel
 An hour of quiet cannot wholly heal.
 He weeps a moment o'er some passing pain,
 And then his face is wreathed in smiles again.

mind, and in turn leans upon his strong arm for protection, to be guarded from the rude breath of adversity, and shielded from the demoralizing influence that a contact with the world is apt to generate, by means of his stern nature and rougher mould.

That she is often doomed to be unappreciated and misunderstood—to have her quiet sensibility shocked by an ignorance of the extreme fragility and delicateness of its texture, and to suffer in uncomplaining silence over her wounds and trials, is sadly the truth. Man, in the pursuit of gain, in following the dictates of his ambition, and striving for a selfish immortality, never once stops in his onward career to think that she, too, has her trials, her sorrows, and her longings for that sympathy which is denied her. How often, too, in the literature of the present age do we see the harpoons of a low and vulgar wit and satire cast at her spotless shield. That they may rebound upon the heads of their authors should be the wish of all true gentlemen and upright and good thinking men. She becomes familiar to trials that man never knows, and in his ignorance and thoughtlessness inflicts wounds that he imagines not. She should always be found occupying a position of equality and not of inferiority, for as some one has observed—"the rib of which woman was made was not taken from man's head, that she might rule over him; not from his feet that she might be his servant, but from his left side, next to his heart, that she might be his companion, his friend, the dearest object of his affections." Whenever she is found occupying a menial position, and regarded as an inferior, barbarism and ignorance, superstition and irreligion, is an invariable concomitant; but how soon is she appreciated and the beauty and salutary influence of her character understood in the light of civilization, learning and refinement. In fact, the appreciation of woman is a precursor of improvement—it is through her influence that the mass of ignorance and sin is rolled away from the heart of man, and the mind rendered more capable of receiving the impressions of education. Without her presence to adorn the fireside, there is no real comfort or enjoyment—

"The earth was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the Hermit sighed till woman smiled."

In the hour of prosperity, when all things are wafted smoothly on the stream of time, and troubles seem to have taken their flight to other spheres, woman's usefulness—although working a silent influence—is for a time forgotten; but let adversity's foul and infectious breath be felt withering our hopes realized, and threatening those long and fondly cherished; let death, sickness and misery cover the land with their sombre shadows, and all things are clothed in the habiliments of woe—in this dark hour, *woman* alone rises in the strength of her purity and religion above the surround-

ing desolation, and with trembling hands, but firm faith, hangs out the beacon of HOPE to the world, whose diamond glitter infuses new courage and determination—with her sweet voice dispels the gloom—with her soft touch dissipates the throbs of pain that rack our hearts to bursting—by her precepts raises the mind, steeped in disappointment, once more to its pristine and hopeful state—then, *woman* is appreciated; beheld performing the offices of sweet angels, as they are, they are honored, loved, and almost worshipped.

TO MISS ANNIE M*****.

BY EGROEG.

You ask a poem—the request
 Were hard for me to grant;
 But when I know 'tis *thy* behest,
 I must supply the want.

As Orpheus' lyre all earth inspired,
 Made trees and mountains dance;
 So have I felt my spirit fired
 By thine electric glance.

To flatter is the poet's art,
 But 'tis no art of mine—
 I speak the feelings of my heart,
 And these I'll ne'er confine.

I saw on our Excursion Day
 A blind and helpless boy;
 It damped the pleasure of my stay,
 And saddened all my joy.

The dashing waves, the sandy beach,
 The fort, the town, the dance,
 The laugh, the song, the gallant speech,
 The steamer's swift advance,

The ride at night, the safe return—
 All these employed my mind;
 But 'mid them all I could discern
 And pity him all blind.

A smile of sorrow lit his face,
 A tear stole down his cheek;
 The look he gave, how full of grace,
 How eloquent, how meek!

Accept this token—'tis the song
That sightless boy would sing;
And though not worth attention long,
A sincere offering.

Pale Dian rules with silv'ry ray
The lonely watches of the night;
Beneath her influence lovers stray,
And in her presence vows they plight.
Yet what are Dian's rays to me?
Her gentle rays I cannot see.

How fair the sunset's rosy tint!
What joy the gaudy clouds impart!
A calmness on the mind they 'print,
And leave their impress on the heart.
But sunset brings no joy to me—
Its rosy hues I ne'er can see.

The far-off stars throw many a beam
While rushing on their wonted race;
And how like diamond drops they seem
To 'deck the midnight robe of space!
It matters not how fair they be—
Their brightness I can never see.

The noon-day sun shines bright and clear,
Dispensing joy, and life, and light;
All Nature sheds a grateful tear,
And hails his coming with delight.
The noon-day and the night to me
Are both alike—I cannot see.

The sweet-toned songsters of the grove
With plumage gay, in glitt'ring throngs,
From bough to bough the forest rove,
And vent their joy in endless songs.
Their plumage fair I cannot see,
For darkness hovers over me.

The gladsome earth resounds with cries
Of glory, life, and liberty;
The joyful accents reach the skies,
And all the earth seems glad but me.
My steps can never wander free,
For where to go I cannot see.

Oft' when the balmy eve has come,
And noisy sounds of life are still,
I paint again my childhood's home—
The only toil that bears no ill;
For labor serves but to impress
More utterly my helplessness.

Each recollection of the past
Burdens my bosom with a sigh;
For blind on earth I have been cast,
And blind and friendless doomed to die.
No outward thing these eyes can see,
But they can read my memory.

There was one friend I had in youth,
A mother gentle, fair, and kind;
She taught to sing my lips uncouth,
She told me who protects the blind.
'Twere rapture now to have her near,
And her soft accents now to hear.

When dark, they say that meteors bright
A moment flash athwart the sky;
So, she illumed my childhood's night,
And shone a moment but to die.
O! would my death-blow too had come
When she was taken from our home.

I'll turn my thoughts from earth; to heav'n
My prayers shall day by day ascend;
And by that grace so freely given,
In God I'm certain of a Friend.
And after death my soul shall flee
To realms where e'en the blind can see.

June 21st, 1859.

COLLEGE RECORD.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

(CONCLUDED FROM THE AUGUST NUMBER.)

For want of space, we were forced to defer the completion of our account of Commencement till this number. Below will be found a finished record from 1 o'clock, Wednesday, June 1st:

Shortly after the conclusion of Mr. McRAE's address, President BUCHANAN, accompanied by Secretary THOMPSON, Governor ELLIS, and a host of other distinguished gentlemen, arrived under the escort of the Wilmington Light Infantry. It was the subject of almost universal regret that these gentlemen arrived too late to hear Mr. McRae's address, for they surely missed a literary treat, which has been rarely equalled in North Carolina.

The distinguished visitors were properly received by the University Marshals, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens and students. They were then conducted from the street to Governor SWAIN's yard, where the President of the University addressed President Buchanan in the following appropriate words of welcome:

"When your predecessor, Mr. President, twelve years ago, visited this institution, he was regarded as paying a grateful and graceful compliment to his Alma Mater. He returned to the scenes and associates of his boyhood. The Secretary of the Navy, in the Cabinet of which you were the Premier, the present estimable Minister to France, came with him as one of his collegiate companions. Your visit is the more complimentary, because your associations are less intimate than his. The selection of two children of this institution, (one of whom we rejoice to see standing by your side, while we mourn the absence of the other with unaffected sorrow,) as members of your Cabinet, is a compliment which entitles you to a grateful consideration at our hands. Your presence as that of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic is a distinction of which we may well feel proud. Still we welcome you not merely in your official character, but also as Mr. Buchanan, a citizen of Pennsylvania.

"It is somewhat remarkable, Sir, that two States so distant from each other as North Carolina and Pennsylvania should be so intimately connected and blended in their history. The greatest of Pennsylvanians, and, with a single exception, the greatest of Americans, smote the rock of Plymouth with his electric wand, and the waters of Liberty gushed forth for the healing of nations. Benjamin Franklin was the main spring of the Revolution, at the South as well as at the North.

"North Carolina was originally settled, to a very great extent, by emigrants from Pennsylvania. As early as 1686, Wm. Penn, in a letter to a confidential

friend, states that fifteen thousand of the most substantial citizens of his province were about to seek a home in the wilderness of Carolina. But it is not merely the Quaker element in our population that constitutes the bond of union between North Carolina and Pennsylvania. The Scotch-Irish came at a subsequent period, and among them the Alexanders, the Caldwells, the Davidsons, the Grahams, the McDowells, the Osbornes, the Polks and the Steeles found their way to our borders through Pennsylvania. Jackson and Davie and others came to the Waxhaws through South Carolina. The third element in our population, for which we are indebted to Pennsylvania, are the Lutherans, descendants of the Protestants, who fought under William the Silent in the memorable contest with Philip the Second. The Phifers, the Barringers and their neighbors were among the earliest of these emigrants.

"These united stocks formed a race of men rarely equalled in any age or in any country. God forbid, Mr. President, that I should disparage, in the smallest degree, the character of the Puritan. It is a matter of honest pride to myself that I am a humble scion of that stock. But I feel free to declare that I believe in my conscience that no portion of our countrymen during the Revolution loved liberty so well, and fought so stoutly to maintain it, as the Mecklenburg men. There are considerations which mark the Revolution in North Carolina as peculiar, and distinguish it from that in any other portion of our country. With the Puritan it was a war against taxation; in Mecklenburg it was eminently a contest for civil and religious freedom. The Scotch-Irish, wherever they were found, were emphatically the sons of liberty, and the population of the valleys of the Yadkin and the Catawba that gave rise to the Mecklenburg Declaration, were Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvanians, among whom you also number your own forefathers.

"The country immediately west of you was the final resting place of these emigrants. They furnished those who are known as the Regulators, and on the 16th of May, 1771, four years before the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, they fought the battle of Alamance, within twenty-five miles of the place where you stand. Whether you consider the principles involved, the number of the combatants, or the number that was slain, the affair at Lexington, in April, 1775, was less imposing in circumstances and in consequences. The great chief of the Regulators was Herman Husbands, who is understood to have been a relative of Benjamin Franklin, and to have acted as his confidential agent. In the battle, the Regulators were unfortunate, but many of them retreated successfully from it, and found a safe retreat in the wild gorges of the Alleghanies, whence they returned and wreaked ample vengeance for their wrongs at the battle of King's Mountain, on the 7th of October, 1780.

"The defeat of Major Ferguson was the pivot on which the war in the south, if not upon the continent, turned. If Ferguson had not fallen the battle of Guilford would not have been fought, and the Revolution would not have closed at Yorktown. Alamance was the initial, King's Mountain the decisive, and Guilford the closing battle of the Revolution. Yorktown was a siege. Very recently I have been impressed more deeply than before with this state of facts by the papers of Cornwallis, which have just issued from the press. The

defeat of Ferguson was fatal to the invasion of 1780, and Cornwallis, in the volume to which I refer, expressly states the fact, that before attempting the second invasion, in 1781, he had, by his emissaries, involved our whole western border in the flames of a savage war. But for this, the men who foiled him at King's Mountain would have turned his finally fatal triumph at Guilford into an immediately disastrous defeat. In a brief note written after his retreat to Wilmington, to Sir Henry Clinton, he says, that much to his surprise he found the North Carolinians comparatively a united people, and was well satisfied that owing to the peculiar condition and singular character of the country, it would be the most difficult of the thirteen provinces to subdue.

"Such, Mr. President, are the characteristics and antecedents of the people, to whose University I bid you a heartfelt welcome, a welcome to which you have the strongest personal and ancestral claims."

To which President BUCHANAN replied:

"I thank you for your kindness, and I am thankful for the cordiality with which I have been received by the citizens of North Carolina. I have always had a partiality for this good old North State. Her eminently prudent, wise, and conservative sons have always stood by the Constitution and the Laws, and are destined in the history of this country to do much to preserve our glorious Union.

"I thank you most heartily for the kind reference which you have made to my native State. I am proud to hear her associated with North Carolina. The two sisters have generally agreed together in all important questions. And there is another link between them besides those you have mentioned. You had an early Governor—Archdale—in whose day, as in Penn's day, the Indians all loved the white man, because the Indians were treated kindly by him.

"You refer to mournful events. You speak of President Polk. He was proud in speaking of his intense love for his Alma Mater. He was a good man, a great man, an honest man. No man ever performed the duties of his high office more conscientiously than James K. Polk. Justice has not yet been done his memory. But the impartial historian, when he comes to collect the events of that period, will place James K. Polk on the list of the most noble and distinguished men of the country. He was a laborious man, and sacrificed himself with intense labors.

"I might refer to other distinguished men who have graduated at this College, but this would probably be invidious. Of the dead we may speak; it is best to say nothing of the living. I have come to this institution of learning, where mind is educated, because with me mind is everything. It has produced the best fruits of the country. This is a practical institution, and I may venture to say its experience proves the superiority of a collegiate over a private education. Here emulation is created. The boy who is compelled to recite to his master, while he is not associated with others, has not a due spirit of emulation aroused. But while the boys are at college, each endeavors to acquire superiority over the other, and so they become thoroughly prepared for the serious duties of life. This preparation has been seen in the hosts of men whom you have sent to other States. As far as I know, they carry with them the firm integrity and wisdom which char-

acterize the people of this State in an eminent degree. They have been scattered over the wilds, and have contributed essentially to give character to the places of their choice.

"I wish I could address all the young men in my hearing. A vast responsibility rests upon them. While generations of men rise and sink and are forgotten, principles remain and are eternal. I would advise these young men to devote themselves to the preservation of the principles of the Constitution, for without these blessings our liberties are gone. Let this Constitution be torn into atoms; let the members of this Union separate; let thirty Republics rise up against each other, and it would be the most fatal day for the liberties of the human race that ever dawned upon any land. Let this experiment fail, and every friend of liberty will deplore the sad event. I belong to a generation now rapidly passing away. My lamp of life cannot continue to burn much longer. I hope I may survive to the end of my Presidential term. But so emphatically do I believe that mankind, as well as the people of the United States, are interested in the preservation of this Union, that I hope I may be gathered to my fathers before I witness its dissolution.

"In the flux and reflux of public opinion things are constantly passing away. Events that may be considered great to-day, the reflux of public opinion may remove to-morrow. Let us keep together, then, for better or for worse, as man and wife. For though troubles, as they say, sometimes prevail in the married state, yet the couple hold together and pursue their quiet way. I thank you for this kind and cordial reception. I have no doubt it will prove one of the most interesting periods of my life."

At the conclusion of President Buchanan's remarks, cheer after cheer went up simultaneously from the assembled multitude. He was then ushered, by President Swain and the Marshals, into the parlor, and the opportunity afforded the fair ladies, who had congregated there, of exchanging friendly greetings with the President of the United States. Loud and repeated cries from the crowd outside brought out Mr. Secretary Thompson. He said that the honor was unexpected, but a man never forgets his mother, nor could he ever forget his Alma Mater. A thousand things rushed to his recollection on his arrival here. But there were two events which he would ever remember with especial pleasure. The first was when he got the first distinction in the Freshman Class, and ran home and told his father. The other was the kind and cordial reception he had met with from those who were the sons of his early companions. As he entered that venerable mansion, thoughts of his early teachers flitted across his mind. Here the venerable Dr. Caldwell resided, and a purer, better man never lived in this world. There was also Dr. Mitchell. He missed them now. He would like to indulge in some of these reflections, but he would not exhaust their patience. When he left the University, its numbers were small, but the institution always had the confidence of the people of North Carolina. He found it now in the floodtide of prosperity. One thing as to President Caldwell. Knowledge in those days was limited. President Caldwell wrote several articles on the importance and feasibility of running a central railroad from the seaboard to the mountains. It was argued by him with singular force and clearness, that great and lasting good would

be derived by the State from the establishment of such a road. But how was it considered in his day and generation? He was considered a dreamer of dreams. The people had compassion for the good old man. They thought, like Festus of old, that "too much learning had made the old man mad." And now, to-day, I have been enabled to come here along the very track which the old man traced out upon the map. [Great cheering.] Now, fellow-citizens, said the speaker, I would like to take a walk around Chapel Hill, to look at the old grave yard, to see and count our old oaks, to narrate to you events in my own memory, for though I have wandered far, I never have forgotten these things. I have kept my eye upon the men who have gone out from here, and I hope there is now in this crowd some historian who will do justice to his Alma Mater. I have witnessed the influences which this institution has exerted upon the country. The history of those who have exerted these influences, would prove interesting and valuable. I was received in a different State under a different star; I exerted myself, and that star shone upon me with benignity and kindness; but my love to Mississippi is not inconsistent with my love and devotion for my native State. Among the last conversations I had with my venerated companion, the distinguished and now lamented Postmaster General Brown, he said that he and myself should visit our Alma Mater together. He has gone, but when the history of the graduates of this institution is recorded, his page will be a bright one. Some of my class-mates have gone North, South, East and West, but in all their spheres, they have reflected credit and honor upon their Alma Mater.

Three cheers were given for Mr. Thompson, at the conclusion of his remarks.

The crowd now dispersed. In the interval before dinner, Governor Swain introduced to President Buchanan, the Marshals and Ball Managers, as the Officers of the University for this year. To these gentlemen the President addressed a few but very appropriate remarks.

The tables for the Governor's dining had been arranged under the shade trees of his yard, in the form of a right-angled triangle: the hypotenuse of which, a broken line, was loaded with fruits, confectioneries, &c.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., the company was seated at these tables, the two Presidents at the right-angle, while on their right were the Faculty, parents of students and other invited guests; on their left, were the members of the Graduating Class, all of whom had been kindly invited. While all were enjoying good eatables and amusing jokes, the Band fed their ears with excellent music. The Officers who had superintended the feast were next invited to dine with the ladies.

At 3 o'clock the Marshals formed a procession, and escorted the Chief Magistrate to the Chapel, where an address before the Alumni Association was delivered by the gifted scholar, Rev. Wm. Hooper, D. D. LL. D.

His subject, "Fifty Years Since," was treated in a masterly style. We deem a synopsis of this address unnecessary, as it may be procured by applying to Prof. Charles Phillips, Secretary to the Alumni, at whose request it has been printed in a neat pamphlet of 50 pages.

Wednesday night the Sophomore competitors occupied the rostrum; most of them were graceful, distinct in pronunciation and seemed to feel what they

said. The President was much pleased with their part of the exercises: The following is a programme of the evening:

I.

1. Evils of Dismemberment—Webster. Thomas T. Allen, Windsor.
2. Plea for the Union—Baldwin. Guilford Nicholson, Halifax Co.
3. Cato's Soliloquy on Immortality—Addison. Robert S. Clark, Texas.
4. Demosthenes denounced—Æschines. John H. Dobbin, Fayetteville.
5. Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua—Kellogg. Stephen M. Routh, La.

II.

1. Our Relations to England—Ed. Everett. Oliver T. Parks, Wilkes Co.
2. Our Country—H. W. Miller. Henry J. Hogan, Chapel Hill.
3. The last days of Herculaneum—Atherstone. John Bradford, Alabama.
4. The death of Riccio—Aytoun. Charles M. Stedman, Fayetteville.
5. The Elephant—Anonymous. Eli S. Shorter, Georgia.

We are sorry that Mr. Nicholson was so hoarse that Dr. Wheat thought best to advise him not to speak, for in his loss the Philanthropic Society was deprived of one of its best representatives.

After the first section had retired, Dr. Wheat conducted to the rostrum Mr. Elisha E. Wright, of Memphis, Tenn., and introduced him to the President. He said that he was awarded the premium for the best English composition in the Sophomore class, and requested the President to present the premium, which was the two first volumes of "Dr. Hawks' History of North Carolina."

The President arose and said:—"I confess I am taken by surprise. I am very happy to be the honored medium through which this token is presented to the young gentleman before me. He has distinguished himself for merit in composition, and that is the greatest merit, perhaps, that any literary gentleman can enjoy; because the man who writes clearly and thinks clearly, after a little practice will speak clearly. The great merit of composition, in my humble judgment, consists in short, pointed sentences. The author who writes long sentences involves himself in many difficulties. One distinct idea presented in a distinct manner has more potency and more power than the sentences of a book in which everything under the sun is brought together, according to the style of many of our modern writers. The ancient was the best style, and that was emphatically the style of Mr. Calhoun, and in an eminent degree the style of Mr. Webster. I wish you great honor and great prosperity in whatever pursuit you intend to follow. I have been delighted with the exercises here to-day. I think I have never heard in my life more genuine humor and wit than that presented to-day by the gentleman who delivered the address, and who was formerly a professor here; and in regard to the sober portions of the address, I hope they have sunk deep in the mind of every student of this college. The great curse of our country—that curse which has involved so many of the most promising young men of the land in ruin, which has made mothers miserable, and which has made fathers feel disgraced by the spectacle of their own offspring—is the crime of drunkenness, more deadly by far than the pestilence, than the yellow fever, than the plague, and than all other calamities that have visited man. We bring upon ourselves a

greater calamity than heaven has brought upon us, in any form or shape of misery. Everywhere you see the wrecks of this dreadful vice scattered over the land, in the destruction of the finest prospects that ever were presented by the youth of any country. I therefore wish, with all my heart, to repeat what has been best said by the gentleman (Dr. Hooper) who addressed you this evening, and ask of you all to take care of that fatal vice which degrades man to the level of the brute and disgraces him in the eyes of the whole world. I wish you, and wish all the other young men who have done themselves so much credit here to-day, health, prosperity and long life." (Loud applause.)

We must be allowed to congratulate Mr. Wright upon his well-merited success, and would join with President Buchanan in wishing him, "health, prosperity and long life."

THURSDAY, JUNE 2D.

Commencement Day was devoted to the exercises of the Graduating Class. To gratify many of our patrons we publish a full report of these exercises.

At the conclusion of the prayer, President Swain announced the Latin Salutatory, by William Bingham Lynch, of Orange county. The countenance of this young gentleman was of a modest but pleasing appearance. The graceful and highly creditable manner in which he acquitted himself, elicited much comment and many congratulations from the friends of the speaker. His salutatory to the ladies drew forth much applause from the audience, and created considerable merriment among the Faculty.

The next speaker was Thomas West Harris, of Chatham county. Subject, The "Hamiltonian System." It was handled with skill and ability. He defended the system, he said, from an abiding conviction of its truth. It was the saying of a distinguished statesman that the true philosopher is always fifty years in advance of his age, and knowing with what tenacity we cling to the faith of our fathers, he would not be understood as speaking altogether against the study of languages, but only as offering a few suggestions. The Hamiltonian system is founded upon the fact that the knowledge of the rules of grammar is not necessary to translate. The grammar is reserved for those who would acquire a critical knowledge of the language. The old system first fills the mind with abstract principles. The one teaches the language after the philosophy, the other the philosophy after the language. The Speaker claimed that this system followed the order of nature. Infants are perfectly ignorant of any rules of language, yet at five or six they are able to speak it—a student with his dictionary and grammar, after his mind has been matured would think it well if he were able to speak the language. If a parent wish his child to learn to speak French or Latin, he would most probably send him, if possible, among those who speak such languages. It is true that Latin is not spoken by living men, except on Commencement occasions, (looking at Mr. Lynch.) We can learn French, German, Spanish or any modern languages, without the aid of a grammar. Why should English be an exception to this? He who attempted to speak by the rules of grammar would find a difficulty

that every such one must experience in the expression of his ideas. What was the history of the beginner's first effort at translation? All know it. After having committed a portion of grammar to memory verbatim, he sits down with grammar and dictionary in hand, while his head may be void of a single idea of the language. What did this toil and perplexity profit? It might indeed teach him patience. Like some of our medicines "it cures if it does not kill." The speaker then reviewed the reason assigned for the toil, "that it disciplines the mind," but he contended that the present system makes it a matter of memory, and so the discipline was lost. By the present method ten years was requisite for the study of the languages. By Hamilton's method the same knowledge could be gained in less than five. In speaking of the beauty of the Greek language, the speaker referred to the fact that the Greeks studied no foreign languages. They condemned all others and studied their own, and yet the world in all its subsequent and boasted improvements of mind over matter, and with all its discoveries, has never yet furnished a mind superior in discipline to some of those ancient sages. Solen, Plato, Aristotle and Demosthenes are still remembered and referred to as models. The speaker further commended the Hamiltonian system as giving more time to devote to useful study in philosophy and the sciences. He was warmly applauded by the audience.

The next speaker was Mr. Mills Lee Eure, of Gates Co. Subject—Objections to an Elective Judiciary. This speaker exposed in an admirable manner the evils and folly of electing judges subject to the whims and caprices of the populace. Although under institutions so entirely popular as our own, to raise a voice against the people's rule in any department, was to incur the charge of folly if not sacrifice. The speaker paid a high compliment to the Judges of Supreme Court of North Carolina. They honor the position they hold. Had they been obliged to seek that position by having Giles and Jerry under their arm, it was reasonable presumption that neither of them would have been judges. Besides the perpetuity of our republic, and the prosperity of our institutions imperatively demands the independence of this department of Government. This speaker was also warmly applauded.

Mr. Richard Williams Nixon, of New Hanover Co., was the next speaker. Subject—The Imagination to be Cultivated. The speaker, in commencing, said, that several circumstances had contributed to the formation of an opinion in the minds of men that the full development of the imagination is not necessary for, but even destructive of all practical purposes. It would be his object, if possible, to overthrow this futile notion. He begged leave to premise that the mere existence of the faculty is a consideration and presumption in favor of its cultivation. Every human power, whether physical or mental, has been perverted. The speaker then reviewed the powers of the imagination in day dreams, and its various relations to the material world. He was much applauded.

The Persecution of the Jews, by Cicero Stephens Croom, of New York, was the next subject. It was skilfully handled. He reviewed the history of persecution, and spoke of the calamities it had brought upon mankind. Every sect had persecuted every other with zeal and deadly enmity. Even in this

age of enlightenment the spirit of persecution had not yet died out. It was this spirit that urged on the crusaders, and drove the Puritans from England. In our own country we read of numberless religious controversies and petty carping church members. Many attempt to propagate their peculiar doctrines by persecution, and in the name of that divine and gentle teacher who teaches them to exercise love, gentleness and forbearance. But there was one race which has received and still receives, in this enlightened age, the bitter cup of persecution. The despised Jews still cling to their cause and the faith of their fathers. Christian princes, Christian knights and such men, think that their directest way to heaven is in the persecution of the Jew. Many have thought it a sin and shame to pass the unoffending Jew without a curse. They have left him only one way to security, and that was by cunning. Princely lords, and lordly princes, holy fathers and saintly bishops, have stretched his poor limbs upon the rack. This speaker was earnest, and dwelt at length upon the unblushing and repeated acts of enmity exhibited towards an unoffending people. He was also applauded.

The Man of Letters, by James Luttrell Gaines, of Buncombe county. The speaker said there had arisen an order of men, classified as literary characters. This was significant but expressive. Book writers do exist, and have an influence. Our Universities were nothing but a collection of books. Even the Professors were walking books. Books are the church too. We are most emphatically governed by books. From the daily newspaper to the sacred Hebrew book, what have men of letters not done, and what are they not doing. Was it not strange then that these men should be so little regarded while living; that they should be left alone with their copy rights and copy wrongs to eke out a miserable existence. There is the man of letters, known but to be despised, buffeted, and buried without even the decencies of funeral rites. After that, we see in him a glorious being whom God sent to whole nations and generations, that would not give him bread while living. The speaker, in conclusion, reviewed the various circumstances and trials of literary men, and was frequently interrupted with applause.

The Common Sense Man, Wilbur Fisk Foster, of Alabama. The common sense man, said the speaker, is never ambitious. The position he occupies in society is an humble one. His actions are unknown. The course of his life is uninterrupted by those cares and circumstances, which attract and detain the attention of the public. While absorbed in the contemplation of those characters which stand pre-eminent, we fail either to recognize his identity or acknowledge his power. He lives in obscurity, he dies and is forgotten. Yet, in this great world, his influence is most salutary and indispensable. With a soul harmoniously attuned to the principles of his being and a mind of strong resources, his decisions are ever just. The elements are so mixed in him that all nature might stand up and say to all the world, "this is a man;" a man adapted to the circumstances in which he is placed, and in the prerogatives which he exercises.

Distinguished, indeed, by no superior endowments or remarkable attainments, he is not celebrated for lofty reaches of thought, for daring deeds, or mighty undertakings, yet he exercises a control not ordinary, and it is he who

binds and provides against the dangers which beset us; secures that with which we are favored, and it is he who conducts us on to a successful prosecution of our plans and gratification of our desires. His experience extends to every condition of society. It is felt and acknowledged by all. The statesman, with his far-reaching foresight and deep penetration, as he guides the course and administers the affairs of the nation; as difficult legislation perplexes, and he turns to the humble tribunal of the common sense man. The moralist, as he studies the constitution of man, seeks his influence, admits it and acknowledges his guidance. He points him to the marks of design exhibited in his own form; teaches him to be content with the revelations he has received, and to obey implicitly the omniscience of his conscience. Unable, perhaps, by acuteness to follow up an investigation, he, nevertheless, sees its boundaries and prescribes its limits, and when the human mind is bewildered by wild fancies, when society presents a scene of moral desolation and death, it is the common sense man that calms the discordant elements, drives back the waves and conducts it on to the successful accomplishment of the great ends of our being. Thus he constitutes a universal adviser to man and the grand conservative element of universal society. Away with the aristocratic, bigoted philosopher, or narrow-minded theorist that would scorn the lowly position and humble attainments of the common sense man. Mr. Foster was listened to with marked attention by the audience.

The Independent Thinker, Franklin Childs Robbins, of Randolph county. The speaker defined an independent thinker to be one who has always unshaken faith in himself. Conscious that his own gifts alone make him an accountable being, he directs all his energies to their development. His character is based on imperishable principles which neither varying circumstances nor still more variable men can ever change. To the shrines of honorary titles and great men, he brings no offering. You hear him earnestly make the great and important inquiry, "Is it true?" For precedent, as such he has no reverence. He tries everything at the bar of his own reason. In forming an opinion, he never stops to seek whether this or that friend's feelings will be wounded. Impelled only by the love of what is true, right and just, from these,

"He varies not though friends forsake,
Or foes revile."

Discarding the insane doctrine that the voice of the people is the voice of God, he dares to oppose the multitude. When they go right, he goes with them. Gifted with these qualities of head and heart, the independent thinker looks to them on every occasion and in every emergency. From every quarter he brings new, original and valuable truths to the store house of thought. He dares to tell the truth to the world, whether pleased with it or not. He exposes the empty deformity of pretenders. The man of custom may call him fanatical, the purposeless sycophantical man by glossing lies, may attempt to obscure his light, but he cannot be daunted in his pure and noble purposes. This speaker was also highly applauded.

The American Student, Berryman Green, of Virginia. The superior skill in the application of inventions to the useful arts has been long the boast and

pride of the American. That the energy of the country was first directed to the material was an inevitable consequence of the Revolution. Most of the appliances of art used in the mother country was lost in the new world at that time. But in literature no such losses exist.

The verse of Milton and Shakspeare, had already been impressed upon the minds of our people. The necessities of our early years are past. They have found their natural end in triumph and prosperity. It is not now who shall imitate the glory of their fathers, but who shall raise their monument. The class to whom this duty is given to record the character of our fathers is just beginning to take position as American students. The speaker dwelt at length on the peculiarities of the American student and his relation to the public. He was warmly applauded.

To be Great is to be Misunderstood, Benjamin Lewellen Gill, of Randolph county. This speaker's subject abounded in beautiful and well adapted metaphors, comparing the rise of great men to mountains, which it is said never shake hands. They touch at their base, and often for some distance up their sides. These are the united parts. So with great men. In youth they are not to be distinguished from others. They act like others, and go hand in hand with them into all their joys and sorrows, actuated by the same sentiments, and alike affected by petty incidents. The speaker then described the rise and growth of men until the mind becomes bewildered with their sudden elevation and the grandeur of their intellect. It was a beautiful theme and well delivered, and received its merited applause.

Comparative merits of curriculum Colleges, Frederick Augustus Fetter, Chapel Hill. The speaker said that while schools and colleges adorn the land, various interesting and important questions had arisen. The free school system promises to carry education to the poor man's door, but yet it has had many warm abusers, and there were many conflicting opinions as to the comparative merits of curriculum colleges. Some are in favor of adopting the latter altogether, while others are as warmly opposed to it. How was the question to be settled? The main purpose of all is to teach the young how to use information. The University plan by pursuing a division of labor may attain greater perfection in some, while the curriculum system by treating all with care and attention, tarrying long enough to allow the mind to dwell upon each branch and embrace the principles, may extend the field of knowledge in all directions. So far, the speaker claimed, the merits of the system appeared more thorough. The speaker stated the average period at which the thought of man begins to stop, was fifty years. He then dwelt upon the length of time, in general, requisite to attain a thorough knowledge of any one branch of studies. He was also applauded for the skilful manner in which he treated his subject.

Thus closed the interesting exercises of the forenoon. At their close, President Swain announced that he had the pleasure to state that in front of the large oak, in the neighborhood of Dr. Caldwell's monument, the President of the United States would then be pleased to receive the calls of his friends, males and females, and especially the latter.

President Buchanan was then, in company with the Marshals and Faculty, conducted to the place of reception, and was instantly surrounded by a large

assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The President must have had quite a pleasant time from the many fair ladies who were introduced to him, and with whom he had a friendly shaking of hands. But one fair one was kissed, however, and that one, a very pretty young lady, deputized to kiss all the rest for him.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

The Chapel was again filled at an early hour in the afternoon, and at 3½ o'clock President Buchanan again entered and took his seat upon the stage. A similar greeting to that of the morning again welcomed him. Shortly after, the remaining orators of the Graduating Class were announced. President Swain announced the first speaker in order.

Francis Doughty Stockton, Statesville. Subject—*Die Deutsche Sprache*. This was an address on the beauty, philosophy, and utility of the German language. It was handsomely delivered, and reflects much credit on Prof. Smith. The musicians, who were all Germans, appeared delighted. Their stand was directly over the stage. A curtain was drawn before them, but they could not resist their curiosity, and while some drew aside the curtain, others again rose on tip-toe to gaze on the speaker. To them it was an uncommon treat. At the close of the address the liveliest tune we had yet heard was played, and encored by the audience. President Buchanan also complimented the young gentleman on his manner of delivery and the beauty of his subject. In conversation with this young gentleman, he awarded the merit of his knowledge of German to the noble, untiring exertions of Prof. Smith, his instructor.

The next subject was Benedict Arnold. By Elijah Benton Withers, Caswell. The speaker said that when Robert Emmet, vindicating his character before the tribunal which condemned him as a traitor, requested of the world the charity of its silence, he asked for what has never been granted, either deserving or undeserving. As a member of that great family, he claimed the right to comment upon the character of Arnold. Born of parents having a great dissimilarity in their characters, he reproduced and presented all the traits of an outcast and drunken father. Every restraint being removed, he became a slave to the gratification of his base passions. But Arnold was too mean to be a drunkard. The revolution found him a bankrupt in character as well as fortune. No scheme was too desperate for his undertaking—no prospect of success too infamous to be attempted. Thus he attempted a career which obtained for him an infamous reputation. In a military career, it must be confessed that he exhibited great traits. The speaker then referred to Arnold's attack on Quebec, the honors he received at Philadelphia, when great and small, rich and poor, public and private, all vied with each other in honoring the hero of Saratoga. Congress paid its acknowledgments to him, and even Washington congratulated him upon his success. But they knew not what deep plots he was meditating. It is characteristic of Americans to applaud before they think, but when the truth is once known, the current returns with redoubled violence on the deceiver. At this very time, he was forming the plot which gained for himself the name which has made him the despised and

outcast of every country. Arnold was the recipient of trust only to betray. Strange as it may seem, Arnold has found his apologists. Arnold was one that never had a sympathetic throb for any. He lingered many years in utter contempt, and universally disgraced. He dragged out a miserable life in unenvied opulence and rank, and died an object of scorn and contempt—a man of abilities, without integrity or character.

Political Influence of Educated Men. Charles Washington McClammy, Jr., of New Hanover. In the various spheres of public life, said the speaker, there is no more efficient power than cultivated intellect. It discards false theories and guards against extremes of human action. Pre-eminent among its fruits is the recognition of man's social nature. This recognition had refuted the lone learning so valuable when philosophers taught the people. With us, isolation has no charms. Talents, to succeed, must be continually on the rack to exertion. Virtue must be stamped on it. Cultivated intellect and conservatism, not radicalism, is the golden mean. As in the material world, so in the political, the war of antagonisms must be.

REPORT.

President Swain then read the Report of the Scholarship and Department of the students, as follows:

The SENIOR CLASS consists of 86 members. [A catalogue of this Class may be found in the programme of Senior Speaking, published in our August No.]

The First Distinction is awarded to Messrs. T. W. Harris, G. B. Johnston, W. B. Lynch, and F. D. Stockton.

The Second to Messrs. Croom, Eure, Ferguson, Fetter, Foster, Gaines, Gill, B. Green, J. C. Green, McClammy, Nixon, F. C. Robbins, J. L. Robbins, and Withers.

The Third to Messrs. Badger, J. W. Cole, Cook, Isler, Jones, C. N. Morrow, Pillow, Rogers, Sillers, Webb and Woodburn.

The delivery of the Valedictory was devolved by lot upon Mr. G. B. Johnston; the Latin Salutatory upon Mr. W. B. Lynch; and the speech in German upon Mr. F. D. Stockton.

II—DEPARTMENT.

Two members of this Class, Messrs. Fetter and McClammy have not been recorded as absent from any duty during the full collegiate term of four years, involving about 4,700 attendances upon the scholastic and religious exercises of the Institution. Mr. Cook once absent from recitation and but four times from prayers in four years.

Mr. Isler entered Sophomore, and was not absent during three years.

Messrs. F. C. Robbins and J. L. Robbins entered Sophomore, were never absent during that year, and never since but from unavoidable necessity.

Messrs. Gill and Roberts entered Junior; the former was not absent during the Junior year, and not during the Senior year after his return on the third day of the first term; the latter never absent when in his power to attend.

The next most punctual are Messrs. Badgett, Ballard, Bustin, Coffin, Croom, Daniel, Dixon, Eure, Ferguson, Fleming, Gatling, Gaines, Nixon, Riddick, Rogers, J. Somerville, Walton, and Withers. Mr. Withers was not absent during the Freshman and Sophomore years, rarely during the remaining two years, and then for valid reasons.

The JUNIOR CLASS consists of 87 members, extending from Mr. R. B. Adams to Mr. W. A. Wooster, inclusive. Upon examination they were all approved, with the exception of seven in Chemistry, and one in the Bible.

The First Distinction is assigned to Messrs. Pool, Royster, Strong, Wilson, and Wooster.

The Second to Messrs. Battle, Bond, Brooks, Bryan, Cooper, Daniel, Fain, Franklin, Hale, Headen, Kelly, King, Rial, Scales and Weir.

The Third to Messrs. Anderson, Borden, Fogle, Graham, Harden, E. S. Martin, and Thorpe.

Messrs. Oglesby and Plummer were absent from the examination; the former on account of sickness, the latter by permission.

II—DEPARTMENT.

Seven members of this Class, viz: Messrs. Barbee, Battle, R. E. Cooper, Kelly, Mimms, Strong, and Thorpe have been absent from no duty during the year, and three of them, viz: Messrs. Battle, Kelly and Thorpe, have been entirely punctual during three years. Mr. W. T. Nicholson, has been four times absent from morning prayers and twice from recitation during three years.

The next most punctual upon the roll are Messrs. Baird, Barrett, Bond, Borden, Brooks, Cherry, Daniel, Fain, Fogle, Pool, Rial, Royster and Wilson.

Mr. Franklin joined Junior half advanced and has not been absent during the term.

The SOPHOMORE CLASS consists of 98 members, extending from W. L. Alford to G. M. Yancey. Upon examination they were all approved, with the exception of four in Mathematics.

The First Distinction was assigned to Messrs. Allen, R. S. Clark, Morehead, Stedman and E. E. Wright.

The Second to Messrs. Dowd, Hobson, W. H. Johnston, Knight, Murphy, Simmons, Stewart and Yancey.

The Third to Messrs. Butts, Currie, W. E. Davis, Dobbin, Foy, Lee, Lightfoot, Marshall, Parks and Ross.

Messrs. A. T. Bowie, Cody, Conrad, Davidson, T. H. Haughton, Jiggitts, J. P. Parker, E. S. Shorter, D. P. Smith, J. C. Thompson, Van Wyck and Ware were absent from the examination; Mr. Coffin from that on written Mathematics; and Messrs. S. H. Taylor and Walker from that on oral Mathematics; Messrs. Everett, Pugh, Routh and S. Taylor were absent from the examination on Latin.

II—DEPARTMENT.

Thirteen Sophomores, viz: Messrs. Butts, R. S. Clark, Davis, W. Davis, Dobbin, Foy, Halliburton, Lee, Murphy, J. Parker, Parks, Stedman and

Stewart have not been absent during the present year ; and four of these, viz : Messrs. Lee, Murphy, J. Parker and Stedman have been perfectly punctual during two years.

The next most punctual were Messrs. Brodie, Bullock, Currie, Edmondson, Harris, Hicks, Jenkins, Johnston, Knight, Morehead, Simmons, Taylor, J. C. Thompson, Wesson and Wright.

Messrs. Hunt and J. Hunt have not been absent during the present session.

The FRESHMAN CLASS consists of 88 members, extending from S. J. Andrews to L. P. Wheat, inclusive. Upon examination they were all approved, with the exception of one in Latin and Greek ; one in Greek and Mathematics ; two in Greek and three in Mathematics.

The First Distinction was assigned to Messrs. Gaines, Hassell, Hinsdale, Patterson and Webb.

The second to Messrs. Andrews, Bellamy, Cameron, Douglas, Fletcher, McIver, J. E. Moore, T. W. Taylor and Thompson.

The Third to Messrs. Armistead, Armstrong, Baldwin, Bason, Biggs, Russell, Skinner, Staton, S. W. Smith, Varner and Walker.

Messrs. Barnes, Cherry, Hardeman and McCotter, were absent from the examination on Algebra and Geometry ; and Messrs. Bond, Hall, and Sutton from that on Geometry.

II—DEPARTMENT.

Ten members of this Class, viz : Messrs. Andrews, Battle, Douglas, Fetter, Hassell, Parker, J. Parker, Patterson, Polk and M. Russell have been absent from no duty during the present year. Mr. Wheat did not return at the beginning of the second term until the close of the fourth day ; with this exception, he has been punctual during the year. Mr. Hadly was absent four times from prayers, once from recitation, and three times from Divine worship. Mr. W. J. Smith has not been absent from any duty during the present term.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

The Degree of MASTER OF ARTS in regular course is conferred upon—

William F. Alderman, Goldsboro',	Daniel McDougald, Harnett,
William Bingham, Orange,	Rory McNair, Carthage,
Henry R. Bryan, Raleigh,	Dougald McNair,
Bryan Croom, Montgomery, Ala.	A. Haywood Merritt, Chatham,
Clement Dowd, Carthage,	E. Graham Morrow, Chapel Hill,
John E. Dugger, Warrenton,	Thomas J. Robinson,
John W. Graham, Chapel Hill,	Samuel P. Smith, Charlotte,
John W. Graves, Caswell,	Robert H. Tate, New Hanover,
Robert T. Hall, Wadesboro',	John T. Taylor, Granville,
Thomas C. Hall, Anson,	Wm. L. Treadwell, Memphis, Tenn.,
J. B. Killebrew, Tennessee,	Rev. J. Cooper Waddell, Selma, Ala.,
Adolphus A. Lawrence, Iredell,	Stuart White, M. D., New York,
William J. Love, Wilmington,	Forney George, Columbus, N. C.,
Robert R. Johnston, Asheville,	William J. Saunders, Raleigh,

J. B. Batchelor, Warrenton.

The Honorary Degree of A. M. is conferred upon Robert R. Heath, of Edenton.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred upon H. K. Burgwyn, R. E. Lester, G. W. Goza, R. C. Martin, Jr., William Simms and R. N. Simms.

The Honorary Degree of LL. D. is conferred upon his Excellency James Buchanan, President of the United States of North America.

The Honorary Degree of LL. D. is conferred upon Hon. Mitchell King, of Charleston, S. C., and of D. D. upon Rt. Rev. Bishop Otey, of Tennessee.

The exercises of the Graduating Class closed with the Valedictory by Mr. George Burgwyn Johnston, of Edenton. The Valedictorian performed his part in an earnest and touching manner. He seemed to fully comprehend the meaning of the words, "Farewell, Farewell," as he addressed them to his late instructors, his fellow-students, and at last to his beloved classmates.

Prof. Hubbard then pronounced the Benediction, and the Graduates passed from the Chapel never again to enter it as students. May their way through life be unclouded by storm and unalloyed by bitterness.

At night the Grand Ball of the season came off. It was completely successful, and reflects great credit upon Messrs. John R. Bowie, P. M. Butler, Wm. A. Cherry, Horace Ferrand and John W. Mebane, who had been elected Ball Managers during the past session. The Supper, the good order which characterized the occasion, and the accommodating spirit of the Managers, plainly show that the students made no mistake when they selected these gentlemen.

We cannot close this account without thanking the Marshals, as far as we are concerned, for the dignity with which they presided, the exact manner in which they conducted the Processions, and the marked order which they preserved in the Chapel, notwithstanding its limited dimensions.

We are sure the Graduating Class of 1859 will never regret having elected Mr. Thomas W. Davis as their Chief Marshal with Messrs. S. B. Alexander, Charles Bruce, Wm. T. Nicholson and Vernon H. Vaughan, for his assistants.

The Richmond Armony Band, and the Fayetteville Cornet Band, and the Wilmington Light Infantry with which it came, added much to the interest of Commencement.

Thus ended the Commencement of 1859. May the one of 1860 be such a one.

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR ENGRAVING FOR THIS NUMBER.

We now present to the public an engraving of **HON. AARON V. BROWN**, late Post Master General, who, though not a North Carolinian, was so intimately connected with the University in youth, and so honored it in old age, that we think no likeness, more appropriate, could be procured now that he is dead.

Gov. Brown was born on the 15th of August, 1795, in Brunswick county, Va. His father, a staunch patriot in the Revolutionary days, was worthy of even such a son. His mother, Elizabeth Melton, was his father's second wife, and a native of Northampton county, N. C.

Except in the simplest elements, Gov. Brown was educated in this State. He was sent when young to Westrayville Academy, in the county of Nash, in order to be placed under the care of Mr. John Bobbitt, one of the best scholars and teachers of the time. After continuing here for two years, he was transferred, in the year 1812, to the University of North Carolina. He graduated at this institution in 1814 in a large class, of which Senator Mangum and ex-Governor Manly were also members. His ability as an orator, even while young, is attested by the fact that, though in scholarship he ranked only among the third honor men, the duty was assigned to him by the faculty, and confirmed by the trustees, of delivering the valedictory oration on commencement day, and the service was performed in a manner which produced the most striking impression on the large assembly then in attendance. The collegiate career of but few young men is marked by incidents of sufficient importance to be recited in a notice like this. Industry in preparing for, and punctuality in attending at, the hour of recitation, as well as the most cheerful conformity to the rules of the institution, were the most striking characteristics of his educational course.

In 1815 he removed, with his parents, to Tennessee, commenced the study of the law, and soon became a partner of the late President Polk, who had graduated at this University.

Governor Brown attended closely to his professional duties, and was very successful until 1839, when he was elected a member of Congress. He was several times re-elected until 1845, when he resigned. While in Congress he seems to have been an active member, taking part in nearly all the great questions of the day.

On retiring from Congress in 1845, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and filled the gubernatorial chair with dignity and ability.

In 1857 he was appointed Post Master General by President Buchanan, which office he held until the 11th of March last, when he was taken from the cares of earth.

The following resolutions of the Philanthropic Society were deferred from our last issue that they might appear with the engraving and foregoing sketch :

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to an all-wise and inscrutable Providence, to remove from the sphere of usefulness and honor to his country and his age, Hon. AARON V. BROWN, and more particularly to afflict us with the loss of his living example, we, remembering the brightness of his fame and the spotless integrity of his character, whilst we bow with Christian resignation to the will of God, are moved to

Resolve, That, though locked in the chill embrace of death, he still possesses the highest respect and admiration of the Philanthropic Society, mingled with unfeigned sorrow for his untimely end.

Resolved, That we tender our truest sympathy to the widowed wife and family of the deceased, and join with them in the precious hope that He who gave has but taken to himself.

Resolved, That in testimony of our deep distress, we wear the accustomed badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and to the Cabinet of the United States; and that they be published in the "National Intelligencer," the "North Carolina Standard," and the "University Magazine."

GEO. P. BRYAN,	} Committee.
JNO. D. FAIN,	
W. J. KING,	
E. J. HALE,	
S. H. BRICKELL,	

"OUR CLUB"--MEETING NO. 3.

"HERE he is at last," said Tom Sturdy; as Sam Soaring opened our club-room door and walked in, making a low obeisance to the crowd. "I was on the point of proposing to send Ben in search of you."

"I am rather inclined to think," said Quiz, "that Ben would have been like the man's cheeses in the fairy tale."

"How was that?" inquired Ben.

"Poor fellow, how I pity your ignorance! Have you never heard of it? Well, I must relieve your curiosity. You must know that a long time ago, a man was walking up a steep hill with three cheeses, one in each hand, and one on his head. Now, it so happened that the cheese on his head conceived the bright idea of slipping from its resting place, and going on a voyage of discovery among the bushes on the hill-side. No sooner said than done—off went the cheese, and rolled into the bushes. The owner was very loth to scramble among the briars, so he determined to send one of his remaining cheeses in quest of its brother; and off he sent it, but it did not return. Presently he sent the last one, but strange to relate, none of them ever returned. Being frolicking cheeses, it is very possible that they preferred being free, to being masticated; and so remained where they were. Thus, I think, Ben would have acted."

"Was that an anecdote, or an illustration, or a lengthy pun—my judgment is weak to-night?" said Ben.

"Thy judgment is ever weak. my friend"—

"Stop, boys—I want to hear Sam's story first; and then we'll to our regular business of abusing everybody but ourselves," interposed Tom. "Now, Sam, we're ready for you."

Sam, thus called upon, drew from the bottom of one of his coat-tails a neatly folded manuscript, and placing it on the table before him, began :

SAM SOARING'S STORY.

"Who does not gladly welcome the hour that brings him release from studies, breaks from his arms the shackles of confinement, and bids the spirit and the body enjoy their freedom? Such were my thoughts, as seated in a hack, I quietly awaited the signal of departure. Presently the welcome shout was heard—"all ready!"—crack went the whip, and crack, crack, crack went the whips of all the drivers of all the hacks that were bearing away many of the crowd, who had contributed to the gaiety and the enjoyment of Commencement. Off flew the hacks, up flew the dust into nose, ears, and eyes, and down flew the heat from its home in the sun, to bear us company. Despite all the heat, dust, and laughter incident to a long ride, a dry road, and a crowd of ladies, I was soon absorbed in thought. My Junior year was just completed; another Commencement, and my college days would be over for ever: then came the ghosts of my wasted hours, to haunt me. Already I saw the dim phantasmas hovering near me; already one of them stood frowningly before me; I fell upon my knees to implore his pardon for my remissness, when a pinch and a loud burst of laughter, told me I had been asleep, and had played the fool. In my excessive fear of the frowning ghost, I had actually fallen on my knees; my beaver, the badge of my Seniority, had tumbled into the lap of a lady in front of me; and when I opened my eyes in consequence of the pinch, I saw my beaver in possession of the lap of a pretty girl, and myself kneeling humbly before her.

"Thus aroused from my reverie and slumber, I regained my seat, rubbed my eyes, and looked around upon my fellow travellers. There were five of us in the hack—two were very pretty, very lively young ladies; another lady who might be the mother, or the aunt, of the young ones, and who exercised a very vigilant care over her charges, kept her face behind a thick veil, ostensibly to keep out the dust, but really, as I thought, to hide her ugliness—I learned to dislike the old lady, and will soon tell you why. A middle-aged gentleman, whom I took to be the husband of the middle-aged lady, was riding with the driver, that he might watch the beautiful scenery; and if I may form an opinion from the frequency with which he called upon the plague to take the dust and heat, he was having a shabby time of it. Much good did his eyes do him, when the dust was flying as thick as Egyptian grasshoppers over the road and woods as far as sight could reach.

"After my romantic behavior, the young ladies needed no assurance that I was a 'funny soul,' and one of them whispered to me to introduce myself; and when I had obeyed, she introduced her companions and herself. The younger portion of us immediately began a conversation, very pleasant, and very lively, but interrupted occasionally by some remark of the aunt: "Lucy, dear, pray put down your veil, you will be terribly dusted before you get to the de-

pot." Now I was totally opposed to any such measure; for Lucy had a pretty face and sparkling eyes, and I wanted to look at them. Presently the old aunt would again cry out: "Well, I declare, Mollie, I'll have to shut my eyes, and let you kiss Mr. Soaring." Mollie was not at all to blame for the proximity of our faces; for when the hack jolted, of course she was thrown forward, and I could not resist the temptation of leaning forward too. I need not say how devoutly I hoped that the old aunt's prediction would come to pass.

"I kept with my new-made acquaintances till our roads separated; nor did I leave them then till the middle-aged gentleman had promised to bring the young ladies and himself to the Pilot Mountain by the 23d of June; the middle-aged lady declared outright that she could not come by any manner of means—a piece of information that highly delighted me, although a tear rolled down my cheeks—as she thought, from sorrow, but as I *knew*, because some dust had flown into my eyes.

"I need not tell you how I passed a part of the vacation at home, reading, writing, and studying; but will take you *sans ceremonie* to the Pilot Mountain, seat you in the parlor at Gillam's hotel, and introduce you to a pair of pretty girls, a benevolent looking middle-aged gentleman, and a very handsome young gentleman. The ladies are Miss Mollie and Miss Lucy; the old gentleman is Mr. B——, and the young gentleman is—myself. The proposition to ascend the Mountain has been already made, and seconded, and agreed upon. I am to act as marshal of the occasion, to give assistance when, and to whom, it is needed, and to make myself useful generally.

"Those who have visited the Pilot know how difficult, and tiresome, and in some places, how dangerous is the ascent. For some distance before reaching the pinnacle, the Mountain is very steep and rocky—so much so, that we had to grasp the rocks with our hands, and thus assist ourselves. Of course, the ladies constantly needed my help—now Miss Mollie would sing out, "Come help me, Mr. Soaring!" and then Miss Lucy would call me to her side. Mr. B——, about thirty yards below, would puff a while, and crawl a while, and then puff again. Miss Mollie was in advance, and I had just helped her over a large rock, when Miss Lucy called me. Quick at the command of beauty I hastened to obey; but, unfortunately, my foot slipped, and away I tumbled over the big rock, away went my beaver in front of me—down, down we rolled until a little tree caught me, and Mr. B—— caught my beaver. I picked up myself, and Mr. B—— picked up my beaver. Both of us looked considerably the worse for wear, and I *felt* so; and my poor hat could no longer lay claim to being one of Beebe's best. I had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that I had ruined my clothes in a noble cause—that of helping a pretty girl over a rock—and I verily believe that if I had broken my neck, the smile that Miss Lucy welcomed me with would have not only cured me, but abundantly repaid me for my neck, and clothes to boot—so gallant am I, and so much I value beauty's approving smile. (Applause by the Club.)

We reached the top of the pinnacle without further accident, but as all of you who have ever seen a book, have read and re-read descriptions of mountain scenery, I shall not weary you by describing the view.

"How beautiful!" said Miss Lucy.

"Perfectly charming!" said Miss Mollie, clapping her little hands in delight.

"I'd like to have a drink of water," exclaimed the unpoetical Mr. B——, yet panting with fatigue, and red in the face from recent exertion.

"How unromantic you are, uncle B——," cried both the young ladies.

"I think Mr. B—— is right," said I; (you all know that however fond I may be of the luxuries of life, I never forget the necessities.) "If you can stay your thirst a little while, you all shall have water enough. I have ordered a boy to bring us a lunch up here."

Mr. B—— expressed himself well pleased at this arrangement, and we all turned to enjoy the scene. We gazed with pleasure at the long expanse of forest, broken here and there with green farms and white cottages, that stretched as far as the eye could reach. Miss Mollie broke the silence:

"Cousin Lucy, Mr. Soaring, come give us some poetry. I will not ask uncle B——; he's too busy thinking of dinner."

Miss Lucy declared that she couldn't think of a rhyme, and I assured them that I had never seen a poem in my life—"what a whopper," said Quiz.) After much talking, it was at last agreed that Miss Lucy should give us a specimen of her poetical powers; and, in order to gratify the girls, I ventured to promise some rhymes. The crowd were to separate, and at the end of half-an-hour, were to return to the spot we were now at, to hear our respective effusions. I tore a couple of blank leaves from my note-book, and handed them to Miss Lucy, and the crowd immediately separated. I proposed to escort Miss Mollie to a safe place; but when we arrived there, I could not leave her; so we had a most delightful chat, spiced with coquetry. Just, however, as I began to fall really in love, and began to tell her so, she started up and exclaimed—

"You won't have your poetry ready—go write it; that's a good boy."

"Farewell, then," said I, sentimentally; "you drive me from you, but I love you still."

"You young folks have a strange way of thinking aloud. Is that the way you write poetry, Mr. Soaring—thinking aloud?" said Mr. B——.

"Ahem! I am very busily engaged now, sir; and if you would hear my verses, you must not intrude upon me."

"That's a good creature," whispered Miss Mollie, "to save me from exposure; now run quick, and write your poetry."

As she said this, she bestowed on me such an approving smile, and it made me feel so good that I would, verily, have thrown myself from the pinnacle, had she ordered me. It's a good thing, club-mates, that women don't know the power of their smiles.

At the expiration of half-an-hour, Mr. B—— called us together again. I stopped a moment to write the last stanza, and joined the group. Miss Lucy proposed that I should read my poem first, but I insisted on yielding to her the honor; and at last, suffused with pretty blushes, she began:

At last I see the earnest hope fulfilled,
That oft in earlier days my bosom thrilled—
That I might on this very summit stand,

And learn to venerate my father-land.
 What place can show a lovelier scene than this,
 From where the skies yon waving forest kiss,
 To where these rugged crags in grandeur rise,
 And try, nor scarce in vain, to kiss the skies?
 How many a white-washed cottage decks the scene,
 Commingling with the forest's lively green!
 How many a field of rustling, fruitful grain
 The farmer cheers, and animates the plain!
 How many a heart in this extended view
 Is brave and loyal, hopeful, fond and true!
 Now must I turn me with prophetic eye,
 And glance into our future history.
 Ere long that host of trees must bow their head,
 And in their place extensive cities spread;
 Where wild beasts undisturbed now seek their prey,
 A teeming people soon must wend their way;
 And Silence, now the only denizen,
 Must fly before the busy hum of men.
 I know, I feel it, that a glorious fate
 Is yet awaiting our belov'd State;
 That she shall rise in greatness, till her name
 Becomes to men synonymous with fame.

Scarcely were the applauses over, when a big basket made its appearance, followed by a negro boy, grinning for dear life. We were all too hungry to be very ceremonious; so, after spreading a clean cloth over a large rock, Miss Mollie's little dimpled hands transferred the eatables from the basket to the rock, whence we soon transferred them to to a more permanent abiding-place.

"I'm choked," said Mr. B——, swallowing a large mouthful of biscuit and ham; "where's the water, Pompey?"

"In de black bottles, sir."

"And the glasses?"

"Lors a messy! I forgot 'em."

"Well," said Mr. B——, "necessity knows no law." So saying, he put the mouth of one of the black bottles to his mouth, and several gurgles plainly told of Mr. B.'s practical execution of this celebrated philosophical principle.

"I declare this *is* romantic; how shall I drink?" asked Miss Mollie.

"Do as Mr. B—— does. I see that he is no stranger to black bottles," I remarked.

"Nor you either," said Miss Mollie, as I relieved Mr. B—— of the bottle, and hastened to appropriate its contents.

After we had finished dinner, my poem was called for; whereupon, I mounted a rock and read as follows:

Write us some poetry, you ask—
 As well command to speak the dumb—
 Howe'er, since beauty sets the task,
 I'll break my pen, or—write you some.

To tell the truth, I almost broke
 My neck, by tumbling off that rock;
 You laugh, but, ladies, 'twas no joke,
 To give my head-piece such a shock.

My beaver, too, poor thing, is bent,
 And knocked and twisted out of shape;
 'Twas new before the accident,
 But I am glad at all to 'scape.

However, I have been repaid
 For all my hardships, and my care,
 By one sweet whisper from the maid,
 Now standing so demurely there.

Fair scenes you look abroad to find,
 To trees below, and sky above;
 But beauty's nearer, to my mind,—
 'Tis living beauty that I love.

Right gently Nature's whispers fall,
 Each ear well pleased its music sips;
 But I would gladly give them all,
 For one sweet word from beauty's lips.

As we were all determined to be pleased, my effusion was well received; and after a variety of pretty blushes, Miss Mollie proposed to return to the Hotel. We arrived there without any accident; but as it is late I will stop, and leave you all to imagine my progress in love during the remainder of our trip."

Sam's story ceased, an expressive wink was exchanged by the other members of the Club, and three long, hearty cheers burst from the throat of each—even of Tim Trembler.

"No more business to-night, boys," said Ben Short. "I've got some whiskey, sugar, and water in my room—let's adjourn there, and have a jollification over Sam."

The lights were accordingly put out, and all of us, even Tim, adjourned to Ben's room. But what thereafter happened, and how, and when each one got to bed, the Club-books say not.

OUR PRIZE SYSTEM.—Below will be found the particulars of our prize system:—We offer a prize of \$30, for the best article contributed to the Magazine during our term, by any Student of the University, Editors excepted; and one of \$20 for the second best, likewise contributed. These prizes are to consist either of Gold Medals or Selections of Books, to be determined by the choice of the successful competitors. They are to be presented in Girard Hall, during the next Commencement Exercises, by the Governor of the State. The committee to decide upon the merits of each, will consist of three prominent citizens of North Carolina—one to be selected by the Editors of each Society, and the third by the two thus chosen. These articles may be written on any subject consistent with the character of the Magazine—manuscript written on one side only preferred.

CORRECTION.—The Honorary Degree of "LL. D.," instead of "D. D.," was conferred upon Rt. Rev. Bishop Otey, of Tennessee. See page 119.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, July 22d, 1859.

WHEREAS, God in his mysterious wisdom hath taken from us a friend whose life was just blooming into manhood, and whose past career gave promise of an honorable and useful future; therefore be it

Resolved, That, though in the death of James McQueen, we recognize the hand of him who is the Father of Mercies, we must yet mourn that the stroke should have fallen upon one so dear to his associates, and so respected by all who knew him.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathy to the bereaved family in this hour of sadness. We know that theirs is that grief in which "a stranger intermeddleth not;" but we too have known him, and we too desire to shed the tear of affection over his untimely grave. May they look for consolation to Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the hour of trouble." May they be comforted with the hope of meeting their loved one in that better land, "where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased friend, and that they be published in the Fayetteville Observer, Daily North Carolinian, North Carolina Presbyterian, and the University Magazine.

E. T. MCKETHAN,
J. B. LUTTERLOH,
J. H. DOBBIN, } *Com.*

DIALECTIC HALL, Aug. 12, 1859.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased the ever just and righteous God to remove from the scenes of earth to the solemn realities of an untried state, Carma Lane, lately a highly respected member of our body; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of "Him that sits upon the throne on high" in the death of our esteemed fellow-member, and while we are "taught thence in humbler reverence to bow before the Holy One," yet we can but shed a tear of sorrow over the new-made grave of one whose hopes, once so fair, have been lately blasted forever.

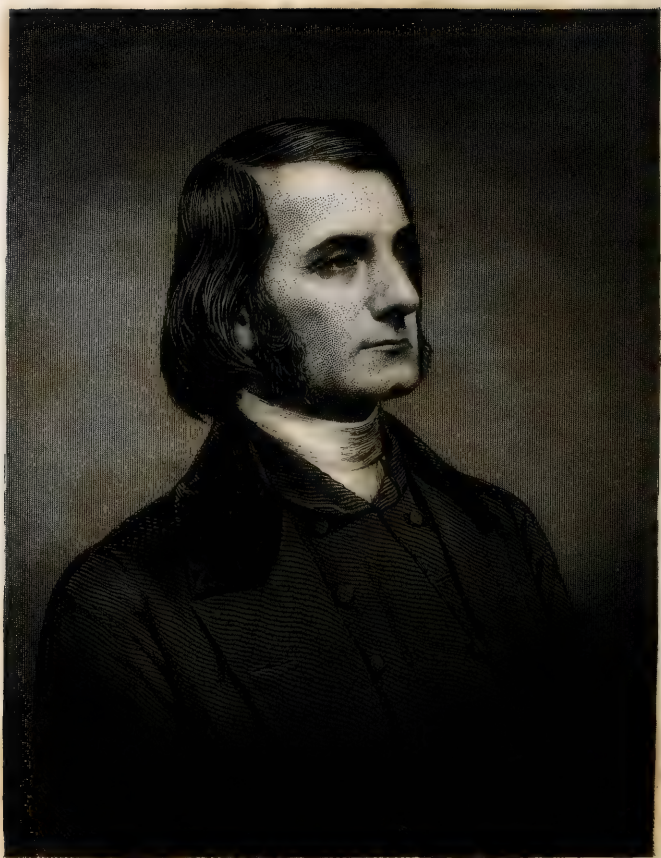
Resolved, That during his short, but honorable career at the University, his industry and perseverance, as a student, were worthy of imitation, while his excellent qualities, kindness of heart, unstained morals, and manly bearing, won for him the esteem and admiration of all who knew him.

Resolved, That while we know that for the anguish caused by the death of those beloved, there is no solace but Christian resignation; and no balm but in the soft effusion of that spirit which can say, "not as I will but as thou wilt," still we would truly and sincerely sympathize with the family of the deceased reminding them that while they mourn for a cherished son and brother, we lament a warm and devoted friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the Biblical Recorder, Fayetteville Observer, Raleigh Standard and University Magazine, with the request to publish them.

WM. M. BROOKS,
JOHN W. HARRIS,
J. L. HAUGHTON, } *Com.*





Engr. from a Daguerreotype by H. B. Hall N.Y.

F. M. Hubbard

PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WM. J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

Vol. 9.

October, 1859.

No. 3.

THE WAR OF THE REGULATION.

It is about a century since the causes which gave rise to the War of the Regulation excited commotions in the northern district, and especially in the interior portions, of North Carolina. In September, 1770, the Regulators expelled the bench and the bar from Hillsborough, occupied the court house, possessed themselves of the records, organized a mock tribunal, demolished the house, and inflicted merited chastisement upon the register of the county of Orange, committed other excesses, and were for a time dominant throughout the country, from the Neuse to the Catawba. The Battle of Alamance was fought on the 16th May, 1771, and excited no inconsiderable degree of attention in the sister provinces, and in the mother country. Until very recently, however, no attempt has been made to compile a history of these events, and no portion of our annals has been less understood, or the subject of greater misapprehension and misrepresentation.

The late Dr. MITCHELL, shortly after his appointment to a professorship in the University, had his attention attracted to the subject, and collected valuable materials for its elucidation—printed, written, and traditional. These were subsequently transferred to the Rev. ELI W. CARUTHERS, and, in connection with the fruit of his own long continued, patient and diligent researches, were, in 1842, given to the public, in his valuable work on the life and character of Rev. DAVID CALDWELL, D. D.

This volume, in due time, received the favorable notice of Mr. BANCROFT, the American Historian, and the subsequent residence of the latter

at the Court of St. James, enabled him to add very materially to the stock of information which had been obtained on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. BANCROFT's summary, founded in a great degree upon record evidence, affords ample confirmation of the view which CARUTHERS had presented of the character of the prominent persons who figured in the contest, and of the causes which produced the rebellion. Recent examinations of records, which had hitherto escaped observation, have placed it in our power to supply additional illustrations. A portion of these, which have not merely never been printed, but discovered in files which had not been opened during the last half century, will now be exhibited for the first time.

The materials for the composition of a history of the Regulation, at present accessible, if not ample, are very considerable. Fifty years ago comparatively little was known upon the subject, and it is not until very recently that such an amount of knowledge has been obtained, as to enable the historian to present a clear, continuous, and reliable narrative of the leading incidents.

In addition to contemporaneous notices, gleaned from English and American newspapers and magazines, we have two histories, written and published—one in 1770, the other in 1771—which set forth the leading facts in which HERMAN HUSBAND was a participant, from the beginning of the rebellion, until within a few months of the Battle of Alamance.

Of the more important of these publications—"An Impartial Relation of the First Rise and Cause of the Present Difficulties in Public Affairs in the Province of North Carolina," but a single perfect copy is supposed to be extant. It is preserved among the collection of the Rev. Dr. HAWKS, the Historian of North Carolina, and exhibits evidence on the title page of its having been at one time the property of General THOMAS PERSON, of Regulation, as well as Revolutionary, notoriety. The pamphlet was written by HERMAN HUSBAND, and published anonymously and without imprint in 1770. No printer in North Carolina would have ventured such a publication during the arbitrary administration of Governor TRYON. It is a neat octavo, of about 100 pages, much the greater and more valuable portions of which has been reproduced in the second volume of WHEELER's *Historical Sketches of North Carolina*, pp. 301—330.

The second pamphlet is entitled, "A Fan for Fanning and a Touchstone to Tryon; containing an impartial account of the rise and progress of the so much talked of Regulation in North Carolina. By REGULUS. Boston—Printed and Sold at the Printing-office, opposite the seat of WILLIAM VASSAL, Esq., at the head of Queen Street, 1771." The only original copies of this pamphlet, of which we have any knowledge, belong to Mr. BANCROFT and Col. FORCE. It was republished some years since, through the agency of Col. WHEELER, in the *North Carolina Standard*

and the *Greensborough Patriot*, and was, during the last year, reproduced in the pages of the *University Magazine*.

Governor TRYON'S Letter Book, recently copied for the State, from the original in the Library of Harvard University, supplies very copious illustrations of the view in which the rebellion was regarded and represented by the royal government.

The pages of WILLIAMSON and MARTIN may be consulted with advantage. The former, though ordinarily the more meagre and less reliable authority of the two, owing to his residence in the northern district, exhibits in various instances the more accurate account of the remote, as well as the immediate, causes of the rebellion. Both wrote under great misconception with respect to the extent of country in which the commotions prevailed, and the character of the insurgents; and especially towards the close of the contest.

A very brief reference to the previous history of the province may be necessary to render subsequent details intelligible.

In 1729, the Lords Proprietors, with the exception of Lord CARTERET, surrendered Carolina to the Crown. He, with a shrewdness which was characteristic, yielded the sovereignty, but retained the soil. The charters of CHARLES II conveyed to the regal proprietors seven and a half degrees of latitude, extending from the southern boundary of Virginia, $36^{\circ} 30'$ on the north, to the 29th parallel on the south, and from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west.

In 1744, GEORGE II, by the Great Deed of Grant, conveyed to GEORGE, LORD CARTERET, nearly a degree of latitude, (56 nautical, or 60 statute miles,) the northern boundary of which was the southern boundary of Virginia, and the southern, the parallel line $35^{\circ} 34'$. This line began on the sea shore, near the house of THOMAS WALLIS, ran thence due west something more than nine miles north of Bath, almost directly through Washington, some distance north of Snow Hill, in Green, and a little north of Smithfield, in Johnston. It constitutes at the present time the southern boundary of Chatham, Randolph, Davidson, Rowan and Iredell, may be traced about four miles north of Lincolnton, and near the dividing line between Rutherford and McDowell. As represented on COOKE'S Map, it would, if extended to Tennessee, be almost conterminous with the southern boundary of Buncombe, in a direct line with Waynesville, and approximate very closely the northern boundary of Cherokee.

The Grant ordinarily spoken of as the Granville Patent, covered quite two-thirds of the present State of North Carolina. In 1667, it was divided into thirteen of the twenty-nine counties, and contained two-thirds of the taxable inhabitants in the province. Entries for land within its borders were made in "the Granville Office," while all titles for land south

of the Granville line were derived immediately from the Crown. The Granville Office was closed from 1765 to 1774, and no settler during that period was able to obtain a title to the premises he occupied. It was re-opened in the latter year, and continued open until the Revolution. In the trial of the suit instituted about the beginning of the century, for this immense tract of country, the title of Earl GRANVILLE was admitted to have been incontestible, as late as the 12th February, 1776. The suit was decided against him by Judge POTTER in 1806, in the Circuit Court of the United States, was removed by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, and owing to the death of the plaintiff's counsel, PHILIP BARTON KEY, and the subsequent death of the Earl, was, in 1817, stricken from the docket, for the want of a prosecution bond.

Orange county was erected in 1752. It was bounded north by the Virginia, and south by the Granville, line, and extended from Neuse river on the east to Anson on the west. At the beginning, and nearly to the close, of the Regulation, (1770,) Guilford, Chatham, Rockingham and a considerable portion of Wake were included within the boundaries of Orange. Randolph, Caswell and Person were not carved out of it until after the adoption of the State constitution. Alamance was created in 1848. The Regulators were less numerous within the present boundaries of Orange than in any other portion of the original county. Alamance, Guilford, and Randolph were their strong holds.

The white population of the province at the beginning of Governor TRYON's administration was about 180,000. Slaves and free persons of color may have numbered 40,000. All free males of the age of sixteen years and upwards were taxable. The free polls were equal in number to one-fourth of the free population, or half the number of free males, 45,000. The slaves given in for taxation ought to have been, but probably were not, more than equal in number to half the slave population, or 20,000. Computing six persons to a family, the number of white families may be estimated at 30,000.

The public debt, in outstanding bills of credit, is stated by WILLIAMSON to have amounted to £75,032 4s. 6d. These were a lawful tender at the rate of 133½ to 100. The sterling value was in the proportion of two to one. The sinking fund was a poll tax of one shilling, and a duty of four pence per gallon on imported wines and spirits. The public debt to be met substantially by a poll tax, was about equal to £2 10s. on each head of a family.

The quit rents of those residing within the boundaries of the Granville Patent were payable to his Lordship's agent, and in the southern district at the office of the Crown. The former owed semi-allegiance to Lord GRANVILLE, and may well be supposed to have been regarded and treated

with less favor than the immediate tenants of the King. Such was undoubtedly the case.

From the date of "the great deed of grant," in 1744, to the dawn of the Revolution, in 1774, the inequality of representation, the great extent of the western counties, difficulties in procuring titles to land, frauds practised by Lord GRANVILLE's deputies, superadded to the extortions and peculations of the crown officers, were unceasing subjects of complaint, throughout two-thirds of the northern district.

As early as 1756, we find Lord GRANVILLE writing to his agent, FRANCIS CORBIN, as follows: "Great and frequent complaints are transmitted to me of the persons you employ to receive entries and make surveys in the back counties. It is their extortions, and not the regular fees of office, which is the cause of clamor from my tenants. Insinuations are made, too, as if these extortions were connived at by my agents; for otherwise, it is said, they could not be committed so repeatedly and so barefacedly."

In 1759, a company of ten or fifteen men from Halifax crossed the Chowan river, proceeded to the house of CORBIN, some miles below Edenton, made him their prisoner, and carried him, in the night, to Enfield. He was detained for some days, until he entered into a bond, with eight sureties, in the sum of eight thousand pounds, to produce his books within three weeks, and return all the money he had received in excess of the regular fees to which he was entitled. Instead of producing the books within the stipulated time, he instituted suit against four of the rioters. The defendants refused to give bail, and were committed to prison. The indignant and enraged populace cut down the jail door on the following day, and liberated the prisoners. CORBIN, a short time thereafter, dismissed the suit and paid the costs. Such were the premonitory symptoms of the Regulation.

In a letter from Governor TRYON, dated 4th July, 1767, to the Earl of Shelburn, he states that "upon a medium, the sheriffs have embezzled more than one-half the public monies ordered to be raised and collected by them. It is estimated that the sheriffs' arrears amount to forty thousand pounds proclamation money, not five thousand of which will possibly ever come into the Treasury; as in many instances, the sheriffs and their securities are either insolvent, or retreated out of the province."

The Stamp Act received the royal signature, on the 25 March, 1765. It contained fifty-five sections, and embraced in its multifarious provisions, a range and extent of exactions rarely apprehended in our day. No one of the thirteen provinces was more unanimously opposed to it than North Carolina, and nowhere was this opposition more manifest and decided, than throughout the boundaries of the Granville Patent.

Every species of instrument by which property, real or personal, might be conveyed, every written evidence of debt, every paper used in commercial transactions in the commercial marts, or in neighborhood traffic, was subject to onerous impositions.

Among the most odious exactions were taxes upon knowledge. The duties upon newspapers and pamphlets were not merely greater in amount than the cost of such publications at present, but so great, that if levied now, would in a twelve-month limit the issues of the periodical press to a third of the present number, and convert the newspaper, almost a necessity of life, into a luxury, to be enjoyed only by the rich.

Every pamphlet or paper containing half a sheet or less, was charged with a cent. If larger than half a sheet, and not greater than a whole sheet, two cents. Pamphlets and papers larger than a sheet, and not exceeding six sheets in quarto, or twenty sheets in folio, a quarter of a dollar for every sheet of any kind of paper contained in each printed copy. Every advertisement in a newspaper, half a dollar. Counting house almanacs, four, and pamphlet almanacs, eight cents each. College diplomas ten dollars.

The duties on every paper used in legal proceedings, declaration, plea, rejoinder, affidavit, &c., &c., must inevitably have closed the courts of justice to ordinary suitors.

The scarcity of a circulating medium, if the people had not risen *en masse* to oppose it, would have rendered the enforcement of the Act absolutely impossible. There was no straw to make brick. Chief Justice HASELL, a zealous and enlightened loyalist, wrote to Governor TRYON from Salisbury, under date of the 25th April, 1767, that "in the progress of his circuit, he found the inhabitants of the back country quiet, but not one advocate for the stamp duty, and scarce any specie circulating among them." Less than a year thereafter (2d February, 1768,) we find Governor TRYON writing to the Earl Shelburn as follows: "I shall take the liberty, my Lord, to represent to you two or three causes of the inconvenience this country is under, for the want of a greater medium of trade. The distresses the public in general, and many families in particular, experience, proceed in some measure, from the receivers of the public taxes being frequently under an obligation to distrain for the taxes to be levied in support of the expenses of government. These effects put up to sale, cannot always purchase money, from its scarcity, sufficient to answer the taxes demanded; yet, perhaps by the sale, the owner will be greatly distressed, if not ruined."

The Stamp Act, though oppressive in the number and amount of its exactions, was not unwise in principle. It would have operated with comparative equality upon all sections of the province, and upon all classes of

the community. The maritime and more opulent districts would have yielded much the larger proportion of revenue to the royal exchequer. The merchant, the planter, and the capitalist, would have been taxed in a ratio corresponding with the extent of their operations. The poor would less frequently have felt the pressure, and been touched with a lighter hand.

The provincial system of taxation was as unwise as it was oppressive, and it was oppressive in a degree not ordinarily understood, because never experienced by the masses, since the Revolution. It was unequal in its effect on different sections of the country, and not less unequal in its operation upon individuals in the same section.

The maritime districts were populous and wealthy as compared with the interior; the southwestern especially, as contrasted with the northwestern portion of the province. With the exception of a small revenue, derived from imported liquors, the expenses of the government were defrayed by a poll tax. The poorest man, not absolutely a pauper, contributed the same amount with the richest, and in all countries, at all times, the poor and those in moderate circumstances constitute the great numerical majority.

The same inequality prevailed in relation to quit rents. Three shillings sterling (seventy-five cents) were paid to the King in the southern, and to Lord GRANVILLE in the northern, tier of counties, on every hundred acres of land, without respect to improvements, situation, or fertility.

It will be easy to illustrate the oppression endured by the Regulator, by a comparison of the relative amount of taxes paid by a freeholder in 1769 and 1859. Take the case of the head of a family of six persons, with a freehold of 1,000 acres, worth, what few freeholds were worth at that day, a dollar an acre. All males then above the age of 16 paid poll tax; the range is now narrowed to between 21 and 45. The proportion of polls in a family was more than 2 to 6; at present, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 6. On the 21st June, 1768, Governor TRYON wrote to a committee of Regulators as follows: "As you want to be satisfied what is the amount of the tax for the public service, I am to inform you that it is seven shillings a taxable, besides the county and parish taxes, the particulars of which I will give to Mr. Hunter." What were the rates of county taxation at that time, we have no means of ascertaining, and can therefore enter into no computation of comparative amounts. The quit rents on a 1000 acres of land in 1767, amounted to \$7.50; the public tax on two polls at $87\frac{1}{2}$ cents each, \$1.75; vestry tax on two polls \$2; making the aggregate amount \$11.25. At present, under the greatly increased rates of taxation, rendered necessary by our extended system of internal improvement, a freeholder, under similar circumstances, would pay on land valued at \$1,000, \$2—one and a half polls,

\$1.20—in all \$3.20. For a quarter of a century previous to entering upon the construction of railroads, the State tax of a freeholder, in like condition, would have been 60 cents on his land, and 30 cents poll tax; in all about one-thirteenth of the amount required of the Regulator, ninety years ago.

The statements of Governor TRYON, with respect to the scarcity of money and the difficulty of obtaining the requisite amount to pay taxes, will secure credence for the following narrative. Joseph MCPHERSON, who in 1819 resided near Salem, informed the late Dr. Mitchell of the University, that he removed from the neighborhood of Wilmington to Chat-ham in 1765, fought with the Regulators at the Battle of Alamance, and at the beginning of the Revolution removed to the county of Stokes, where he then lived. He stated that during the period of the Regulation, "he went with his father to Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, with a load of wheat of 40 bushels. They could get five shillings per bushel, but of this only one shilling was paid in money; or they could get a bushel of salt for a bushel of wheat. On their return they had 40 shillings in cash and were able to pay their tax, which was more than any other in the settlement could do." CARUTHERS, in his *Life of CALDWELL*, appends the following averment to MCPHERSON's statement: "Several old men in this county have given me a similar account of the price of wheat, as well as some other articles, and they added that if they could bring home 40 shillings, or five dollars, in money, for 40 bushels of wheat, they thought they were doing a first rate business."

If the Provincial system of taxation was unwise and oppressive, the principle which regulated public expenditure was not less absurd and iniquitous. Salaries were nominally small, but, in almost every instance, fees of indefinite and unknown amount were connected with salaries. The fees to which the Governor was lawfully entitled on marriage licenses, and licenses to keepers of ordinaries and tippling houses, must, in the aggregate, greatly have exceeded the salary allowed to the Chief Magistrate at the present day. Judges, clerks, sheriffs, and all the officers connected with the administration of justice were compensated for their services, in whole or in part, by fees. It was impossible, in the nature of things, that every department of the government should not have become corrupt under such a system, and that all became so there is conclusive proof.

The expenditure of the public money, moreover, was in inverse ratio to population and taxation. Two-thirds of the voters resided in, and two-thirds of the taxes proceeded from, the Granville Patent. The northern-tier of counties was the minority in the provincial legislature, nevertheless, and two-thirds of the public patronage were dispensed by the representatives of one-third of the people, and one-third of the tax-payers.

Enfeebled by ill health and advanced age, Governor DOBBS obtained permission in July, 1764, to visit the mother country. On the 10th October, Lieut. Col. WILLIAM TRYON arrived at Brunswick with a commission and instructions to assume the duties of the executive department, during the absence of the Governor, and with the expectation of succeeding him at an early day. He found the province in an unquiet state. The extortions practised by clerks, sheriffs, attorneys, and other officers, had sown the seeds of the Regulation broadcast, especially in Granville, Orange, Anson, and Rowan. Governor DOBBS was engaged in an unpleasant controversy with the Provincial Legislature, in relation to the prerogative right which he claimed to appoint a public printer, and the restrictions upon trade apprehended as the natural result of the Stamp Act. From these troubles he was relieved by death, on the 28th March, in the following year, in the 82nd year of his age.

It is apparent that Col. TRYON, from the first day of his arrival, had been awaiting the departure of Governor DOBBS with great impatience; and the equanimity with which he sustained himself on hearing of his death, is thinly veiled by the terms in which he announced the event to the Earl of Halifax:

“WILMINGTON, 2 April, 1765.

“Last Thursday Governor Dobbs retired from the strife and cares of this world. Two days before his death he was busily employed in packing up his books for his passage to England. His physician had no other means to prevent his fatiguing himself, than by telling him he had better prepare himself for a much longer voyage. I have got into my possession the seal of the province, and many public papers. The orders and instructions from your Lordship shall be obeyed with all possible dispatch. As my patron, my Lord, I hope you will allow me to call on your Lordship's goodness, to forward his Majesty's most gracious promise to appoint me Governor to this Province.”

TRYON held at this time a commission as Lieut. Colonel in the Queen's Guards, and had accepted the appointment of Lieut. Governor of North Carolina, with the distinct understanding that he was to retain his rank in the army without disparagement. He was a gentleman of address, tact and courage, of more than ordinary ability, but passionate, unrelenting and narrow-minded. He was now embarking upon a sea of troubles, that might well have appalled the clearest head and stoutest heart. The Regulators were to be quieted or subdued. The Stamp Act was to be executed, or its authors foiled and disgraced. The whole amount of specie in the Province would not have enabled the inhabitants to pay the stamp duties, and the home government obstinately refused permission to emit paper money. The Regulators, known as yet as *The Mob*, were arrayed

in the northern portion of the Province, against the extortion and malpractices of the officers of government, and the entire population excited to madness against the system of internal duties with which they were menaced by the mother country.

Col. TRYON convened his Council on the 2d April, 1765, announced the death of his predecessor, exhibited his commission as Lieut. Governor, took the oaths of office, and immediately issued a proclamation, continuing the appointees of Governor DOBBS in office, until his pleasure should be further known. The King appointed him "Governor, Captain General and Commander-in-Chief," on the 16th July. He produced his commission before the Council on the 20th December, and on the following day issued a proclamation dissolving the General Assembly. He dextrously availed himself of these successive vicissitudes and changes of the government, and subsequent less substantial pretexts, to evade a meeting of the Assembly, and prevent the expression of legislative will in relation to the Stamp Act.

He met the Assembly for the first time in Wilmington, on the 3d May. After a brief, but favorable reference to the administration of his predecessor, and a recommendation of strict inquiry into the state of the provincial finances, he remarked, "that he was instructed to request the passage of a bill making better provision for an orthodox clergy." He insisted on the propriety and necessity of establishing a clergyman in each parish, whose salary should be paid out of the public treasury. He intimated the hope, that his preference for an establishment, and the established Church of England, would not give rise to the suspicion that he was an enemy to toleration. He assured them that he was the earnest advocate of religious liberty, but remarked that "he had never known toleration urged in any country, as an argument to exempt dissenters from their share of the support of the established church."

The following extracts from the Governor's correspondence, not merely present authentic and interesting information with respect to the early history of the Episcopal Church, but show fully and clearly the views which influenced the first, and in its ultimate consequences, the most important act of his administration.

He had been so short a time in the Province, had enjoyed so little opportunity of observing for himself, that his mistakes with reference to the comparative numbers of the several religious denominations, are matters of no very great surprise.

Mr. WHITEFIELD, it will be perceived, travelled through the Province and preached in Wilmington, in the Spring of 1765. He is not supposed, however, to have formed any separate religious societies, and the Wesleyans, as a religious community, had at that time no organization within our

borders. The Baptists then, as now, were a numerous and influential body of Christians. SHUBAL STEARNS, a well known clergyman, planted a church on Sandy Creek as early as 1755, which, about this time, numbered six hundred and six members. He was the immediate neighbor of HERMAN HUSBAND, and surrounded by the earliest and most thoroughgoing Regulators. Next, if, indeed, less numerous, were the Presbyterians, to whom, as a body, the Governor concedes, on all occasions, a high character for intelligence and conservatism. CARUTHERS and FOOTE furnish all the information that can be desired with reference to their ante-revolutionary history, and obviate the necessity of entering into it more minutely at present. The Quakers were probably third in point of numbers. The Episcopalians were mainly confined to the maritime districts, and were rarely found in the rural settlements of the interior. They were then, as at present, wealthy, intelligent and influential; but perhaps not more numerous than "The New Lights," so frequently the object of the Governor's reprobation and scorn. The latter seem to have sprung into existence under the influence of Mr. WHITEFIELD's ministrations, from Maine to Georgia. They ultimately united themselves with the Baptists, and constituted a most zealous and efficient branch of that denomination. They seem to have been, at all times, active opponents of the established church, and earnest advocates of political reform.

"The Honorable Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel in Foreign Parts:

"BRUNSWICK, 31 July, 1765.

"As this province has received considerable advantages from the missionaries your Society have sent among the inhabitants, some information of the present state of religion in this colony may not be unacceptable to you. Every sect of religion abounds here, except the Roman Catholic, and by the best information I can get, Presbytery and a sect who call themselves 'New Lights,' (not of the flock of Mr. WHITEFIELD,) but Superior Lights, from New England, appear in the front. These New Lights live chiefly in the maritime counties; the Presbyterians are settled mostly in the back or westward counties; though the Church of England I reckon, at present, to have the majority of all other sects; and when a sufficient number of clergy as exemplary in their lives, as orthodox in their doctrine, can persuade themselves to come into this country, I doubt not but the larger number of every sect would come over to the established religion. I can hear but of five clergyman at present in this province, four of whom have missions from the Society, viz: The Rev. Mr. REED, of New-Berne, in Craven county; Mr. EARLE, near Edenton, in Chowan county; Mr. STUART, of Bath, in Beaufort county; Mr. MOIR, Itinerant

Missionary. I had an opportunity, in a tour I made through part of the Province, to see the above gentlemen, and must observe I think the three first are well settled and established, and I believe them regular in the discharge of their duty. I can speak more particularly of Mr. REED, as I saw much of him at the General Assembly, held at Newbern. I really esteem him a man of great worth. As this country is now settled more than 200 miles to the westward of Mr. Moir's residence, I do not think the Province receives any benefit from him as an itinerant missionary; for under that general license of preaching everywhere, he seldom preaches anywhere. This report I have from some gentlemen in his neighborhood, near the town of Halifax. I do not represent him as an immoral man, but should think it advisable he might be fixed to some parish agreeable to the inclosed Act of Assembly, the purport of which is the great inducement of my troubling the Society with this letter. Many efforts have been made to obtain a good clergy act in this Province, but as every trial has been as often clogged with objections incompatible with the rights of the Crown and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, they have proved fruitless. This Act, however, I flatter myself is free from every material objection, and therefore beg leave to recommend to the consideration of the Society the extreme advantages that will accrue to his Majesty's subjects, by a happy establishment of religion here. As I have pledged my endeavors to get decent clergymen to serve in this Province, I earnestly hope for a further encouragement from the Society, by the increase of the missionaries, if only for a term of years, till gentlemen coming over might reimburse themselves the expense of their voyage and first settling here; which is a charge that must be felt by every one who has only his merit to balance that account. There are at present 32 parishes in the Province, and as five are already provided, twenty-seven clergymen are only required, a number so small, that it will be scarce sufficient to perform the marriage and burial services, offices at present performed without the greatest order or decency, by the Magistrates of the Peace: Governor Dobbs was interred by a gentleman of this order, no clergyman living within one hundred miles of Brunswick. The state of the churches in this Province, beginning at the southward, are as follows, viz:

At Brunswick, only the outside walls built and roofed.

Wilmington, walls only.

New-Berne, in good repair.

Bath, wanting considerable repairs.

Edenton, wanting as much.

As no British colony on this continent stands in more, or so much need of regular moral clergymen as this does, I hope the Society will give all possible assistance, to contribute to the happy effects of the present ortho-

dox bill. Should I be so happy to meet with a favorable regard to my recommendations, I shall, on a proper opportunity, communicate to the Society the future state and progress of religion in this colony. Chapels are established in every county which is served by a Reader, where no clergy can be procured; they have two, three, or four, more or less in each county, according to the number of the inhabitants, or extent of the country. If the Society would send for my distribution, or the Governor's for the time being, as many well bound Bibles and Prayer Books for the ministers' desks as there are parishes, it would have a better effect than a ship load of small books recommending the duty of a Christian. The ignorant would hear their duty delivered out of the former, when they could not instruct themselves in the latter. This incapacity prevails from a want of schools in the Province, which consideration brings me lastly to solicit the Society's bounty and encouragement to Mr. Tomlinson, at present seated at New-Berne. His memorial I enclose at his request, certified by many gentlemen, some of whom I am acquainted with. I had a long conversation with Mr. Tomlinson, and from the sense and decency of his behavior, and the general good character he maintains, obliges me warmly to solicit the Society in his behalf. He is the only person of repute of that profession in the country; he was invited to America by a brother who has a plantation near Newbern. I really think him deserving the favorable attention of the Society, and as such I recommend him. I cannot conclude this letter without acquainting the Society the Rev. Mr. Whitefield preached a sermon at Wilmington in March last, which would have done honor had he delivered it at St. James's, allowing some little alteration of circumstances between a discourse adapted for the Royal Chapel and the Court House at Wilmington. As considerable sums of money have been raised by subscription for finishing the churches of Wilmington and Brunswick, I expect they will both be completed in less than twelve months."

"A View of the Polity of the Province of North Carolina in 1767."

"The clergy had never any regular and certain establishment till the Act of Assembly in the year 1765. This act entitled the minister to receive £133. 6s. 8d. per annum, and obliged the vestry to supply them with a glebe of 200 acres of good land, and to build on it a mansion house and convenient out-houses for the residence of the minister, or for want thereof, to pay him £20 annually in lieu of them. By the said Act, the ministers are entitled to certain fees mentioned therein for marriages, and giving certificates thereof, and for funeral sermons. As no provision is made by the Act for the presentation of the minister, it devolves to the Crown, and is delegated to the Governor for the time being by his

Majesty's instructions. There are 13 ministers now in the Province, 7 of whom have received letters of presentation and induction from the present Governor."

The gratification with which the Governor hailed the success of his effort to secure an efficient and permanent establishment for the Church, was marred by rumors that resolutions, deprecatory of the Stamp Act, were about to be introduced into the lower house of the Assembly. His ordinary tact and readiness were exhibited in proroguing the Legislature from the 18th May, to meet at New-Berne on the 3d of November. There was everything to gain, and nothing to lose, in the critical state of affairs, by the change of time and place.

The Stamp Act was repealed in the Spring of 1766, and on the 25th June the Governor had it in his power to perform a double act of grace. Few men were more ready than he to make the most of such an opportunity. To quiet the Regulators, he issued a proclamation, reciting that complaints having been made "that exorbitant fees had been demanded and taken in the several public offices," "we do hereby strictly enjoin and require all public officers, in their respective stations throughout this Province, not to demand or receive any other fees for public business transacted in their offices, than what are established by proper authority, upon pain of being removed from their said offices, and prosecuted with the utmost severity of the law."

A second proclamation of the same date announced that an authentic account had been received of the repeal of the Act of Parliament imposing certain stamp duties, and that therefore "public business may be carried on as usual, and that the inhabitants of the Province may return to that cheerful obedience to the laws and legislative authority of Great Britain," on which their future happiness and prosperity so greatly depended.

The latter proclamation was received without distrust, and with universal and heart-felt satisfaction. The maritime districts in the Province had nothing more to ask or desire. No system of taxation more favorable to the wealthy sections, or the wealthy citizen of any section, than the tax upon polls, could have been devised. Very different were the interests and feelings of the people in the back country.

At the County Court in Orange, in the month of August, a paper was read publicly to the magistrates and representatives of the county, which, after referring to the triumph obtained by "The Sons of Liberty," in the successful resistance of the Stamp Act in Parliament, proclaims the necessity of a thorough reform by the removal of "unjust oppression in our province." The paper makes no objection to the payment of necessary taxes, takes no exception to the revenue system, unequal as it was in its

operation, but simply urges that speculation and extortion shall be exposed and prevented. "Every honest man is willing to give part of his substance to support rulers and laws to save the other part from rogues, and it is his duty, as well as his right, to see and examine whether such rulers abuse such trust." The writer proposes, therefore, that a meeting shall be held at "some suitable place where there is no liquor," on Monday before November Court, "at which meeting let it be judiciously inquired into, whether the freemen of this county labor under any abuses of power or not, and let the same be notified in writing, if any is found, and the matter fully conversed upon and proper measures used for amendment."

Mr. LOYD, one of the representatives who was present, avowed his approbation of the scheme. At his instance, the 10th of October was appointed the day, and MADDOCK'S Mill, on Eno, two or three miles west of Hillsborough, the place of meeting. A second paper was thereupon prepared, calling for a general attendance of the people. The object of the meeting was stated to be "to judiciously examine whether the freemen in this county labor under any abuses of power, and, in particular, to examine into the public tax, and inform themselves of every particular thereof—by what law and for what uses it is laid—in order to remove some jealousies out of our minds." The representatives, vestry-men, and other officers were requested to give the meeting all the information and satisfaction in their power "so far as they value the good will of every honest freeholder, and the executing public offices pleasant and delightful."

At the appointed time and place about twelve persons attended. Neither Mr. LOYD nor his colleague, Col. FANNING, was present. JAMES WATSON came along, "late in the day," and brought word from Col. FANNING that "he had intended to be present until within a day or two he observed in one of our papers the word 'judiciously,' which signified, he said, by a court of authority." He was, furthermore, represented as objecting to the mill, as not a suitable place of meeting; and, in short, (said WATSON,) "Col. FANNING looks on it as an insurrection."

A third paper was thereupon drawn up, giving a concise history of the meeting, reciting the failure of the representatives to attend, insisting upon the right of the people to know "for what uses our money is called for," and declaring their willingness to attend at some other time and place, if their representatives should be "inclinable to answer it," and give the "proper notice." A copy of this statement was delivered to Mr. Watson, who avowed his approbation of the course proposed, and promised to present a transcript to each representative.

Instead of meeting the people, as desired, Col. FANNING is represented at the following court, or a general muster, to have read "a long piece of writing in public, and among our Justices in repugnance to our request."

This, together with menaces from sheriffs and others, "so discouraged the people that the affair dropped, after we had subscribed to a sum of fifty pounds in order to commence suits at law against them on the penal laws, and was denied by the only attorney we had any hopes of serving us to undertake it."

On the third day of November, 1766, Governor TRYON allowed himself to meet a General Assembly of North Carolina, for the second time. The Province, as has been shown, was burthened with a public debt, equal in amount to £2 10s. upon every head of a family.

The whole northern portion of the Province was disquieted by oppressive taxation, the impossibility of procuring titles to their homesteads, and, above all, by the well grounded apprehension of extortion in the collection of fees by every officer in the Province, from Governor to Constable. It was in vain to assert the right of petition and instruction, or, as has been shown by the foregoing narrative, for the people to unite in a respectful request to the representatives for information as "to the uses *their* money was called for." Governor TRYON was neither ignorant of existing abuses, nor wanting in power to redress them. He was in his own estimation, "every inch a king," and was in truth clothed with vice regal power. He claimed and exercised the prerogative right to appoint the public printer, to license and appoint teachers of schools, to present and induct clergymen in the several parishes, to incorporate counties and towns, to call, prorogue and dissolve the General Assembly, to approve, disapprove, or suspend the operation of legislative enactments, and the general power of appointment to office *durante bene placito*.

His opening speech afforded the earliest intimation of the course of policy which was to characterize his administration. "He drew the attention of the Legislature to the inadequacy of the emoluments of sheriffs," and informed them that "their resolution for the establishment of Fort Johnston having expired *he had ordered* a continuance of the establishment, and some necessary repairs to the work, upon the credit of the Province. The artillery and stores being too valuable not to claim attention he desired an increase of the establishment." He observed that the court system had, on experience, proved a valuable one, and seemed to want nothing but a greater degree of permanency and handsome salaries to the associate justices.

The Province was overburthened with debt; the office-holders were rich and the people poor; extortion and peculation were matters of every day occurrence. The great initial measures of relief and reform were increased salaries, requital to Wilmington for the loss of the seat of government, by the liberal expenditure of public money at Fort Johnston, and consequent increased taxation to support the outlay. Having conciliated the

Cape Fear, "by the continuance of the establishment at Fort Johnston," which "he had ordered," without awaiting the expression of legislative will—he proceeded at a later period of the session to suggest his favorite scheme for the erection of a palace at New-Berne.

The third section of the Act authorizing the construction of this edifice, provides that the Governor, as often as he shall have occasion for money for the purpose, may issue his warrant for a sum not exceeding five thousand pounds, to be paid "out of the money appropriated by Act of Assembly for erecting of public schools and purchasing glebes." The Act passed on this subject the following year, after reciting that the school fund amounted to but £3,500, appropriates the further sum of £10,000 for the completion of the building, which amount the Governor is authorized to borrow at eight per cent., as well as the deficiency (£1,500) in the school fund, until the aggregate amount can be repaid by a poll tax of two shillings and sixpence on each taxable person in the Province.

Fort Johnston was to be enlarged, and the palace erected in the southern district. Wilmington and New-Berne, the two commercial towns, the favored recipients of public bounty, relieved from all apprehension of stamp duties, were prepared to submit with comparative equanimity to a poll tax imposed for their benefit. The unanimous support of the representatives of the southern district, augmented by the votes of occupants and expectants of place in the interior, may well be supposed to have secured the adoption of these measures.

Governor TRYON's position as Lieut. Colonel of the Queen's Guards, may excuse, to some extent, his feminine fondness for display, but only at the expense of his judgment. He gave ample evidence of taste in the arrangement of grounds, skill in architecture, womanly tact and adroitness in the management of men, and excessive refinement in court etiquette. He adorned the palace, but ruined the Province.

In his correspondence with the home government, he fairly assumes all the responsibility, and justly claims all the credit, connected with the construction of the palace. An accomplished architect accompanied him from London in 1764, and his services were properly put in requisition. "He goes soon (writes the Governor,) to Philadelphia to hire able workmen, as this Province affords none capable of such an undertaking." Under date of 12th January, 1769, he states that the palace is covered in and roofed. The plumber's work was executed by an able hand sent purposely over from London. He made use of eight tons of lead. Sashes, chimney-pieces, marble cornices, etc., were ordered from England. In another letter, he remarks, that "several persons who have passed through here from the other colonies, esteem this house the capitol building on the continent of North America. Should a currency not be obtained in virtue

of the Council and Assembly's Address by their committees to his Majesty, I am apprehensive it will not be possible to levy the tax to raise the £10,000 granted, yet by the provisions of the Act, I am empowered to take upon receipt, as much of the above sum as may be necessary to carry on the work."

MARTIN, who was no eulogist of the Regulators, and who, from his residence in New-Berne at a period not very remote from the date of the events he relates, enjoyed the best opportunities to ascertain the truth, remarks as follows :

"On the rise of the legislature, governor Tryon lost no time, in carrying into effect, his darling scheme of building a palace. He had exerted all his influence to obtain the passage of the bill, and the members of the king's council had been officially instructed, to give it all their support, in their legislative capacity. This measure was thought, by many, to have laid the foundation of the series of disorders and commotions, which terminated in the battle of the Alamance. The grant of five thousand pounds was above the means of the province, in its infant and impoverished state; and the governor was intrusted, solely, with the disposition of the fund. The trust proved fatal to the interest of the province, and to the reputation of the trustee. It was made to gratify his vanity at the expense of both. It afforded him an opportunity of leaving behind, an elegant monument of his taste in building, and giving the minister an instance of his great influence and address, in his new government. The temptation was not resisted; and the plan of a governor's house, was substituted for that of a palace, worthy the residence of a prince of the blood. The purchase of the ground and the erection of the foundation, absorbed the sum which the legislature had been pleased to bestow, which was an ample appropriation for the completion of the building.

"The building was superior to any of the kind in British North America; and the writer of this history, who visited it in 1783, in company with the late renowned and unfortunate don Francisco de Miranda, heard that gentleman say, it had no equal in South America.

"It was dedicated to Sir William Draper, the conqueror of Manilla, who was on a visit at governor Tryon's, and was said to be the author of the following lines, inscribed over the principal door, in the vestibule :

*Rege pio, felix, diris inimica tyrannis,
Virtuti has ædes libera terra dedit.
Sint domus et dominus sæclis exempla futuris,
Hic artes, mores, jura, legesque colant.*

Which are translated thus :

In the reign of a monarch, who goodness disclod'd,
▲ free, happy people, to dread tyrants oppos'd,

Have, to virtue and merit, erected this dome ;
May the owner and household make this the lov'd home,
Where religion, the arts and the laws may invite
Future ages to live, in sweet peace and delight."

Before the completion of the palace, our extending settlements were approaching the Alleghanies, and hardy adventurers from the neighborhood of the present seat of government, had formed a settlement on the western waters. The pioneers of Watauga were to pay, by a poll tax, for the erection of a palace in a town, which, until the completion of the Western and Atlantic Railroad during the last few months, was, perhaps, visited by a single mountaineer at intervals of a quarter of a century. Not one in a thousand of the Regulators, whose poll taxes contributed towards its erection, ever saw the palace. The Provincial Legislature convened in it for the first time on the 5th December, 1770, and on the 8th April, 1775, the last of the Royal Governors suddenly and angrily dissolved the last Provincial Assembly. The Governor himself, a short time thereafter, took not less sudden leave of the vice regal mansion. In 1781, the iron pallisades were removed, and the lead torn from the roof, under the orders of Governor BURKE and Council, to supply munitions and implements of war, and it is not surprising that General WASHINGTON, in his visit to New-Berne in 1791, found the substantial and elegant structure in a dilapidated condition. It was consumed no great while thereafter, by the torch of an accidental incendiary, under circumstances of which the gravity of history will scarcely permit the recital.

It is a matter of curious inquiry, whether an edifice of the character described by Governor TRYON and Judge MARTIN, in the foregoing extracts from the letter book of the former and the history of the latter, could have been built for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds. There is too much reason to suspect, that no such system of accountability prevailed in the fiscal department, as would have enabled any one, from whom the Governor chose to conceal the facts, to ascertain whether the appropriations were exhausted or exceeded.

Governor TRYON had thus far been eminently successful in securing the adoption of the measures he had most at heart. He was from principle and policy a high-churchman. He believed that the Church and the State must stand or fall together. During the brief period which he permitted the General Assembly of May, 1665, to exist, he had secured the permanent establishment of an orthodox clergy, with comparatively ample provision for their support, and by suddenly and unexpectedly proroguing the Assembly, had smothered ebullition of feeling in relation to the Stamp Act.

His second Assembly met him with spirits chafed and irritated by the manner in which the previous session terminated, and the long delay in

again calling them together. He seems to have succeeded in not merely soothing, but in moulding them to his will, with admirable facility and celerity. An appropriation of sufficient amount to lay the foundation of the palace, and coerce its subsequent completion, was, as we have seen, readily obtained. He was enabled to make a royal progress through the Province and meet the Cherokees on the border of their hunting grounds in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. That he should have accomplished such purposes, by the annihilation of the common-school fund, and replenishing his exhausted exchequer with money borrowed at usurious interest, is as little creditable to his statesmanship as his philanthropy.

He was not unmindful of the importance of education, nevertheless; but education, in his estimation, was only expedient when in subordination to the Church, and religion was only to be patronized when subservient to the State. Until this time, no seminary of learning had been incorporated in the Province. "An Act for establishing a school-house in the town of New-Berne," discloses, in the third section, the Governor's views in relation to the true theory of government, religion, and education, "provided, always, that no person shall be admitted to be master of the said school, but who is of the Established Church of England, and who at the recommendation of the trustees or directors, or the majority of them, shall be duly licensed by the Governor, or Commander-in-Chief for the time being."

Hitherto, though Justices of the Peace might celebrate the marriage ceremony, the rite was unlawful if performed by a dissenting clergyman. An Act concerning marriage was passed at this session. The second section provided that all marriages, previously celebrated by any of the dissenting or Presbyterian clergy, should be considered valid. Subsequent provisions made it lawful in future, "*for any Presbyterian minister, regularly called to any congregation in the Province, to celebrate the rites of matrimony.*" The established clergyman in the parish, was, in all cases, to receive the twenty shilling fee, nevertheless, "if he *did not* refuse to do the service thereof, although any other person performed the marriage ceremony."

On the 31st January, 1767, the Governor transmitted the twenty-nine acts passed at the General Assembly which had recently adjourned, with explanatory notices of such enactments as seemed to require them. On this subject he remarks as follows :

"31 JANUARY, 1767.

"*To the Earl of Shelburn:—*

"The Act to amend an Act entitled 'An Act Concerning Marriage,' has more objects in view than appear on the sight of it. The Marriage Act passed in 1741, to which it has relation, entitles every Justice of the

Peace to marry by license. In abuse of this privilege, many of the Justices performed the marriage ceremony without license first had and obtained, and took the fee allowed to the Governor, most generally dividing the spoil between the justice and the clerk of the county who gave the bond and certificate. Another tendency of this Act was to prevent the frequent abuses by rascally fellows, who travelled through the Province under the title of ministers of the Presbyterian and other sectaries, and who being beggars in conscience, as well as in circumstances, sought all opportunities to perform that sacred office to the great prejudice of the country. It is also to be observed, most of the justices in the back or western settlement are Presbyterians, who, by the Act of 1741, had the power to marry by license: Therefore, upon the whole, I do not conceive the allowing the Presbyterian ministers the privilege to marry in the usual and accustomed manner, can be of any real prejudice to the Established Church, especially as the marriage fee is reserved to the minister of the parish, and the license to be granted under the hand and seal of the Governor. This last provision prevents the former abuses in the application of the fees collected. The Act also provides a summary and effectual method, for the Governor to oblige the county court clerks to account for the fees due to him: a recovery, though an equitable one, was never yet secured but in temporary laws."

The following extracts from the Governor's letters to the Rev. Dr. BURTON, Secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, will show the opinions he entertained at the time they bear date, of the character of the religious sects in the Province, and of the people by whom they were sustained:

"BRUNSWICK, 30th April, 1767.

"The Rev. Mr. Moir's death in February last, defeated the Society's direction to have him fixed to some parish. I desire leave warmly to solicit the Society, that Mr. Moir's mission may be continued in the Province, as I am very apprehensive from the real indigence of the inhabitants of some counties here, the stipend for the minister, though moderate, is more than the parishes can raise."

* * * * *

"The strictest caution and care is absolutely necessary in the recommendation of gentlemen who come to settle as ministers in this Province. The inhabitants are strict inquisitors, and if the clergyman is not of a moral character, and his life regular and exemplary, he will attract but little esteem to himself, and less benefit to his parishioners, for whom he must undergo patience and fatigue in the service of his calling."

“BRUNSWICK, 20 March, 1769.

“The inclosed letter from the Rev. Mr. Fiske, will state the ungenteeled and cruel treatment he has received from his parishioners. I recommend him to sue the Church Wardens and Vestry for his salary. I am told his parish is full of Quakers and Ana-Baptists; the first no friend, the latter an avowed enemy to the mother Church.”

* * * * *

“That the Society may be informed of the share the Rev. Mr. Micklejohn took to quiet the minds of the people during the disturbances in this country, I send you inclosed the sermon he preached to the troops at Hillsborough; a discourse that gave great satisfaction, as it was well adapted to the situation of public affairs. I also transmit you the Presbyterian ministers’ address to their flock: The good effects of the principles they inculcated, I had the happiness to experience; services I shall ever gratefully remember.

“The Presbyterians and Quakers are the only tolerated sectaries, under any order or regulation, every other are enemies to society, and a scandal to common sense.”

The papers marked No. I, II, III in HUSBAND’S book, extracts from which have been given in the preliminary account of the doings of the Mob, are understood to have proceeded from his pen. As he was evidently the master spirit from the beginning to the close of the contest, more information than we possess, in relation to his personal history, is greatly to be desired. He is understood to have been a native of Pennsylvania, and a member of the Society of Friends. The precise period of his removal to North Carolina is unknown. CARUTHERS supposes him to have been a relative of Dr. FRANKLIN, and his secret and confidential emissary in the dissemination of political tracts, in opposition to the scheme of taxation, by which we were menaced from time to time by the mother country. In addition to the evidence relied on by CARUTHERS to sustain this statement, the memorial of the Regulators to the General Assembly of 1769, from the county of Anson, introduced by HUSBAND, praying, among other things, “That Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, or some other known patriot, be appointed agent to represent the unhappy state of this Province to his Majesty, and to solicit the several Boards in England,” may be regarded as some confirmation.

Dr. FRANKLIN was a son of sedition. Without reference to his private, his public history is a narrative of rebellion. In 1754, he drew up the plan of Continental Union which was unanimously adopted by the Congress of Commissioners from seven Provinces, at Albany, and had the singular fate of being rejected, not only by the Crown, but by every provincial

assembly. By the Crown, because it was apprehended that the union might teach the colonies the secret of their strength, and by the colonies, owing to jealousies arising out of diversities in languages, nationality and religion, and, above all, conflicting interests in relation to boundaries. With the experience thus attained, he expressed the opinion, in 1760, "that a union of the colonies against the mother country was absolutely impossible, or at least, without being forced by the most grievous tyranny and oppression." This tyranny and oppression were not long delayed, and Dr. FRANKLIN was the first to sound the tocsin of alarm. It is well known that if not the main spring, he sympathised most deeply with the leaders of the French Revolution, and it is a significant fact that the fugitive Regulators, the founders of Tennessee, gave his name to the rebellious commonwealth, which arose within our borders shortly after the adoption of the federal constitution—the State of Franklin. It is no less remarkable that this same Watauga settlement was represented in the convention that formed our State constitution in 1776, under the name of "Washington District." It was the earliest germ of trans-Alleghany civilization that received and thus honored the name of the Father of his Country. Such men were never cowards, traitors or tories.

CARUTHERS characterizes HUSBAND as a man of superior mind, grave in deportment, somewhat taciturn, wary in conversation, but when excited fluent and forcible in utterance and argument. He says that his contemporaries all spoke of him as a man of strict integrity, and a firm and sincere advocate of what he believed to be the rights of mankind.

He seems to have been wealthy as compared with his neighbors. He owned three or four thousand acres of the best land in Randolph. His well cultivated wheat fields and clover meadows were the admiration of the whole country. In 1765, the first edition of Davis' Revisal of the provincial laws, made its appearance. Two small quarto volumes, bound in one, containing, together, about 600 pages, were probably sold at three or four dollars a copy. HUSBAND, in connection with one of the justices of the county court, was the proprietor of a copy. The scarcity of money and of the book may be readily inferred from the joint ownership, and the circumstances connected with its subsequent introduction to public notice.

From henceforth the personal history of HUSBAND, as head of the insurgents, and of FANNING, as a leader of the royalists, are blended with, and constitute in so great a degree, the history of the Regulation, that we can only regret our inability to present more minute and authentic information than we have been able to glean, in relation to the lives and characters of each.

EDMUND FANNING was a native of Connecticut, and as he graduated

at Yale College in 1757, was probably born about 1737, and about thirty-four years of age at the Battle of Alamance. His literary and scientific attainments, though respectable, were not probably very remarkable. It is very remarkable, nevertheless, that a resident of the Province of North Carolina when little advanced of thirty years of age, should have been honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and that the compliment should have been subsequently repeated by his *Alma Mater*, by King's (now Columbia) College, and by Dartmouth University. The annals of our State present no other, and the Union scarcely, if indeed a single, instance of an individual crowned at so early an age with this high literary distinction from such respectable and numerous sources, abroad and at home. His subsequent career, which will develop itself as the narrative proceeds, will afford a satisfactory solution of the mystery. He was a *gentleman* of courtly manners, of tact and talent for intrigue, an obsequious time-server and under all dynasties a place-man. In general ability, integrity, and in every respect but education, he would not bear a favorable comparison with the Quaker leader.

At August county court, 1767, HUSBAND seems to have presented deeds with "the customary fees" charged in other counties for recording them, and these having been refused by FANNING, he exhibited his law-book and offered to pay a larger sum, if any enactment could be found requiring it. He was taunted from the Bench with the enquiry "how long it was since he commenced lawyer?" This was followed by the intimation that he was in danger of incurring punishment for contempt of court. His partner in the ownership of the book was a member of the Court. He was intimidated by his associates and forbade all further public use of it. The sheriffs, emboldened by the course pursued by the Court, grew daily more insolent and oppressive. Unusual distresses of property, double, treble, and quadruple in value were made, "carried to Hillsborough, at the distance of thirty and sixty miles, sold at under rates so that roguish people began to depend on these sales to raise their fortunes"—"Besides among Dutch people, they practiced taking four pence, six pence, and a shilling in a tax more, than from the more knowing."

In February, 1768, the people were exasperated by an insulting advertisement of the sheriff, TYREE HARRIS, announcing his intention to withdraw indulgencies previously allowed in the mode of collecting taxes. "The rumor of giving the Governor fifteen thousand pounds to build him a house, all happening together at this time, conspired to give rise to what was called the Mob, which in a little time altered to that of the Regulators." The number of dissatisfied persons increased daily, and on the 22d March, the following Articles of Association were prepared and signed:

"We, the subscribers, do voluntarily agree to form ourselves into an As-

sociation, to assemble ourselves for conference for regulating public grievances and abuses of power, in the following particulars, with others of the like nature that may occur.

"1st. That we will pay no more taxes until we are satisfied they are agreeable to law, and applied to the purposes therein mentioned; unless we cannot help it, or are forced.

"2d. That we will pay no officer any more fees than the law allows, unless we are obliged to it; and then to show our dislike, and bear an open testimony against it.

"3d. That we will attend our meetings of conference as often as we conveniently can, and if necessary, in order to consult our representatives on the amendment of such laws as may be found grievous or unnecessary; and to choose more suitable men than we have done heretofore for Burgesses and Vestry-men; and to petition the Houses of Assembly, Governor, Council, King and Parliament, &c., for redress in such grievances as in the course of the undertaking may occur; and to inform one another, learn, know, and enjoy all the privileges and liberties that are allowed and were settled on us by our worthy ancestors, the founders of our present Constitution, in order to preserve it on its ancient foundation, that it may stand firm and unshaken.

"4th. That we will contribute to collections for defraying necessary expenses attending the work, according to our abilities.

"5th. That, in case of difference of judgment, we will submit to the judgment of the majority of our body.

"To all which, we solemnly swear, or, being a Quaker, or otherwise scrupulous in conscience of the common oath, do solemnly affirm, that we will stand true and faithful to this cause, till we bring things to a true regulation, according to the true intent and meaning hereof in the judgment of the majority of us."

* * * * *

"WHEREAS, The taxes in this county are larger, according to the number of taxables, than adjacent counties, and continues so year after year; and as the jealousies still prevail among us, that we are wronged; and having the more reason to think so, as we have been at the trouble of choosing men, and sending them, after the civilest manner that we could, to know what we paid our levy for, but could receive no satisfaction;—for *James Watson* was sent to *Maddock's Mill*, and said that *Edmund Fanning* looked on it, that the country called him by authority, or like as if they had a right to call him to an account.—Not allowing the country the right that they have been entitled to, as *English* subjects; for the King requires no money from his subjects, but what they are made sensible what use it's for.

"We are obliged to seek redress by denying paying any more until we have a full settlement for what is past, and have a true regulation with our officers.

"As our grievances are too many to be notified in a small piece of writing, we desire that you, our Assembly-men and Vestry-men, may appoint a time, before next court, at the Court House, and let us know by the bearer, and we will choose men to act for us, and settle our grievances.

"Until such time as you will settle with us, we desire the sheriffs will not come this way to collect the levy; for we will pay none before there is a settlement to our satisfaction.

"And as the nature of an officer is a servant to the public, we are determined to have the officers of this county under a better and honester regulation, than they have been for some time past.

"Think not to frighten us (with rebellion) in this case, for if the inhabitants of this Province have not as good a right to enquire into the nature of our Constitution, and disbursements of our funds, as those of our mother country, we think that it is by arbitrary proceedings that we are debarred of that right. Therefore, to be plain with you, it is our intent to have a full settlement of you in every particular point that is matter of doubt with us. So fail not to send an answer by the bearer. If no answer, we shall take it for granted, that we are disregarded in this our request again from the public."

"This was the first message this new society sent. But no masters of abject slaves could be more exasperated:—they were rebels, insurgents, &c., to be shot, hanged, &c., as mad dogs, &c. And the Sandy Creek men, or authors of No. 1, 2, and 3, were to be punished for it all; for these refer to their former papers."

After allusions to similar subsequent occurrences, HUSBAND makes the following remark, one of many indications of the sympathy which at all times prevailed between the Regulators and the people of Massachusetts: "I have said thus much on this head, the more as I observe by the newspapers, that men in higher stations than our officers attempted the same thing on the town of Boston." The oppression, external and internal, civil and religious, was more grievous here than there, and it is not surprising that the seeds of rebellion germinated earlier in the southern clime.

The general meeting of the citizens of Orange, held in pursuance of these Articles of Association, on the 4th of April, seems to have been the first to assume the name of Regulators. The assumption of "the borrowed title of Regulators," was the subject of severe reprehension by the Governor, in his reply of the 21st June, to their petition for redress of grievances.

At the general meeting on the 4th April, mentioned above, two persons

were appointed to request the two last sheriffs and the vestrymen, to meet twelve persons to be selected by the Regulators, and enter into an examination of the amount of taxes which had been collected, and the uses to which it had been applied. Before the commissioners had time to perform this service, the officers, "either to try or exasperate the now enraged populace, took by way of distress, a mare, saddle, and bridle for one levy." The Regulators immediately rose to the number of sixty or seventy, rescued the mare, "and fired a few guns at the roof of Col. FANNING'S house."

On this occasion the established minister of the county, the Rev. GEORGE MICKLEJOHN, appears to have interposed, and announced on the part of the officers, that they had appointed the 11th May for the settlement proposed by the Regulators. Before a meeting could be arranged, the Governor's secretary arrived with a proclamation, requiring the rioters to disperse. At a time when the Regulators were quietly at home, "the officers with a tavern-keeper or two, and a man chaged with murder, about 30 in number, all armed," seized WILLIAM BUTLER, one of the alledged rioters, by virtue of a warrant, and HERMAN HUSBAND without a warrant, under the pretext that he was the author of the three first papers, put forth by the Mob. This outrage alarmed and aroused the whole country, and more than seven hundred armed men presented themselves in sight of Hillsborough the next morning. In the meantime, the prisoners had given bail and been released. The secretary was intimidated, and after reading the proclamation, stated that he "was authorized by the Governor to tell them if they would disperse, go home and petition, he would protect and redress them against any unlawful extortions or oppressions." "The multitude, as with one voice, cried out, Agreed! That is all we want, liberty to make our grievances known." Here it was obviously in the power of the Governor by a course, as just as politic, to have terminated the contest. Oppression had thus far been resisted with mildness, in comparison with what would be exhibited in our midst at the present day under similar circumstances. No blood had been shed, and proper efforts to repress extortion and peculation, would have restored public harmony. We cannot enter into further minute details. The works referred to in the opening, will afford those disposed to engage in the enquiry, ample opportunity for interesting and satisfactory investigation.

"The Impartial Relation" of HUSBAND, presents with great minuteness of detail, the principal incidents of TRYON'S first expedition against the Regulators. He is sustained in most of his statements, by the letter published in cotemporary newspapers, over the signature of ATTICUS, and addressed to Governor TRYON. The writer is understood to have been MAURICE MOORE, one of the judges who presided at the trials of FAN-

NING for extortion, and HUSBAND for riot, in September, 1768. The following paragraphs are all that are necessary to our purpose, but the entire communication will reward examination, by any one desirous of obtaining a miniature representation of TRYON's personal character, as well as of the most prominent features of his administration :

"In a colony without money, and among a people, almost desperate with distress, public profusion should have been carefully avoided ; but, unfortunately for the country, you were bred a soldier, and have a natural, as well as acquired fondness for military parade. You were intrusted to run a Cherokee boundary about ninety miles in length ; this little service at once afforded you an opportunity of exercising your military talents, and making a splendid exhibition of yourself to the Indians. To a gentleman or your excellency's turn of mind, this was no unpleasing prospect ; you marched to perform it, in a time of profound peace, at the head of a company of militia, in all the pomp of war, and returned with the honorable title, conferred on you by the Cherokees, of *Great Wolf of North Carolina*. This line of marked trees, and your excellency's prophetic title, cost the province a greater sum than two pence a head, on all the taxable persons in it for one year, would pay.

"Your next expedition, Sir, was a more important one. Four or five hundred ignorant people, who called themselves regulators, took it into their head to quarrel with their representative, a gentleman honored with your excellency's esteem. They foolishly charged him with every distress they felt ; and, in revenge, shot two or three musket balls through his house. They at the same time rescued a horse which had been seized for the public tax. These crimes were punishable in the courts of law, and at that time, the criminals were amenable to legal process. Your excellency and your confidential friends, it seems, were of a different opinion. All your duty could possibly require of you on this occasion, if it required any thing at all, was to direct a prosecution against the offenders. You should have carefully avoided becoming a party in the dispute. But, Sir, your genius could not lie still ; you enlisted yourself a volunteer in this service, and entered into a negotiation with the regulators, which at once disgraced you and encouraged them. They despised the governor who had degraded his own character by taking part in a private quarrel, and insulted the man whom they considered, as personally their enemy. The terms of accommodation your excellency had offered them were treated with contempt. What they were I never knew ; they could not have related to public offences ; these belong to another jurisdiction. All hopes of settling the mighty contest by treaty ceasing, you prepared to decide it by means more agreeable to your martial disposition, an appeal to the sword. You took the field in September, 1768, at the head of ten or

twelve hundred men, and published an oral manifesto, the substance of which was, that you had taken up arms to protect a superior court of justice from insult. Permit me here to ask you, Sir, why you were apprehensive for the court? Was the court apprehensive for itself? Did the judges, or the attorney-general, address your excellency for protection? So far from it, Sir, if these gentlemen are to be believed, they never entertained the least suspicion of any insult, unless it was that, which they afterwards experienced from the undue influence you offered to extend to them, and the military display of drums, colors and guards, with which they were surrounded and disturbed."

The official account of these events as rendered by the Governor to the Earl of Hillsborough on the 24th of December, 1768, is subjoined. It is copied from the TRYON Letter Book, and is now published for the first time. It will be perceived that while seeking occasion to disparage HUSBAND, he omits the opportunity afforded by the reference to make any allusion to his acquittal of all the offences charged against him by the same tribunal that convicted FANNING. The court, it will be remembered, was composed of three judges, who held their offices at the pleasure of the Governor. The sheriff who summoned the petit jury was one of his dependants, and the court was surrounded by a thousand armed men, under his immediate command. Three of the four indictments sent against HUSBAND were ignored by the grand jury, and on the trial of the fourth, he was acquitted by the petit jury.

The Governor states the fact that BUTLER, the friend and associate of FANNING, was convicted of the offence of resisting an oppressive, if a legal, exercise of power, in levying upon a horse and trappings for a single poll tax. Evidence to shew that the tax was not due was rejected by the court, and the defendant sentenced to pay a fine of fifty pounds and undergo six months imprisonment.

FANNING, the court favorite, a scholar, a lawyer, and a member of the Assembly, convicted in six instances of extortion, was dismissed with a penny fine in each case. The evidence against him, even in the mind of the Governor, was too conclusive to admit of the expression of a doubt of his guilt, and yet he united with the court in studious attempts to palliate his odious offences—offences, the righteous resistance to which, consigned FANNING and BUTLER, in repeated instances, to a dungeon, endangered their lives, destroyed their estates, and involved the impoverished Province in a debt of twenty thousand pounds.

"BRUNSWICK, 24th December, 1768.

"*Earl Hillsborough :*

"That his Majesty may be intimately acquainted with the causes of the disorders, as well as the steps that have been taken to quiet the minds of

the people and to re-establish the tranquility of this government, I herewith transmit to your Lordship, agreeable to the purpose of your letter 17th for his Majesty's information, the address and papers the inhabitants on Haw river, in Orange county, delivered to me in Council the 20th of June last, with the answer I sent them thereto, as also the correspondence that was subsequent to both. These, with the rough journal of my proceedings from the time of the above address coming to me, till the insurgents dispersed themselves the 24th of September, and the daily orders also transmitted, given to the troops assembled at Hillsborough to preserve the public peace, will be the truest vouchers of the state of the public contents in this colony.

"To say that these insurgents had not a color for their showing a dissatisfaction at the conduct of their public officers, would be doing them an injustice, for on a prosecution at the superior court, carried on by the attorney general in virtue of my directions, both the register and clerk of the county were found guilty of taking too high fees. It manifestly appearing that Colonel FANNING, the register, had acted with the utmost candor to the people, and that his conduct proceeded from a misconstruction of the fee bill, he was in court honorably acquitted of the least intentional abuse in office. Colonel Fanning, however, immediately after the above verdict resigned up to me his commission of register. At the same court, three of the insurgents (all that were tried) were found guilty of a riot and rescue, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment as follows :

"William Butler to a fine of £50 and six months' imprisonment.

"Samuel Devinney to a fine of £25 and three months' imprisonment.

"Jno. Phillip Hartzo to a fine of £25 and three months' imprisonment.

"The superior court being ended and the insurgents all dispersed, I discharged the troops and thought it advisable to release the three prisoners, and to suspend the payment of their fines for six months, as by the advice of the council a proclamation of pardon was issued, with some persons excepted; these I imagine will take their trials next March. This lenity had a good tendency, the insurgents finding their ardor opposed and checked, and that they were not the masters of government, began to reflect that they were mislead and in an error; and as a proof of their change of disposition, they have since permitted the sheriff to perform the duties of his office. Those in Orange county, I hear have declared they will pay their taxes as soon as they can get the money. Other parts of the province have been quiet since, excepting an attempt made by thirty men from Edgecombe county (while the Assembly was sitting) to rescue one O'Neal, an insurgent, out of Halifax gaol. This body, however, by the spirit and activity of the townsmen and neighborhood, were drove out of town after having many heads broke, one horse shot, and one of their party taken

and put in prison. I will mention another affair which happened in August last: A body of about eighty men came to the court of Johnston county with the intention to turn the justices off the bench, as had been done in the spring at Anson county court. The justices thought it prudent, tho' the first day of the court, to adjourn the court for that term. Upon the notice of the insurgents' approach, they immediately collected some gentlemen and others, who were the friends of government, and attacked with clubs the insurgents, and after a smart skirmish drove them out of the field. I am persuaded if I had not had the fortune to stop the mischief that was intended against the town of Hillsborough, and insult to the superior court, the civil government of most of the counties in the province would have been over-ruled, if not overturned, and the door opened for the completion of their intentions, an abolition of taxes and debts, for the insurgents throughout the country only waited to see the event at Hillsborough, Orange county being considered by them as the heart of the strength of their friends; and if they had then triumphed, thousands would have declared for them, and stood up in defiance of the laws of this country.

"If your Lordship should require any further satisfaction as to the late disturbances, than what is transmitted with this letter, Captain Collet, who was present at Hillsborough in quality of my Aid-de-Camp, can give your Lordship information of every particular of that service. It is with pleasure, I can assure his Majesty, not a person of the character of a gentleman appeared among these insurgents. Herman Husband appears to have planned their operations. He is of a factious temper, and has long since been expelled from the society of the Quakers for the immorality of his life. I beg leave to submit to his Majesty, whether his extending the proclamation of pardon and making it general, (Herman Husband, their principal, only excepted,) both with respect to persons and fines, as I have only a power of suspension in the latter case, may not be advisable in the present circumstances of the country; the gaols through the whole province (Halifax excepted) are so miserably weak, that it is a prisoner's own choice if he stays to take his trial, unless there is a special guard to prevent his escape.

"I have only to add that the troops employed on this occasion were extremely steady in the cause of government, orderly and regular in the discharge of their duty. His Majesty's Presbyterian subjects, as well as those of the Church of England, showed themselves very loyal on this service; and I have a pleasure in acknowledging the utility that the Presbyterian ministers' letter to their brethren had upon the then face of public affairs, when every man's affections seemed to be tainted with the poison of the insurgents. The Rev. Mr. Micklejohn's sermon inclosed, will testify his assiduity in this cause.

I can with great integrity declare, that I never experienced the same anxiety and fatigue of spirits, as I did last summer in raising and conducting the troops. If the motive and issue meets with his Majesty's gracious approbation, it will be a great consolation to

"My Lord, your Lordship's, &c."

We had occasion, in preliminary remarks on the subject of taxation and representation, to refer to the statements of Governor TRYON, Chief Justice HASELL, and the regulator MCPHERSON, with respect to the scarcity of money and the comparative value of property then, and at the present time.

The results of this expedition, as exhibited in the provincial legislation upon the subject, will present the inequality of representation and taxation in another, and a stronger light, and shew that the traditions with reference to prices of staple commodities, are fully sustained by the record.

The "Act making provision for the payment of the forces raised to suppress the late insurrection on the western frontiers," &c., passed in 1768, after reciting that "a large debt is become due for the payment and subsistence of these troops, and that the great scarcity of money rendering it impossible to raise a sufficient sum to pay off that debt, or to discharge the larger sums due from the public, for running the dividing line between this Province and the Indian hunting-grounds, and other claims upon the public treasury," provides for the creation of a certificate debt to the amount of twenty thousand pounds "proclamation standard," and for discharging the same, that a poll tax two shillings, proclamation, shall be levied on each taxable person in the Province, to commence for the year 1771, and continue until the sum for the above mentioned certificates be duly raised." The fifth section of the act, "the better to enable the industrious poor of this Province to discharge their annual taxes except the sinking taxes heretofore laid," enacts "that inspectors, promissory notes, or receipts for the following commodities being good and merchantable, and inspected and passed as such," shall be received in discharge, "at the rates following, to wit: tobacco, at fifteen shillings per hundred weight; hemp, entitled to a bounty, at forty shillings per hundred weight; rice, at twelve shillings per hundred weight; indigo, at four shillings per pound; beeswax, at one shilling per pound; myrtle wax, at eight pence per pound; tallow, at sixpence per pound; *Indian* dressed deer skins, not weighing less than one pound each, at two shillings and six pence per pound."

The forces raised to suppress the insurrection, were, with a slight exception, from the southern district. The whole appropriation of £20,000 was about equal to one pound to each head of a family in the northern district. The royal tenants, by the services rendered in the subjugation of the vassals of Lord GRANVILLE, were furnished with a fund for the

payment of taxes, in the ratio of two pounds for each head of a family, supplied by the latter, in money, or its equivalent in commodities at the foregoing rates. The £10,000 appropriated at the same session, for the completion of the palace, was raised by "an annual poll tax of two shillings and sixpence proclamation money" on each "taxable person in the Province for, and during, the term of three years," beginning with 1769. Two-thirds of this sum were raised in the northern, while the entire amount was expended in the southern, district. With these facts before us, it will not be difficult to divine the motive which induced the southern treasurer to advance, and the treasurer of the northern division to refuse, funds to sustain the expenses of the campaign of 1771.

Thus closes the history of the Regulation during the years 1766, 1767, and 1768. Col. FANNING represented Orange in the General Assembly, from 1762 to 1768. THOMAS LOYD was his colleague during a portion of this period, and seems from the narrative of HUSBAND to have been scarcely less conspicuous as a military leader in 1768.

In 1769, FANNING and LOYD were made to yield their places in the Assembly to HERMAN HUSBAND and JOHN PRYOR. The latter was a Justice of the Peace, and a prominent regulator.

The history of the Regulation during the subsequent years, until it was quenched in blood at Alamance on the 16th May, 1771, may be given hereafter, if what has already been written shall excite such a degree of interest in the subject, as to justify its continuance.

[Near the end of 13th line from top of p. 151, for "after" read "before."]

A BLOODY TRIUMPH.

See that large house, so hoar and bold !
 E'en on that hill, " heaven kissing mound,"
 Whose lofty brow I scarce behold,
 So darkly shaded is the ground
 That spreads around, behind, before,
 Forming those bowers that Loves explore.
 That hill, which first towers forth in pride,
 Slopes softly into quiet dale,
 Till in its depths might safely hide
 The timid fawn, which in the vale
 Roams all alone, and quakes with fear
 At every sound that greets the ear—
 The hunter's blast, the whip-poor-will,
 That sings day's mournful requiem,
 The woodman's stroke, the murmuring rill,
 Arouse, or sooth its wakeful dream ;
 For here Dame Nature sits supreme,
 In royal robes of Summer's green.
 Here is a bower most fitly made
 For Care's sojourn, or Love's abode ;
 Here hangs rich tapestry of vines,
 Thro' which the grape, like emerald, shines.
 A sparkling brook goes prancing by,
 Crested, it seems, with myriad gems ;
 And as it hums its lullaby,
 The graceful lilly sways and bends
 In grateful token to the breeze,
 That whispering softly, onward flees.
 Here in this nook there sat alone
 A blooming maiden, fair and free—
 Not sad, nor gay, but yet there shone
 A mixture blending care and glee—
 A care that weighed perhaps too light—
 But then youth's face should e'er be bright.
 What profits youth, if, while yet young,
 And fresh, and fragrant with life's sweets,
 To scowling Care must soon be flung
 The wealths that none but he e'er meets ?
 They are his own—there let them rest—
 Old Time's best boon, his sole bequest.

* * * * *

'Twas evening: and as graceful bent
 The maiden on her grassy seat,
 With face that mirrored thought intent,
 And bust that marked each warm heart-beat—
 Like snow-drifts on the heaving blades—
 She seemed a sunbeam lost 'mid shades.
 Nature's own child, she sought no charm
 To add to nature's richest gifts ;
 Unknown to fear—for who dare harm

A creature pure as Winter's drifts—
She roamed the mistress of that grove,
Whom but to gaze on, was to love.
Her eye, like violet dipped in dew ;
Her brow, like work of Grecian art ;
Her lips, "sweet rubies," told anew
The love that welled up in her heart.
Her form, like sylvan nymph of yore,
Once seen, was ne'er forgotten more.
I said she was alone—but no—
Look thro' that darkly-woven screen !
Oh ! man—or *brute* ! What would you do !
Would he thus see, and not be seen ?
No—'twas the charm of maid and bower
That chained him thus with magic power.
The seal of honor on that brow,
Proclaimed as true as words may tell,
That he would not so linger now,
Were his brave soul free from this spell.
He came not here with forward stare,
To gaze upon this wood-nymph fair ;
Nor stayed he long, but stepping forth,
Gazed fondly on his soul's bright star.
Her face grew bright, then changed to wrath—
Alas ! how slight a thought may mar
The sweet complacency of face,
Which with the heart so sure keeps pace !
"And you here, Ralph ? How happens it ?"
Amanda said, with sudden start.
Be not afraid—I come, sweet Miss,
To plead for this wild beating heart.
I sought this path, 'where oft I've followed after
The rippling music' of your ringing laughter"—
More he'd have said, but, with a twinkling dart
Of eye that told of wound that could not last,
The maiden said, "My answer is—*depart* !
Your own fond hopes yourself wilt surely blast,
If you withhold the pledge which I demand
For this rich boon, my precious heart and hand."
Then with dark brow, as when at dawn
The night and sunshine fight for sway,
His nobler self by darkest passions torn,
He turned his lowering face away.
"Had you asked aught but this fond hope of life,
'Twere done, and that too without selfish strife.
Rob me of this—'twould surely ruin me,
Though I love more than man hath ever loved"—
"Enough, vain man ; now hear—I banish thee,
Till that foul blot shall be fore'er removed.
It decks thee not—then, let it not deceive—
You have my answer—say no more, but leave."
Amanda stayed ; and, shame to tell,
Smiled on that fleeing, desperate one.
She must have felt—she knew full well
The meaning of that trembling tone.
But blame her not : with prophet eye
She sees what we may not descry.

* * * * *

Night had o'er earth her mantle thrown
And quelled the busy world in awe ;
The zephyrs to fierce storm had grown,
And night's dark demons clashed in war.
No light save in the lightning's track,
That made the darkness e'en more black.
Ralph was alone within his room,
Pacing, the floor with restless tread.
He saw, and trembled at, the doom.
'Twas not the thunder's roar o'er head
That caused this man to start and quake ;
But war of passions made him shake.
"And must I yield my youth's proud boast,"
He said with hopeless voice and chill,
Must yield what I have prized the most ?
I will it not, and yet, *I will*.
The world despises, *she* beholds with scorn,
I like it well—but, ah ! it can't be worn."
Then with a step that told of firm resolve,
And with a cheek flushed with the fire within,
And eye that burned, but never could dissolve
In sorrow's mist, that oft to joy's akin,
Approached his desk, and drew forth from its case,
A razor, flashing hell's glare in his face.
Then back he stepped—looked long into his glass,
As one who gazes on what's "loved and lost."
He lingers yet—but soon that thought will pass—
But let it come—let the fiend do his worst.
But see, oh ! see, that murderous steel's pale flash :
He slowly raised the glittering blade on high,
And with a steady hand clipt his moustache.

ST. PIERRE AND ITS WONDERS--A REMINISCENCE OF MARTINIQUE.

My brain had been all night busily conjuring up the scenes I should view on the morrow. In dreams I was at home; then, unaccountably, the house would become a ship, the chimneys masts, and the level street be contorted into white-capped waves; and, anon, the ship was changed into a town, and the upright billows assumed the appearance of can-covered mountains. At a very early hour I awoke, and hastily donning my clothes, ascended to the deck of the vessel in which I had slept. Before me, in the distance rolled the waves of the Carribean, and I could just discern in the offing the white sail of a distant ship. A tiny pilot-boat was already on the *qui vive*, and gliding over the placid waters of the bay with its snow-white duck, scarcely larger than a heron's wing, it prepared to meet the new comer at the harbor's entrance. Leaning on the railing, I gazed long at the scene, and then cast my looks below me. So clear the water was, that, though more than sixty feet deep, I could see the clean white sand at the bottom, and watch the fish that were playing far beneath me, revelling in the purity of their native element.

I turned towards the city, to admire. To my right lay stretched the whole length of the harbor; a forest of shipping overspread the lower part of the bay; here a sturdy ship from Britain lifted its huge masts high in air, and extended its flag to the early breeze; here a gaudily painted French vessel discharged its cargo, and a French man-of-war on the extreme right was grinning fiendishly from its port-holes upon all around it. Then I gazed aloft at our own loved ensign, spreading out its broad folds, and I felt proud and happy. But my own was not the only American vessel in port; the same flag waving from the masts of half a dozen different merchantmen bore witness to the commercial industry of my country, and gave me the assurance that I had more than one friend in this strange land.

In front of me was the city of St. Pierre, built upon an ascent so steep, that I from the deck could trace the streets overhanging each other; rows of green trees adorned them, and rendered a promenade even in this warm climate a very pleasant labor. The houses, painted white with red roofs, intermingled not ungratefully with the trees; while far above the town, on the mountain side, large fields of sugar-cane added liveliness to the scene. To the left, in the distance slumbered the volcano with its fire-wasted crater, looking like an angel of destruction hovering over the city.

While yet feasting on the beautiful landscape, the loud ringing of many bells proclaimed the matin hour; and the good Catholics, leaving their occupations, wended their way to their respective places of devotion. I was not long permitted to enjoy my thoughts; the Captain of a neighboring vessel, which was an American, hailed me:

"Hallo! on board the *Frances*. Call your Captain, and let's go ashore."

I was about to reply, when an "Aye, aye," from Captain F——, showed that he was up and stirring. Soon we were all ready; we lowered the boat, jumped in, and a couple of sailors seized the oars. Our neighbor started at the same time; and, as the wharf to which we were going was some distance off, a challenge for a race was given and accepted.

"A race, a race!" cried Captain F——. "Pull cheerily, boys—a bottle of 'Muscat,' if we beat."

"And I will give another," said I.

Thus exhorted, the sailors did their utmost; every nerve was stretched, the stout oars bent and cracked, and we glided right merrily over the water. But our rival was not behindhand; I could hear his low words of encouragement, that always fall upon a sailor's heart like a spark upon tinder; and I knew by the ripple at the bow of his boat, that it was moving very rapidly.

"All right! In oars. Stand by, one of you, to ward off and make fast," said Captain F——, while our neighbor was giving similar orders.

Both of the boats touched the wharf so nearly at the same time, that it was impossible to decide which was ahead—of course, both sides claimed the victory. The crowd then repaired to the "American Quarters," kept by Madame D——; the promised wine was bought for the sailors, who forthwith began to make merry. Here we met the remainder of the crowd, which had assembled according to agreement, to determine upon what places we should visit. While we were yet discussing the different propositions, Mademoiselle Marie, the daughter of our landlady, returned from matins. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen, with the peculiar features of the South; but her dark eyes sparkled, her hair was glossy black, her complexion a rich olive, and her step was elastic and graceful.

"Come, Miss Maria," said a hard-favored, weather-beaten old Captain, from Nova Scotia—the land of Blue Noses—"come, tell us where to go; we want to see the curiosities."

"*Bon jour, Messieurs!*" said the blushing Marie. "*Le Jardin* has many bonny sights."

"Young man," whispered the Nova Scotian to me; "if I were not married, I'd court that girl—by George, she's pretty."

I agreed with him as to her beauty, and tried to console him with the

hope, that he might yet outlive his present partner, and come to claim the fair Frenchwoman.

"She'll be married before then," said he. "Some dastardly, ugly Frencher will carry her off; and, I forgot, I think too much of my wife to harbor such a thought. Don't you tell any one what I've said."

I assured him of secrecy on my part, but, in the meanwhile, the rest of the crowd had determined to visit the *Jardin*. No sooner had we come to a conclusion than we started for the office of M. C——, our consignee, who had promised to act as cicerone on the occasion. He was waiting for us, and we were soon on the way. The streets of St. Pierre are very narrow, seldom being over thirty feet in width; the houses narrow and high, and placed very close together; and almost every house, from the number of its inmates, seemed to be occupied by several families. In every street running down the slope were sewers, which, filled with water from the mountain springs, washed the filth of the streets into the bay. Troops of half-clothed negro children were running hither and thither, while their mothers were promenading the streets, shaking their heads to display their ponderous ear-rings, and stopping to jabber at every shop they passed. Small detachments of *gens d'armes*, in French uniform, with heavy swords buckled around their waists, were sauntering along—the policemen of the city. Here an awkward, creaking cart, drawn by four or five half-starved horses, was carrying a load of lumber into the country; and there a negro in tattered garments was bearing an arm-full of sugar cane to some petty purchaser. Everything was animated; and almost everybody was smoking. We passed the Barracks, but my companions were in too great a hurry to permit me to stop, although I greatly desired to examine them.

Suddenly turning around the base of a very steep hill, we lost the city to sight, and immersed into the open country. The scene was beautiful; the undulating landscape, the mountain-sides waving with their crops of cane, the valleys, through which meandered little streams, were alive with washerwomen from the city, who were hanging their white garments in the sun to dry. Busily viewing these objects, I was lost in thought, when the words *Sainte Marie*, spoken by M. C——, caught my ear. We were passing a little chapel in front of which was a marble statue of the Virgin. Our guide had pulled off his hat, and just in front of the statue he bowed lowly, and muttered a short French prayer. Involuntarily, I too doffed my hat and bowed. The crowd had separated into squads of two, and I was with M. C——, seeking shelter from the hot sun-rays under his friendly umbrella.

"Why is it, sir," said I, "that we see so few ladies in the streets? I think this would be a delightful promenade during your balmy evenings."

"Ah! Monsieur, this is not like your country; the negroes are too free here."

"I am surprised to hear you say so; I thought the French were proud of having liberated their slaves."

"And so they are—on the continent; but we who see so much of the negroes are heartily sick of their insolence and ill-breeding. The liberation of her slaves was one of the worst strokes of policy that France was ever guilty of."

"You speak of their insolence; are they ever very insulting?"

"Yes, always. A lady dares not go alone in the street; and not unfrequently a male companion cannot protect her from direct insults. This is the cause of their remaining nearly always at home."

"The negroes presume upon their freedom, I suppose."

"We have discovered that two distinct races cannot live in harmony in the same place, when they both have equal political privileges, and when one of these races is the African."

M. C—— spoke English very correctly, and I was beginning to enjoy his conversation very much, when we arrived at the gates of the "Garden." A neat house where the Garden-keeper lived, was near; and as soon as our party had reached the gates, our guide left us for a moment, to get the keeper's permission for us to enter. A stout negro brought the key, and threw open the gates to our entrance.

If the scene without was beautiful, that within the *Jardin* was surpassingly so. Rare exotics, and beautiful flowers tastily arranged, appealed to our senses, and forced us to exclaim, "How beautiful!" The walks were scrupulously clean of rubbish, and carefully gravelled; each side of the walks was adorned with flowers, and in the centres of many of the beds fountains were throwing up jets of pure water, whose falling spray formed a hundred rainbows. Delicately chiseled statues, too, were standing here and there, the perpetual sentinels over the beauty sleeping around them. Orange trees laden with luscious yellow fruit were continually tempting our hands to pluck them; and all the varied luxuries of the tropics were growing within our reach. Now and then a chameleon would dash across our path, and reclining full-stretched along the branch of some nutmeg tree, would challenge our attention, by assuming in turn all its diversified hues. At last we came to the wilder part of the Garden, where hills rose abruptly steep, and cascades, dashing from their summits, fell into the cool basins below; and where the "Mountain Cabbage" tree raised its branchless trunk a hundred feet in height—its top surmounted by a leafy knob.

We passed an hour or two wandering over the Garden, and admiring its beauties; and when it became necessary to return, we were loth to leave

so much of loveliness behind. I felt yet fresh and vigorous, and proposed to visit the volcano, four miles off.

Monsieur C—— looked at me steadily for a moment, and with a figurativeness that would have well become an Indian, asked:

“Are you an eagle, to fly up those steep rocks?”

“None of us could endure the labor,” said the Nova Scotian.

I desired very much to go, but I knew that if his iron muscles were powerless for the attempt, my weak powers would be soon exhausted. Our return was rapid, for all of us were hungry; and we were soon wending our way along the streets. M. C—— went home to lunch, and the remainder of us hastened to the house of Madame D——, where Marie’s fair hands prepared us a French dinner—rolls, sardines, garlic and claret.

After dinner, we adjourned to the deck of a New England vessel, where, between puffs from fine Havana cigars, we discussed our country and the news; and where the Nova Scotian put me to sleep, spinning a long yarn about making cheeses. We ate supper with the New England captain, and afterwards the crowd went ashore to see a “fandango,” but I, having no curiosity to see such sights, returned to the Frances, and was soon deeply studying Plutarch’s Lives.

CRITICISM IN GENERAL—NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

SINCE the time when the “blind old bard of Seio” first immortalized human valor and wisdom in his account of the Trojan War, there have been men who have gained no mean fame, by subjecting the works of authors to the test of criticism, and by advising the public as to their value or worthlessness. But since the invention of printing, and the subsequent improvements in that art have increased incalculably the general knowledge of mankind, has this class of men increased in numbers. Nor was it an idle office; year after year, a ceaseless tide of books began to flow upon the world; the mass of mankind, busied with their ordinary pursuits of agriculture or commerce, were unable to read even a small portion of the volumes that were being annually published; and, consequently, were unable to decide upon the comparative claims of each work to their consideration. Mankind must read, and yet they knew not which books were true, and which erroneous. In this state of affairs, it became absolutely necessary that some persons should make it their sole business to read the publications, and to publish to the world what was worthy of attention, and what should be avoided.

It is hardly necessary to state that the office of critic could be well filled by only those men, whom a thorough education and a long and careful perusal of the best writers, had fitted for it. Evidently, they must have been men of sound sense, eminent impartiality, careful education, and masters in the departments which they were to preside over; for to them the public entrusted the guidance of their minds, and the formation of their opinions. An office so honorable and so responsible, called for unusual talents; and the best minds of every civilized country turned their attention to criticism. Here was a field which required the profoundest thought, and the most intense and constant application to render it fertile. In every department of literature many weeds had sprung up and grown to an astonishing size, from the previous ill preparation of reviewers. Fallacies, deeply laid, and boldly asserted, which were too well calculated to lead astray the unwary reader, had to be met and rebutted. In Mental Philosophy and Ethics, in Astronomy and the two great branches of Physics, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, a false method of reasoning had been adopted and followed. Luther began the great revival, by the Reformation in religion. Bacon followed, and boldly attacked the deductive philosophy that has so long ruled the reasonings of men. But not until the clear intellect of Hume, and his unscrupulous carrying of principles to their ultimate consequences, had plunged the dagger into the heart of a faulty metaphysics, did purity of reasoning arise in all its loveliness. Religion, like gold purified of its drosses, was all the lovelier for its purification; and for the first time men learned to reason, not from theory, but from facts.

This was the work of true criticism; it had performed an important part in liberating the minds of men from the chains of old superstitions—this done, it began to degenerate. Men utterly incapable of correct thinking on any subject, unwilling to undergo the labor of collecting all the facts relating to the subject under their consideration, yet envying the just fame of those who had freed the world from error, crowded around the shrine of Criticism, and drove the true philosophers from the place. A change too had come over the spirit and the fortunes of literature. Hitherto, the nobility of the world had patronised genius, but now the patronage passed into the hands of the people—a change, I fear, for the worse; for previously, only one man—and that an educated one—had to be flattered; but now, the vitiated palate of an ignorant populace had to be tickled by choice little morsels of praise. For a time all went well; the people in their new position were pleased with even a little of the unwonted praise. Historians, poets, and philosophers—some of them men of unsurpassable talent—flourished and multiplied under the fostering care of the public. Many new and brilliant gems were added to the casket of

literature; and many deathless names were given to history. The people began to perceive their power and grew more exacting in their demands; the public taste must be humored, flaming advertisements put at every corner of the streets to attract the eye, and funny remarks inscribed there-upon to please the fancy; and truth must be perverted to suit the vicious taste of ignorance.

Matters have been growing continually worse, till the history of very modern literature is a disgrace to humanity. The newspapers circulating through every part of every civilized community, might be made the conveyors of valuable information to every branch of society; but how they have been, and are still perverted! No longer men of gigantic talents, and deep research, devote their time to trimming and lopping off the faulty branches of the beautiful tree of knowledge; but ignorant upstarts are constantly pruning it with noxious weeds. No longer great mental endowments, long experience, and unwavering partiality in recommending truth and opposing error, characterize the critic; but party rage, personal antipathies, and perfect ignorance on almost every subject—these consolidated, form what moderns call criticism. Nor is this a mere groundless assertion—it appeals to the consciousness of every one, and must wrest from each heart that is honest, a decided confirmation. This is the age of pandering to all the worst passions of ignorance; when flash newspapers are the most successful; when flash books are fashionable; and when flash men and women are the most popular of all beings—in a word, when the greatest humbugs are the greatest favorites of the world.

Byron thought that to

“Believe a woman, or an epitaph,”

was the summit of human folly; but now the state of things is changed. Women and epitaphs are perfect models of truth, compared with newspaper advertisements. Who is so devoid of sense, as to believe that either the puffs, or the abuse of newspapers have anything of truth in them? Let us take a few examples. Two politicians, opponents, address their constituents: Mr. A., the editor of the Whig paper, declares that his man is a perfect orator, and that his speech could not be surpassed in eloquence, while his opponent is as ugly in body, as he is lame in speech. Mr. B., the Democratic editor, entirely reverses the compliments; and the public, the sensible part of it, are bound to believe that both Mr. A. and Mr. B. are humbugs. Again, a book is published, and a copy sent to the editors of different papers; by modern courtesy the publication is complimented, and by their ignorance the editors generally are utterly incapable of telling whether it is good or bad. Many of them, sensible of their incompetency to criticise justly, puff the book without opening it; and not three in a

hundred carefully peruse it; and not more than one of the three is capable of judging justly, and of giving sensible reasons for his decision.

What an essential difference, then, there is between this class of critics and those first mentioned! And what a difference in the results of these dissimilar methods of criticism! In the one case truth was the great object of desire, and purity of thought and language, and correctness of reasoning, were the results; in the other popularity is the motive power, and a grand system of puffery or reasonless party-abuse results. Then, people knew from the advice of competent judges what books were reliable; now, each man has to gain like information from his own experience. A mania for book-making runs riot over the land, and a perfect mania for book-praising has seized the understanding of every critic. Trash collected from every corner under heaven is swept together, and imbodied into a book; a flaming advertisement heralds its approach into the world, a grand puff receives it, and blows it again to every corner, to be re-collected by some aspirant after fame. Novels and novelets are born; and each proves to be the prolific parent of a horde of children, resembling their progenitors in every respect. And under the present condition of criticism, there is no shadow of a hope for a better state of affairs; each year, meanwhile, is burdening the world with folly, and giving mankind dross in exchange for solid money. Who, it may again be asked, believes a newspaper advertisement? Who believes the thousand wondrous cures of a thousand quackeries? Or who reads a book on the recommendation of a paper? And yet, how much good could a newspaper do! How much of varied knowledge could be sent weekly, daily, to the home alike of the humble and the great; how many sweet thoughts to cheer the sickened heart; and how much of hope and encouragement to the despairing; how many darkened minds might be enlightened, and how many useful maxims inculcated! Then, indeed, newspapers would bless society and the world; then would flashery wither before the stern frown of Truth; then criticism, candid and impartial, would flourish in the land, and mankind become wiser, and happier, and better.

“MALIGNITATI FALSA SPECIES LIBERTATIS INEST.”

WE are all prone to speak uncharitably of those who do not exactly conform to our notions of propriety. But we forget that all are created equal. Our beneficent Creator has granted to every one certain inalienable rights, among which the liberty of speech is not the least important. We have both the physical and mental ability to injure or benefit those around us. Although, we are free, yet our freedom does not extend so far as to allow us to hurt our neighbor; for his and our inalienable rights proceeding from the same benevolent Author, must necessarily harmonize. We would very much deprecate to see the liberty of speech in the least curtailed; for we regard it as one of the greatest boons which any government can secure to its subjects. At the same, we are aware that the notion that our tongues are *our own* and we will say what we please, is prevalent among us. But they are our own in the same sense that our hands, or any thing that we have, is our own. The mere fact that a dagger belongs to us, gives us no right to plunge it into the bosom of our neighbor without cause. We are bound to do good and not evil. The same authority which restrains us from evil, enjoins on us the duty of doing good. The apostle James tells us that the tongue is an unruly evil; though a man may tame all kinds of beasts, birds, and serpents, yet the tongue no man can tame.

The firmness to speak our minds, on proper occasions, without the fear or favor of men, is certainly a desirable feature in every person's character. At certain times, there is a nobleness of mind exhibited in giving free expression to our honest convictions, and becoming the uncompromising defender of the truth. It commands the admiration of our friends and the respect of our enemies. We loath, from the bottom of our heart, those low-minded, cringing, sycophantic and mealy-mouthed parasites, who are mighty in words, when danger is remote, but are found wanting when the time for action comes. Should you see them where their enemy could not hear them, they would make you believe that they were as brave as Ajax—furious as lions, and would devour their enemy, “soul and body,” at first sight. But what a wonderful change does his appearance make!—their courage oozes out at their fingers' ends—they become as gentle as lambs—they meet him with a bland smile upon their countenances and honied words on their lips. With regard to all such characters as these, we think the language of the poet is very appropriate:

“Who can one thing think and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.”

Those who blab out every thing they think, before they know what they have thought about, do not deserve the respect and kind consideration of right-minded men. Many value themselves very highly on this account, and exultingly tell us they are no cringing sycophants. They have lost that respect for the feelings of others which they wish to have shown for theirs. How often is the ingenuous mind pained deeply by unkind and uncalled for expressions! How often have we seen the tender feelings and nice sensibilities of those around us wounded for no other ostensible reason than to prove to others that they are bold and fearless champions of their own *dear rights*. To acquire this unenviable reputation, they would tear asunder the sacred bonds of brotherly love—kindle anew the fires of strife upon the domestic altar—create dissensions in the Church, and set whole neighborhoods "by the ears." This is a poor compensation, we should think, for all their trouble, even were they never to experience any of the evils which they stir up; but, by a wise provision in the economy of nature, the clouds of wrath, which the wicked are instrumental in collecting, most frequently burst with the greatest fury upon their own devoted heads.

Then, it behooves us all to consider these things well, and let our words be few but pregnant with meaning, feeling, with the ancient bard, "*nescit vox missa reverti*." Words are potent things. Who can duly estimate the good or evil which a single word has done, or may yet do? The wise man tells us that the words of the wise, when fitly spoken, "are as goads;" "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." For our own part, we think that, in our intercourse with the world, it is a good rule "to think much, observe men and things accurately, and say little."

In conclusion, we would say to one and all in language elicited from one of old upon a momentous occasion: "consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds." May all those who examine these few crude thoughts be circumspect, in this matter, being duly impressed with this solemn truth: that every idle word we speak, and every loose thought we indulge, will be brought up against us in the great day of final accounts, when the heavens and the earth shall have passed away, and time itself shall have been swallowed up in eternity.

STATES' RIGHTS.

To the philosophic statesman, and especially to democratic rulers, this must be a subject of the deepest interest; since upon it hangs the ruin, or the happiness and prosperity of nations. The experience of men handed down for two thousand years has not yet enabled our rulers to adjust the question satisfactorily; and it is to be accounted for only by taking into consideration the selfishness and the stubbornness of men with separate, and sometimes, conflicting interests. Had the States of Greece been bound together by a central government, the usurpation of every tyrant could have been successfully resisted. Philip of Macedon, and his famous son would have beat in vain at the gates of Grecian freedom; and even Rome's proud legions would have been driven back by troops as proud as they. It is not difficult to trace the present abject condition of Greece to the want of a community of interest among the separate States. Much of the blood that stained the plains of that far-famed land was spilt in what may well be called a private quarrel among neighbors. When united against a foreign foe their strength and valor were irresistible—this was evinced in many a well-fought field.

The Romans, too, after the expulsion of their Kings, tried a democratic government. But here the fault was exactly opposite to that of their Grecian neighbors. Rome was the centre of a vast republic—all power was there centralized and compressed. Accustomed to the yoke of kings, the Romans naturally feared to entrust too much power at first to the people; and when they had become settled in their new government, they feared to embark in another revolution.

It was easily foreseen by the ambitious and unscrupulous sons of republican Rome, that he must be master of all Italy, who could control affairs in the city. And hence Sylla, and Marius, and Cæsar had only to subdue the city, and the Roman world was at their feet.

But the present century witnessed the death of a republic whose labors convulsed the whole of Europe. The French Revolution of 1792, the offspring of a degenerate and tyrannical monarchy, will ever be a stain in the history of the world. The people bred to fear the frowns of an almost absolute sovereign, wildly, inhumanly indulged their fierce passions; and with freedom inscribed upon their banners, committed crimes that common humanity shudders at. Liberty soon degenerated into license, and every throne in Europe shook with the cries of a lawless, but powerful,

anarchy. A reaction came; the crown of individual sovereignty fell from the heads of the infatuated populace, and the "Reign of Terror" was stigmatized by the unwarrantable shedding of more innocent blood, than the whole race of Bourbons had been guilty of. Paris to the revolutionists was the centre of the world, as it was the centre of power, and where there was fear of a public execution, the hired assassin did the work with impunity. It was not strange, then, that Bonaparte found it so easy to become emperor, when his unparalleled victories had made him the most conspicuous object in France. The common people saw no difference between a republic and an empire; for under either, they were equally impotent. The submitting his election to the people was but a trick of policy in Napoleon; for even without their consent he was evidently determined to wear the crown of Charlemagne. Scarcely ten years ago another revolution expelled Louis Phillipe from the throne of France, but the same evil of a government too centralizing in its effects has placed Louis Napoleon at the head of affairs.

Thus we plainly see the dangerous effects of both extremes fully exemplified. And now let us turn to the history of our own country, fully conscious of the great importance of preserving the golden mean. The framers of our Constitution were doubtless well aware of the important charge imposed upon them. States embracing every variety of climate and of interest were represented in the Congress. In some of the States the manufacturing interest was predominant, others were almost wholly devoted to commerce, and others still were necessarily confined to agriculture; and even the different sections of the same State were vitally opposed in interest. Besides these natural disadvantages, Congress had to contend with all the antipathies of the nation. The people had just freed themselves from the shackles of monarchy, and they had a natural tendency to rush into the other extreme of complete license. Many true patriots and educated men were opposed to a central government, fearing lest its centralizing tendency would change it into a monarchy. They desired that the several States should form separate republics, and be bound to the others by no other ties than those of treaties and local interests. Others were in favor of a strong central government, and Hamilton well defended the principles he espoused. After a long and thorough discussion the Constitution was adopted, and submitted to the people for ratification.

It is needless to follow the struggles of the federalists and anti-federalists for the supremacy. The question of State sovereignty has not yet been decided, and almost within our own memories, it has sprung up again, more vigorous than ever from its torpor. Calhoun, the apostle of State supremacy, supported with all the power of his tongue and pen, and all the influence of his character, the doctrine of States' rights, and had

there not been a Webster to rebut his arguments, America might have emulated the fate of Greece.

But it is well that this spirit should be kept alive in our land. Let all opposition to a consolidated Union be withdrawn, and a monarch will soon preside over the destinies of the nation; or if in the ardent support of State Sovereignty, we forget to throw a ballancing power into the central government, anarchy and civil war must soon desolate our country. The golden medium must be preserved; the slightest wavering to one side, or the other, must be in some measure fatal to our liberties and happiness. We cannot hope that the dismembered fragments of the Union would form a government like England, where the constant struggle between the people and the nobility preserves a just ballance of power; nor can we expect that the Union can resolve itself into thirty-two kingdoms bloodlessly. Our only hope is in remaining a united people. Give power to Congress, but bestow upon the separate States an equivalent power, and we need fear no enemies within or without our boundaries. We may continue to enjoy life, liberty, and religion as long as the world shall last; and the Union shall continue to prosper and increase, till the soul-inspiring watch-word, LIBERTY, shall leap, like an electric spark, from heart to heart; till every nation shall catch the word, and hurling their oppressors to the dust, shall emulate our example; and when earth is blessed with religion and freedom, then may come that blissful era, when God himself shall govern us on earth.

COLLEGE RECORD.

SINCE last session many changes have been brought about in College. Men with whom three years of the close intercourse of student life had made us well acquainted, and some of whom we had learned to love, have departed from us, and gone to the great world-battle; and, in their stead, new faces are seen, and are already beginning to become familiar to us. Of our Professors, too, one has left us, and another is preparing to go. Dr. WHEAT, Professor of Logic and Rhetoric, has accepted a pastoral call at Little Rock, Arkansas, and Dr. SHIPP, Professor of History, has accepted the Presidency of Wofford College, South Carolina. We greatly regret that the University has been deprived of the valuable services of these gentlemen, and we are indeed sorry to lose such kind instructors; we can but wish them success and happiness wherever they go. There have been other changes also in the Faculty, Mr. GRAHAM having resigned the Tutorship of Mathematics, was elected Tutor of Latin; and Mr. MORROW, of Chapel Hill, has been chosen Tutor of Mathematics, to supply the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. GRAHAM.

We were not here during the vacation, but those who remained testify to the success of our class-mate, Mr. ROBERT E. COOPER, of South Carolina, in his address, on the Fourth of July. Mr. HENRY HOGAN, of Chapel Hill, read the Mecklenburg, and Mr. LEWIS BOND, of Tennessee, the National, Declaration of Independence.

In the history of nations, those periods are deemed the most prosperous and happy which afford the fewest salient points to the historian; and if the same principle applies to College, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the scanty materials this session has furnished us for continuing the history of the University. Running our eyes down the chapter of events, we can discover no dire conspiracies of Sophomores, nor bad behavior of Freshmen in general. It is true, and it always has been, and always will be, true, that there are in College, a few spirits the incarnation of rowdiness and insubordination; but, happily, they are weak in numbers and weaker in the esteem of their companions. It is, moreover, true that as long as there is a college in the world, Seniors *will* oversleep themselves, and get suspended for being absent from prayers; that Juniors, who are candidates for office, will treat too much—take our advice, and the benefit of our experience, ye office-seekers, and treat not; that new-born Sophomores will misbehave in the chapel; and that Freshmen *will* make a noise at night in the “campus,” by way of getting accustomed to the place; but, as a general thing, college is extremely quiet and well-behaved.

We cannot forbear noticing the improvements that Chapel Hill has seen since we joined college, three years ago. New houses are springing up all

over the village, for the accommodation of students; and the trustees are causing to be erected two new buildings, both of which are being rapidly completed, and promise to add much to the beauty of the Campus, as well as to the convenience of the students. These improvements testify to the flourishing condition of the University, and we hail them as so many harbingers of future prosperity. The classes of college, too, are very large—the Sophomore is perhaps the largest that has ever been here—and almost every day is adding to their numbers. The friends of the University may rejoice at its rapid increase.

We have been favored, this session, with visits from several distinguished gentlemen; among whom Rev. Dr. HOOPER delivered a sermon in the College Chapel. Mr. W. R. HUNTER, "the Children's Friend," of South Carolina, delivered a lecture in the Chapel on the subject of Temperance; on which occasion the Faculty gave a recess from recitation, that all might hear him. The attendance was unusually large. Bishop POLK, of Louisiana, preached a sermon in the Chapel, on Sept. 18th. Mr. GRISWOLD, of Florida, has been delighting large audiences at his musical concerts. Mr. G. is said by connoisseurs to be an excellent musician, having a good voice, a fine ear for music, and a long experience in his profession.

THE STATE FAIR.—We return our thanks to WILSON W. WHITAKER, Esq., Secretary of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, for complimentary tickets. We will have at least one representative at the Fair, probably more than one, and we shall depute to them the business of observing everything and of enjoying themselves; sorry are we that we cannot attend *en corps*.

OMISSION.—On account of an error in the books of the Faculty, we omitted, in the list of those who were entitled to distinctions, the name of Mr. JAMES POLK, of the Freshman Class, who is entitled to the third distinction; and of Mr. J. C. DOBBIN, of the partial course, who is entitled to the first distinction in all the Senior studies.

THE BALL-MANAGERS.—The Ball-Managers have requested a little corner in our Magazine. Hear what they have to say: "We are ready, willing and anxious, to see and settle with those who have not yet paid their subscriptions to the Ball."

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR ENGRAVING FOR OCTOBER.—We present to our readers, this month, the portrait of REV. FORDYCE MITCHELL HUBBARD, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in this University. He was born in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, January, 1810. At a very early age he joined Williams College, in that State, and received his diploma during his eighteenth year. He served his *Alma Mater* for a while after his graduation in the capacity of Tutor, and having studied law several years, was associated for a while with Dr. Cogswell in the Round Hill School at Northampton. From that place he removed to Boston, and was for several years the teacher of a Classical School there. While residing in Boston, he published, for the use of schools, an edition of Catullus, and also an edition of Dr. Belknap's American Biography, with copious notes and additions.

Having turned his attention to the ministry, he was ordained by Bishop Griswold in November, 1841, and accepting a pastoral call from Christ Church, New-Berne, in this State, he removed there with his family in 1842, and entered upon the discharge of his duties as Rector. After laboring successfully there, and gaining the sincere esteem of all who knew him, he was placed by Bishop Ives, in the summer of 1847, in charge of the Episcopal School just started in Wake county. While acting in this capacity, he was elected in January, 1849, to the chair of the Latin Language and Literature in this University, vacated by the resignation of Mr. J. DeBerniere Hooper; and since that time has been actively engaged in fulfilling the duties of his office.

Professor HUBBARD has thus devoted his entire life to the business of instruction; and has ever manifested the greatest interest in the cause of education, not at the University only, but throughout the entire State. And his assiduous labors to promote the efficiency of common schools, entitle him to the gratitude of all. As an instructor, he endeavors to instill into his pupils the general principles of language, and the precise meanings of words, aiming to inspire a taste for purity of language and correctness of expression. He has connected himself closely with the literary history of North Carolina, and written several papers touching its political history, e. g. the Life of Gov. Davie, in Sparks' American Biography; but it is to be regretted, that, in the general dearth of State literature, he has not devoted himself more exclusively to the composition of works that must have done honor to our State, and perpetuated his opinions and his name. The position of Mr. HUBBARD, as Professor, affords him, it is true, an extensive influence, in enabling him to impart a portion of his learning and his critical judgment to young men from all parts of the South; but the lectures of a recitation-room are necessarily brief, and none but their chief points can be remembered—their imbodiment into a

book is much more desirable. With these remarks, we shall close our sketch—*Viventes non licet nimium laudare.*

WAR OF THE REGULATION—MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK.—For our leading article we are indebted to Hon. DAVID L. SWAIN; it is the substance of a lecture delivered by that gentleman before the late Educational Convention, held at Newbern. We feel confident that not only every North Carolinian, but every patriot in every place, will read with the deepest interest the story of the first struggle for freedom in America. The War of the Regulation forms an important era in the history of North Carolina; and we believe that no man is more conversant with the history of that early period, than Gov. SWAIN; and, consequently, that no one is better able to give an interesting and succinct account of those times. Doubtless our readers are as highly gratified as ourselves, at his promise to continue the subject at some subsequent time; and we only hope that he will not delay it too long a period—we are very anxious to know more of our brave ancestors. As a proof of the interest now awakened in this subject, Mr. CAMPBELL, the resident editor of the "Educational Journal," has asked for, and obtained from us, the advanced sheets, that it may appear also in his issue for October.

However some men may affect to regard the Regulation as the petty insurrection of a few countrymen, we think that the most important results may be traced to it; for at the Battle of Alamance, Americans first learned to die for their rights; and if example is worth anything, this event surely kept aglow the fires of liberty, and paved the way for the final Revolution. It shows us, too, what was the spirit of those iron men; and how well they had preserved the sacred principles of freedom ever connected with the Saxon race. We are not accustomed to judge of the importance of an event by the numbers engaged in it, so much as the principles which are at stake, and the results which the carrying out of these principles are to entail upon us. We feel confident that Herman Husband could not be an unprincipled rioter, and this belief is strengthened when we have good reasons for saying that Dr. Franklin was the prime-mover of the Regulation; and surely no one will dare accuse that philosophic statesman of encouraging an unmeaning rebellion. We believe that this article, in which Gov. Swain so ably treats of the Regulation and its supporters, will throw an additional dignity upon the events of that period; and we most heartily recommend it to the careful perusal of all our readers.

The Historical Society of the University is indebted to ROBERT E. MARTIN, Esq., Clerk of the Supreme Court of Georgia, for the only copy supposed to be extant of a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. CUMMINS, at Greensborough, Ga., on the 4th July, 1819. Mr. Martin resides at present at Milledgeville, but was then a citizen of Greensborough, and heard the discourse delivered. We subjoin a copy of the title page:

"The Rise, Progress, Maturity and Fall of the Jewish State and Church;

and the Rise, Progress and Prospects of the United States. An Anniversary Sermon, delivered at Greensboro', (Ga.) on a Sabbath, the 4th day of July, 1819. By the Rev. FRANCIS CUMMINS, A. M. Published at the request of a respectable number. Greensborough: Printed by Patrick L. Robinson."

The value of the discourse, as a historical document, consists in the incidental evidence afforded by the brief notes appended to it, with relation to the motives which gave rise to the Regulation, the leading facts connected with the Mecklenburg Declaration, and the question so ably examined in our pages with respect to the command at Moore's Creek. With the exception of the publication by Col. POLK, in the *Raleigh Register* of the 30th of April, 1819, this note of Dr. Cummins is the earliest printed reference of which we have any knowledge to the Mecklenburg proceedings. Brief as the notice is, it presents to our minds the true solution of the difficulties arising from the fact that authenticity is claimed for two series of Resolutions—the first as adopted on the 20th, and the second on the 31st of May. All doubt, with respect to the Resolutions of the 31st, was removed by the discovery, almost simultaneously, ten years ago, in Charleston and in London, of a contemporaneous newspaper containing the entire series which bear the date of the 31st May. There is no conclusive evidence arising from any contemporaneous publication of the Resolutions of the 20th. It is not reasonable to suppose, however, that a Committee met on the 31st without any previous notice or preliminary action, and adopted, without discussion, the twenty well-drawn Resolutions of the 31st of May. Dr. Cummins' evidence will probably satisfy the reader that the latter was not the only meeting, and go far to sustain the conclusion that there was a meeting of citizens on the 19th and 20th, the proceedings of which led to the adoption, by the regular Mecklenburg Committee, organized under the Articles of American Association, of the Resolutions of the 31st. The note upon this subject is the more worthy of consideration on account of its incidental character. Dr. Cummins seems not to have been aware that any question had arisen, or was likely to arise, in relation to the authenticity of any one of the three events, which came within the range of his memory and observation. His letter of the 10th November 1819, to the Hon. NATHANIEL MACON, published in the State Pamphlet upon the subject pp. 17 and 18, was in reply to specific enquiries, and the response will be found on examination to be in strict accordance with the previously published note.

His statement of the motives which actuated the Regulators, that it was an incipient struggle for Independence, is the earliest printed intimation of the fact that we recollect to have met with. All the leading facts connected with this portion of our history, are undergoing an examination in our pages, which renders further reference to the subject on our part unnecessary:

"Some time (May, I think) in the year 1775, the principal characters in the county of Mecklenburg in N. Carolina, met twice in the hall of Queen's Museum for the purpose of digesting articles for a State Constitution. Numbers formally before magistrates, abjured the authority of George III., and all foreign governments: and on an appointed day, said county of Mecklenburg generally met, and by their herald (Col. Thomas Polk, I believe,) proclaimed on the court-house stairs, independence of Great Britain. Capt. James Jack,

yet living, and now of Elbert county, Georgia, was sent with intelligence of these facts to Philadelphia, to Congress. Congress returned thanks to the county for their zeal, but advised a little further patience. Of the truth of all this note, the author assures the public; as he was a personal witness to the whole of these things, and one of the abjurors as above. Of the day and month, dates of these things he cannot be certain, but positively knows they were done before the declaration of independence by Congress. If priority, therefore, in things of this sort, can entitle a State to a claim of primary honor, the claim of North Carolina is pre-eminent. Massachusetts lost the first blood, unless we allow that honor to the regulators of N. Carolina in 1771." *Note to pp. 17, 18.*

"It is not improper to observe here, that a considerable number of people in North Carolina in the year 1770, became discontented with the management of the King's Courts, and with the abuse as they conceived of the public money; and began in their *own way* to correct these things. Hence they assumed, or were called by the *name of Regulators*.

"In the Spring of 1771, a battle was fought between them, about a thousand in number, and Governor Tryon at the head of three or four hundred men. The Regulators were beaten, some killed, and all dispersed. This was followed by the imposition of the oath of allegiance by Tryon upon a large part of the Province, especially the middle and lower parts. This defeat, discouragement, and oath of allegiance, caused hundreds of honest, but intimidated men, especially the Scotch, to be what was then called Tories; a term used in England to designate those in favor of the high handed and arbitrary measures of the Crown. See Rapin's History of England.

"These steps of the Scotch brought on them another humiliating battle, and defeat of Col. Caswell, after the Revolution really began. ~~See~~ The above regulation measures, were in fact, of a revolutionary spirit, but undigested, hasty, unprotected, and they sunk instantan for want of support and concentration." *Note to p. 16.*

With respect to the leadership at Moore's Creek, he simply gives the name of the commander in a manner which shows that no doubt on the subject had been suggested in his day. In connection with Dr. Cummins' note, we have concluded to present Williamson's account of this subject, hitherto strangely overlooked; and to publish for the first time an original coteremporaneous letter from Governor Burke to Governor Caswell, which will serve to show who was regarded by that eminent patriot and statesman, not merely as the commander, but the leading spirit at Moore's Creek:

"The legislature being sensible of the great loss they had sustained by this want of system, instituted a comptrollership in the year 1782, and that office was very properly given to Richard Caswell, a gentleman who had acquired military reputation, in the year 1775, by the action at Moore's Creek, in which seventeen or eighteen hundred royalists, highlanders and regulators were defeated, cut off, and dispersed, by the militia under his command."—*Note CC, to Williamson's History of North Carolina.*

T. Burke to R. Caswell, Governor, &c.

"HANOVER COURT HOUSE, Januray 27th, 1777.

"SIR:—The agreeable intelligence that Gen. Washington has gained several advantages over the enemy, will doubtless reach you long before you will receive this. The amount of what we have learned is, that thirteen thousand of the enemy under Cornwallis, marched from Princeton to Trenton with the design to force a passage over the Delaware at Trenton. They were opposed by Washington, and the advanced portion of the armies were all day engaged. They each retired under cover of the night, and Washington practised the same expedient to deceive the enemy, which you, sir, did at Moore's Creek Bridge; and while his fires were burning, he decamped, passed the enemy, and surprised three battalions of Hessians which were in the rear. These he entirely routed, taking a great many of them, and all their field pieces and baggage. He then marched directly to Princeton, and after an obstinate engagement, defeated a strong party of the enemy who was posted there. Our killed are said to exceed forty, and I know not the number wounded. Several gallant officers fell, and Gen. Mercer was desperately wounded."

"OUR CLUB"—MEETING NO. IV.

At a called meeting of the Club, for the purpose of electing a new member, several names were proposed. Ben Short advocated the claims of Mr. Lovetalking; he stated that the gentleman in question was a perfect model for a club-member; that he was never known to have given birth to an opinion that had the least sense in it; that unless Mr. Lovetalking was chosen, the department of talking nonsense would degenerate in our Club; that it became us to preserve the name of our Club undimmed in glory; that no man in college could do more than the aforesaid gentleman to maintain the reputation of our illustrious body, as far as talking was concerned; he also informed us that our hated rivals, the D. B. E.'s—which letters, he said, stood for Do Everything Badly, but would much more appropriately mean Devilishly Bad Eggs—knew nothing of the merits of his young friend, and that we could surely get him; and he wound up by heartily recommending the name to the favorable consideration of the Club.

Other persons were discussed, until Tom Sturdy arose to propose the name, and urged the claims, of Mr. Richard Shallowbrain. "Gentlemen," said Tom, "I would have favored the cause of Mr. Lovetalking, or of Mr. Punmaker, if I did not know a gentleman whom I prefer to them all—I mean Mr. Richard Shallowbrain. And why, gentlemen, do I prefer Mr. Shallowbrain? Is it that he excels in any peculiar art, as talking or punmaking? Far from it, gentlemen—far from it; but I am happy to say that the mental endowments of my young friend give him a wide range of occupations to choose from; and I venture to predict that he will soon outstrip Ben Short's friend in talking, if he turns his attention to that subject; or Quiz's *protege*, the punmaker, if he choose to do so—in short, he has just brains enough to keep out of the fire, to talk foolishly, make a pun, and be a good fellow besides. And since

we can have only one more member, by all means, we should choose the one with the most versatile and shallow brains."

Tom is a man of tremendous influence in our Club, and his address had the desired effect; all the other names were withdrawn, and Mr. Richard Shallowbrain was unanimously chosen. Tom was deputed to inform him of his election; and Quiz and Ben were appointed as a committee to arrange a plan of initiation. What that plan was, will be presently seen. This was done at our called meeting.

At the time for our fourth regular meeting, we despatched Tom to Shallowbrain's room, to bring him up; while the rest prepared for his reception. Presently, a knock was heard at the door; all the lights in the room were put out, except two dark-lanterns in the hands of Ben and Tim; Sam Soaring ran to door with a thick cloth in his hands, to blindfold the new member; and Quiz, hastily turning his coat wrong side outwards, and putting a large cocked-hat, made of paper, on his head, assumed a very dignified look. At a given signal, the shades of the lanterns were turned; Sam walked out and blindfolded Richard; when he had secured him from seeing, he knocked at the door, the lanterns were opened to give some light, and Shallowbrain was conducted in front of Quiz. At a wink from Quiz, darkness again covered the room, the blindfold was taken off—but here a part of the scheme failed. It had been agreed that when the fold was removed from Richard's face, Sam should pinch Ben, Ben should pinch Quiz, Quiz should do the same favor to Tim; and suddenly the shades should be taken from the lanterns, and the light thrown into Shallowbrain's eyes, and during his consequent confusion, Quiz should say, "Boo!" This was to be the most important part of the initiation, but unfortunately it failed. Tim by some mishap had got out of his proper place, and in feeling about to regain it, struck his finger into Sturdy's eye. Tom was too much taken by surprise to consider a moment, but struck a powerful lick in the direction, as he thought, of the offender—namely, right in front of him. It so happened that in leading Mr. Shallowbrain into the room, Tom had stationed himself immediately behind that gentleman, who was, consequently, the recipient of Tom's favor. A loud squeal followed the blow, a scuffle, a heavy fall, and a very loud "Hallo!" from Quiz. The lantern shades were immediately turned, and behold! Quiz was sitting in a spit-box, where he had fallen, his paper hat was gone, and his hair rumped; Mr. Richard was stretched upon the floor, just beyond Quiz, kicking and screaming for dear life; and Tim Trembler was on his knees in a distant part of the room, crawling in all haste for the door; Ben was laughing; Sam standing composedly with folded arms; and Tom was rubbing his injured eye with the back part of his forefinger. Order was at last restored, and Quiz addressed to the new member the following questions:

"Do you promise, whenever you see a pretty young lady, to strut and try to attract her attention to you?"

"I do," said Richard.

"Do you promise to eat as much as you may want, and to drink as much as you may want, always provided you can get wherewith to eat and drink?"

"I do."

"And now," said Quiz, "I am about to put to you the most solemn question of all: Do you promise to get married, if you can find anybody to have you, unless you should prefer to be an old bachelor?"

"I do," said Richard firmly and between his teeth.

These questions having been answered to the satisfaction of all present, Quiz proceeded to give Richard the secret sign of recognition; which, according to Quiz, consists in taking the end of the nose between the fore and middle finger, and giving a hearty shake. We all in turn gave him the sign, assuring him at the same time that he had better be careful in exchanging it with anybody; for any one but a member of our Club would be certain to knock down any man who happened to treat him thus. Tim seemed afraid to give the mystic sign even to Shallowbrain, but after much encouragement he did it; howbeit, with fear and trembling.

"Let's proceed with our regular business," said Tom.

"Oh! no. I am in favor of Shallowbrain's telling us the history of his adventures since he joined college," said Quiz.

"Good idea, Quiz," said Ben.

"I," said Sam, "vote with Sturdy."

"And what say you, Tim?" asked all together.

Tim was never known to have an opinion of his own, except when there was any danger—then his decisions were quick enough. But in this case there was no immediate danger to be apprehended; so Tim was dubious what to say.

"Don't you think," said Tom, "that we ought to discuss college matters?"

"Don't you think," said Quiz, "that Shallowbrain ought to tell us the history of his doings in college?"

"I think—er—that is—hem—Tom, I think—Quiz, you are—hem—I mean that we ought occasionally to converse on college affairs, and we ought sometimes to hear a story."

"Well, what shall we do to-night?"

"I am rather inclined to think—you know, Tom, I am your friend, and Quiz's too."

"Blockhead, decide one way or the other," said Tom impatiently, "I don't care which way you go."

"Nor I," said Quiz, "only be in a hurry."

"Well—er—I believe—you know, Tom, and Quiz, I like you both"—

"Nonsense," interrupted Tom. "I withdraw my motion, and agree with you Quiz; so, now, that we have decided, come forth Master Richard, and give us the history of your adventures in college."

"I don't know any," stammered Richard.

"Then, manufacture some; for a story we must have," said Quiz.

"What must I tell you about?"

"Why, tell us everything that has happened to you since you joined college."

"Oh! you mean about my getting 'deviled,' do you?"

"Yes, exactly; so out with it."

"Stop a moment, boys," said Ben. "Let me light a cigar, and explain to him the object of our Club."

So saying, he took a handful of cigars from his pocket, handed one to each of the crowd, stuck one end of his into his mouth, and the other end into a neighboring candle; and being assured by the volume of smoke that issued from his mouth that his cigar was lighted, he began:

"The object of our Club, so far as I can understand, is to inquire into everybody's business but our own; to lose no opportunity of abusing anybody; to make puns and witty remarks whenever we can; and to enjoy ourselves generally. You need not fear to make any disclosures to this crowd; for it is the sole purpose of our organization to know everything that happens."

Mr. Richard Shallowbrain is naturally fond of talk, and being thus assured by Ben, and urged by the rest of the Club, told his tale after this fashion:

"When I started from home to come here, I was acquainted with nobody in college, and knew next to nothing about any of the books I was to be examined upon. 'Tis true, I had heard vague rumors about the doings here—how the Fresh were tormented by the newborn Sophs, how bad the students generally were; but I knew no one who had ever seen a student to know him, and, consequently, knew nothing for certain. When I parted from my sweetheart, I got a lock of her hair, and put in my vest pocket just over my heart; and with a martyr-like feeling I got on the cars going collegeward. I had not been on the way very long, before a nice-looking fellow with a beaver and a stumpy mustache came to me, and asked me where I was going.

"To Chapel Hill, sir."

"Good egg," said the nice-looking individual, "I am going there myself. What class do you expect to join?"

"The Freshman, sir. What class do you belong to?"

"I am very happy to tell you I am a Sophomore—I will have to take you under my protection," said young mustache with a patronizing air.

"Thank you, sir; I'll be very much obliged to you."

"What Society are you going to join?"

"Society? What's that? I never heard of it before—I suppose it's some of your college notions."

"Society! Why, it's—it's—why, it's where we go to, every Friday night and Saturday morning."

"Yes! I'm bound to go there too, if you have any fun there."

"Well, we don't have fun exactly, but it's where we make speeches."

Now, I had never made a speech in my life, and I considered it an impossibility that any youngster of my age could make a speech; therefore, I thought that my new acquaintance was trying to gull me. I determined, however, to show him that I was not so verdant as he might suppose.

"You are trying to fool me," said I, "talking about boys making speeches."

"Positively, it's a fact."

"You don't pretend to tell me that you can make a speech," said I incredulously.

"Yes, I can. Listen: 'They tell us, sir, that we are weak, but when will we be stronger? Will it be the next month, or the next year? Will it be

when our enemy has bound us hand and foot? No, sir, Mr. President, liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.' What do you think of that?" said he triumphantly.

This was a downright demonstration of his powers of speech-making, and I gazed with wonder mingled with reverence at the being before me—my incredulity was gone.

"Will they learn me too to speak, if I join the Society?"

"Yes, certainly; and I would advise you, if you want to speak as well as I do, to join my Society—the other is a complete humbug."

I readily promised to join his Society; for I admired the man's talents; and I wanted to be as good a speaker as he was.

"Don't you let other boys fool you," he said. "They will tell you a heap of fine tales about their Society, and they will abuse mine; but don't believe them—I tell you confidentially, I believe that my Society is incomparably better than its rival; and after you join it, you'll think so too."

I winked at him, to let him know that I perfectly understood him; and after a little more conversation, my new friend assumed a charming don't-care look, put his hat on the side of his head, stretched his limbs along the seat as far as he could, and appeared by the occasional compression of his lips to be deeply immersed in thought.

We soon arrived at Durham's; and I was in a complete torment till I got here, imagining all sorts of unheard-of horrors that awaited me. As soon as I saw the first house in town my heart began to thump still faster and harder, and I felt a nameless dread creep over me. When the hacks came in sight of the crowd at the hotel, 'Fresh!' seemed to burst from every throat, and resembled the noise of a choir of bull-frogs, much more than the voice of humans. I jumped from the hack, and a crowd surrounded me; two or three were begging me to join their Society; two more, one on each side, were whispering in my ears about the excellencies of their respective clubs; and a pertinacious Soph was squealing 'Fresh,' at the top of his voice. I jerked from them and ran into the house. 'Society!' screamed half a dozen voices; 'Club!' cried two or three more; 'Fresh!' cried the Soph. I cried, 'Yes,' to everything, and went to supper.

After that time I enjoyed no peace, till I joined a Society; and even after that, I was bored nearly to death by visitors, who persisted in showing me their pretty club-pins"—

"Hallo!" interrupted Quiz. "Ben's fast asleep, and Tom is nodding for a wager. Richard, my darling, suppose you suspend operations—I'm very much interested in your story, but it's growing late, you know."

"Well, I'll stop," said Shallowbrain.

"Good idea," said Tim, rubbing his eyes.

"Wake up, Ben and Tom, or you'll be left in the dark. Put out the lights, Tim. Good night all around," said Quiz; whereupon, the crowd quietly dispersed.

DR. MITCHELL.

While glancing hurriedly through the leaves of "*Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature*," our attention was arrested by a sketch of America's most loved and gifted poetess, Mrs. SIGOURNEY. It is not wonderful, then, that, dismissing haste, we paused long and eagerly until we had read *all*, but not enough, of her whose praises we love to sing, and hear sung.

Much has been said of the literary, but very little of the social, life of Mrs. SIGOURNEY. Who can read her writings and not feel the out-gushings of that most lovely inner existence, which, if more fully dwelt upon and comprehended, would add a new golden link of affection to bind her to the great national heart!

Of all that we have heard, or read, on the subject of the remarkable death of that "Martyr to Science," Dr. MITCHELL, and of the subsequent interment of his remains, there is nothing that has afforded us so vivid a conception of the circumstances connected with his tragic end, and the sublimity of his mountain burial, as the following beautiful and graphic description of the scene, by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, gathered from an April number of the *New York Ledger*. We are proud to present it to our readers:

THE MOUNTAIN BURIAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in a scientific exploration of the Black Mountain, the highest land east of the Mississippi, and was interred on Mount Mitchell, its most elevated peak, June 16th, 1858.

Where is he, Mountain Spirit?
Dread Mountain Spirit, say!
That honored Son of Science
Who dared thy shrouded way?
Oh, giant-firs! whose branches
In gloomy grandeur meet,
Did ye his steps imprison
Within your dark retreat?

Ye Mists and muffled Thunders
That robe yourselves in black,
Have you his steps deluded
To wander from the track?
Make answer—have ye seen him?
For hearts with fear are bow'd,
And torches, like the wandering stars,
Gleam out above the cloud.

Sound hunter's horn!—haste mountaineers!
Lo, on the yielding fern,
Are these his foot-prints o'er the ledge?
Will he no more return?
He cometh!—*How?*—As marble comes
Forth from its quarried bed,
With dripping locks, and rigid brow,
Comes back the noble dead.

O'er that deep, watery mirror,
With sweetly pensive grace,

The graceful Rhododendron lean'd
To look upon his face.
While, 'mid the slippery gorges,
The gorgeous laurels stand,
Which, faithless, like the broken reed,*
Betray'd his grasping hand.

No crystal, in its hermit-bed,
No strata of the dales,
No stranger-plant, or noteless vine,
In Carolinian vales;
No shell upon her shore,
No ivy on her wall—
No winged bird, or reptile form,
But he could name them all.

So Nature hath rewarded him
Who loved her sacred lore,
With such a pillow of repose
As man ne'er had before.
A monument that biddeth
Old Egypt's glory hide,
With all her kingly pyramids,
In all their rude-hill pride.

Up!—up!—courageous mountaineers—
Each nerve and sinew strain—
For what ye do from love this day
Ye ne'er shall do again.
From beetling crag to summit,
So ominous and steep,
They force their venturous way, where scarce
The chamois dares to leap.

There, many thousand feet above
Atlantic's surging height,
Prelate and priest, with lifted hands,
Invoked the God of Might,
And then the cloud-encircled cliff
Its granite bosom spread,
And in a strong and close embrace
Inlocked the saintly dead.

So, in thy sepulchre of rock,
Follower of Jesus, rest,
Serene, approachless and sublime,
Until the mountain crest
Shall redden with the fires of doom,
And Earth affrighted stand!
Then joyful leave thy Pisgah tomb,
And tread the promised Land.

HARTFORD, *February* 16, 1859.

* When Prof. Mitchell was discovered in a stream into which, during the mists of the evening and the darkness of a sudden thunder-storm, he had fallen, over a precipice of forty feet, he held in his hand a broken branch of laurel.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We are pleased to acknowledge the reception of the following regular exchanges :

Dailies.—Wilmington Herald, Wilmington Journal, Fayetteville North Carolinian, New-Berne Progress, Petersburg Express, Petersburg Intelligencer, and Washington Constitution.

Tri-Weeklies.—Charleston Mercury, Memphis Appeal.

Semi-Weeklies.—Raleigh Register, North Carolina Standard, Fayetteville Observer, Richmond Enquirer, and Richmond Whig.

Weeklies.—Spirit of the Age, Biblical Recorder, North Carolina Christian Advocate, Greensboro' Times, Greensboro' Patriot, Iredell Express, Western Sentinel, Salisbury Banner, Carolina Watchman, Western Democrat, Catawba Journal, Asheville News, Rutherford Enquirer, Warrenton News, Weldon Patriot, Wilson Ledger, Tarboro' Mercury, Washington Dispatch, Democratic (Raleigh) Press, Goldsboro' Tribune, Murfreesboro' Citizen, Hillsboro' Recorder, Kinston Advocate, North Carolina Presbyterian, Leisure Hour, Boston Statesman & Weekly Post, Banner of Liberty, Home Journal, Richmond Christian Advocate, Montgomery Mail, South Western (Ala.) Baptist, Galveston (Texas) News, and New Orleans Picayune.

We beg pardon for neglecting the Franklin Observer and Salem Press. We did not slight them intentionally, and will be pleased to exchange with them. Several Editors to whom we have sent our Magazine have failed to exchange. We presume they too intended no slight, and hope to see their papers adorn our reading room in future.

Our Monthly exchanges come in rather tardily. We have mailed our Magazine regularly to the Virginia University Magazine, Hampden Sidney Magazine, Harvard Magazine, Yale Literary Magazine, Erskine Collegiate Recorder, Kenyon Collegian, New York Teacher, and North Carolina Educational Journal. Of these we have to acknowledge the reception of the North Carolina Educational Journal, Erskine Collegiate Recorder, Harvard Magazine, Yale Literary Magazine, and New York Teacher.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—We tender our thanks to Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., for this valuable Review. In point of age, at least, it is first on the list of first class periodicals. Everybody knows that it was established by Jeffrey, Brougham and Sidney Smith, for the purpose of combating the ruling Tory power, which was carrying everything before it with a high hand. Sustained by the force of brilliant intellect, and upheld by a strong public opinion, it carried on its contest single-handed, until its voice made the tory leaders quake, and the very throne tremble. It is still conducted with much vigor and ability. This is not the only publication by Messrs. Scott & Co., which our fellow-students would do well to patronize. We, therefore, publish below a notice which they sent us sometime since:

"L. Scott & Co., New York, continue to publish the following leading British periodicals, viz: *The London Quarterly Review*, (Conservative;) *The Edinburgh Review*, (Whig;) *The North British Review*, (Free Church;) *The Westminster Review*, (Liberal;) *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, (Tory.) The

receipt of Advance Sheets from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions. **TERMS**—For any one of the four Reviews, \$3 per annum; for any two of the four Reviews, \$5; For any three of the four Reviews, \$7; for all four of the Reviews, \$8; for Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; for Blackwood and one Review, \$5; for Blackwood and two Reviews, \$7; for Blackwood and three Reviews, \$9; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

AMERICAN BIBLE UNION.—We omitted to state in the proper place that the Rev. W. H. BOBBITT, agent of the American Bible Union, delivered a sermon in the College Chapel in the early part of the session, and received a handsome contribution from the students.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, August 27th, 1859.

WHEREAS, The Philanthropic Society has heard of the death of Mr. JAMES WOODS, of Nashville, Tenn.,—he who left our midst but a few years ago, crowned with high honors of the University, bearing the kindest wishes of all who knew him, and gifted with talents that promised him a glorious and successful career in his profession of Law; he who had already risen to a high position, and stood among the foremost in ability; and who bid fair to do his country honor; he whose kindness made all who knew him love him, and whose talents commanded the admiration and respect of every one—therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow to the will of Providence, we cannot but regret most sincerely the loss of him, who, while among us, was beloved; and who, when absent from us, reflected honor upon the Society that fostered his young talents.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the relatives of our departed brother, and assure them that, while they mourn the loss of a kinsman, we lament the death of a highly-esteemed fellow-member.

Resolved, That we draw consolation from the knowledge that Providence does all things well, and that our friend, though departed from earth, has been summoned to a higher and more glorious field of labor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased; and to the Nashville papers, and the University Magazine, with a request for publication.

GEO. L. WILSON, }
 W. R. BOND, } *Com.*
 J. P. WALKER, }

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L. Handman

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

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WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WM. J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

Vol. 9.

November, 1859.

No. 4.

MEMOIR OF LEONARD HENDERSON,

LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

~~~~~  
BY HON. WM. H. BATTLE.  
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THE name of HENDERSON has been long and favorably known in North Carolina. The family to which this is principally due is of English origin, and, having settled for a time in Hanover county, Virginia, came into this province about the year 1762, and fixed itself in the county of Granville. Here, during the last years of the Royal Government, one of its members became a distinguished Judge. In the war of the Revolution the family espoused the cause of Liberty, and several of the sons entered the ranks of the patriot army. It continued to flourish after peace and independence had been secured, and in the course of the history of the State, the name may be found an honored one in almost every employment of life. A county, a town and a village will carry this name to posterity, and be standing monuments to the fame and services of those who bore it.

Among the most prominent of this distinguished family was LEONARD HENDERSON, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. He was born on the waters of Nutbush Creek, in the county of Granville, on the 6th day of October, in the year 1772. His father was Richard Henderson, the gentleman above alluded to as having attained a high position in the judicial department of the provincial government. The latter was in early life a constable, an office which perhaps he owed to the influence of his father, Col. Samuel Henderson, who was at one time high sheriff of the county of Granville. Prompted by the aspirations of a noble ambition, the humble officer resolved to make an effort to better

his fortune by devoting himself to the profession of the law. He accordingly commenced the reading of such books as were then deemed necessary, and after a very short period of study presented himself for examination before the Chief Justice of "the General Court," upon whose certificate of proficiency he was to obtain a license to practise law from the Governor. The Chief Justice, upon hearing from the applicant that he had been reading a few months only, advised him to return home; to which he replied with promptness and spirit, that he had come, not to ask advice, or seek a favor, but to demand a right; whereupon the Judge, being irritated, subjected him to a rigid examination, which he sustained with great ability. The result was that the certificate was given, accompanied with many encomiums upon his talents and industry. From such a beginning his professional success might well have been anticipated. He attained not only to the highest honors of his profession under the royal government, but after the independence of the colonies had been secured and a constitutional government had been established in North Carolina, he was elected one of the first three Judges of its Supreme Court. This latter office, however, he either declined to accept, or resigned in a few months.* He married a lady whose name was Elizabeth Keeling, by whom he had four sons who lived to years of maturity, all of whom were men of more than ordinary abilities. Richard, the eldest, studied law and began the practice in Granville county, where he died in the commencement of a career of unusually bright promise. Archibald, the second son, also devoted himself to the profession of law, and settled in the town of

* One of the reasons which may have prevented Colonel Henderson (as he was then called) from accepting a seat on the bench at that time, was that he was then chief manager of a company called the Transylvania Land Company. It had been formed a few years before by him and others, and he and his associates had purchased from the Cherokee Indians a very extensive and rich tract of country in which was embraced a considerable portion of the present States of Kentucky and Tennessee. The treaty by which the purchase was made, was concluded in March, 1775, on the banks of the Watauga river, at a council at which the celebrated Daniel Boone was present. The purchase was declared void by the States of Virginia and North Carolina, but each subsequently granted two hundred thousand acres of land in lieu of the territory which they respectively claimed. The duty of attending to the interests of this company must have occupied the Colonel's time and attention to so great a degree as to preclude him from attempting the difficult and laborious task of administering the law under a new and untried form of government.

Colonel Richard Henderson had several brothers, the youngest of whom, Major Pleasant Henderson, deserves a passing notice. He served as an officer in the war of the Revolution, and a few years after the close of it married a daughter of Colonel James Martin, of Stokes county, and settled at Chapel Hill, where he resided many years and reared a large family. In 1789 he succeeded Judge Haywood as a Clerk to the House of Commons, and retained the office, through all the mutations of men and parties, for forty years. In 1831 he removed with his family to Huntington, Tennessee, where he died in 1842, in the 86th year of his age.

Salisbury, where he became a very distinguished advocate, and unquestionably the leader of the bar in the western portion of the State. He also for two terms represented the Salisbury District in Congress, where he attained a distinction scarcely inferior to that which he had at the bar. John L., the youngest of the sons, was also a lawyer, and, after representing, during several sessions, the borough of Salisbury in the lower House of our General Assembly, filled successively the offices of Comptroller of State, and Clerk of the Supreme Court. Not the least talented, and in many respects the most distinguished, of the sons, was LEONARD, the subject of the present memoir. He was the third son and sixth child of his parents. He was left an orphan at an early age, his father having died when he was twelve years old, and his mother surviving her husband only five years. It may not be amiss to mention here, as an evidence of the simplicity and frugality of the times, as well as of the prudence and industry of the matrons of that day, that his mother, though the wife of one of the highest officers of the province, taught her eldest sons, as well as her daughters, to card and spin. Why Leonard was not instructed in the same housewifely accomplishment we are not informed. The splendid professional career of one of his elder brothers, shows that though it might not have advanced, it certainly would not have obstructed, his upward course to fame and fortune.

The early education of the subject of our memoir, was obtained at a school kept in the neighborhood from time to time by a teacher named Rooker. Thence he was sent for a short period to a school in Salisbury, where his sisters, Elizabeth, wife of William Lee Alexander, and Fanny, wife of Judge Spruce McCay, then resided. After his return home, he went to school to a man named Springer, and then read the Latin Classics and the Greek Testament with the Rev. Mr. Patillo, a Presbyterian clergyman eminent for his learning and piety. With this limited amount of classical instruction, which was all that his narrow pecuniary resources allowed him to obtain, he commenced the study of the law with his relative, Judge John Williams, whose sister his paternal grandfather had married. In what year he was admitted to the bar, we have been unable to learn, but suppose that it was about the time when he came of age. Soon after that time, to wit, in the year 1795, he was married to his cousin, Frances Farrar, who was a niece of Judge Williams. The young couple being poor, the Judge, who was wealthy, with an only child to provide for, generously gave them a portion with which to begin the world. They settled in Williamsborough, a small village near the place of their uncle's residence.

What was the professional success of the young lawyer in the beginning of his attendance upon the courts, we have not heard. We infer, how-

ever, that his income from his practise at the bar was not so great as to render unnecessary other sources of profit. He was appointed to, and for several years held, the office of clerk of the District Court at Hillsborough. The State was then divided into a small number of districts, in each of which a court of supreme jurisdiction was held twice a year; and as each district comprised several counties, the clerkship must have been an office of no little emolument, as well as dignity. In the year 1806 the district system was abolished, and the plan by which a superior court was to be held twice a year in each county was substituted in the place of it. For that purpose the State was divided into six circuits, and an additional number of Judges was elected, so as to have a Judge for each circuit. The Judges, however, were not located, but were at liberty to reside where they pleased, and to ride the circuits as they might themselves agree, the only restriction upon them being that no Judge should go the same circuit twice in succession. A supreme court, which had been previously established, distinct from the circuit courts, was to be held by the same Judges twice a year in Raleigh, in the intervals of the superior court ridings. Two years after the adoption of this system, Mr. Henderson was chosen to fill one of the two vacancies upon the bench occasioned by the death of Judge McCay, and the elevation of Judge Stone to the office of Governor. His election at that time was a high compliment to his character for probity, talents and professional acquirements, as it was made by an Assembly, the majority of whose members was decidedly opposed to him in national politics. The political complexion of the Assembly was clearly manifested by the election, at the same session, of the Honorable David Stone as Governor of the State, he being one of the leaders of the then Republican party, while Judge Henderson had always been a member of the then opposition, or Federal party. It is true that at that period, members of the Legislature were in a great measure unbiassed by party spirit in the choice of high judicial functionaries. But we may well suppose that even then political influence was so far felt as to induce the voters to prefer a member of their own party, unless there was a decided preponderance of qualifications in some other candidate. The election of Mr. Henderson was due, then, solely to the high appreciation of his character and eminent qualifications. The duties of the office of Judge, he continued to discharge in a manner eminently creditable to himself, and useful to the public for eight years, when he resigned in consequence, no doubt of the meagreness of the compensation attached to his very laborious office. We are not distinctly informed that such was the reason for his course but we can well image that a man of limited means with an increasing family could not well afford to perform the annual duty of riding two circuits composed of ten counties each, and of assisting to hold two term

of the supreme court for the small salary of \$1,600. Neither official dignity and repose, nor a just sense of public duty could prevent such a man from returning to a profession, whose emoluments might supply the increasing wants of his family.

● Soon after the resignation of Judge Henderson, a change in the plan upon which the supreme court was constituted, began to be discussed. It was found by experience that the Judges, to whom was assigned the double duty of holding the superior courts semi-annually in the several counties of the State, and the supreme court twice a year in Raleigh, were unable to bestow the necessary time and study to the cases which were brought for adjudication before the latter tribunal. In performing circuit duties the Judges were, as we have seen, forbidden to ride the same circuit twice in succession; and this provision enforced upon each one of them during five of the six circuits in the course of which he traversed the State, a prolonged absence from his home and family. And then, after such an absence, when worn down by the fatiguing journeys, as well as by the official engagements of the circuit, having snatched a brief interval of repose, he was compelled to attend the supreme court at Raleigh, and there, with body wearied and mind jaded and unstrung, to settle questions of law, the most weighty and perplexing—questions involving the highest interests of the State, and the dearest rights and privileges of the citizen. Well might the wisdom and the propriety of such a plan for the highest judicial tribunal of the State be doubted; and well might the ablest and most intelligent men of the State enquire whether a better and more efficient one could not be devised. The result of the inquiry was that in the year 1817 a bill was introduced into the Legislature, proposing an organization of the court upon a scheme very much the same with that which was afterwards adopted. The bill passed one branch of the Legislature, but was lost in the other. Its friends, however, did not despair, but introduced it into the General Assembly of 1818, when it became a law. Among those who distinguished themselves by its advocacy was William Gaston, then a member of the Senate, who several years afterwards became one of the brightest ornaments of the court.

As soon as the plan of the court was adopted, it became a matter of prime importance to have the seats on its bench filled by men whose moral and intellectual qualities, and professional attainments, would ensure the able and faithful discharge of its highly responsible duties, and at the same time secure the confidence and respect of the profession and the people. Accordingly the names of six gentlemen of the greatest repute on the bench of the superior court and at the bar, were presented as candidates for the vacant places. These were John Louis Taylor, John Hall, Henry Scawell, Leonard Henderson, Archibald D. Murphey and Bartlett

Yancey. The two first were then on the bench, and had been so continuously for about twenty years. Mr. Seawell had been elected a Judge about five years before; was well known as a man of great ability; and as a criminal lawyer was reputed to be inferior to no man in the State. Leonard Henderson had, only two years previously, resigned his seat on the bench. Mr. Murphey, with a high reputation as an able lawyer and elegant scholar, had greatly distinguished himself by seven years service in the State Senate, where he took a leading part in every question connected with the Internal Improvement of the State, and the extension of the benefits of education among the people. Bartlett Yancey was equally well known as a skilful and successful advocate at the bar, and an efficient and popular Speaker of the Senate. Indeed, as the presiding officer of a deliberative body, it was said that he had, in the whole country, very few equals, and no superior, unless a superior might be found in the person of Henry Clay. In addition to this strong array of names, that of Archibald Henderson was at first proposed, but was withdrawn as soon as it was ascertained that his brother Leonard would be brought forward as a candidate. The election was held on the 12th day of December, 1818, and the first ballot resulted in the choice of John Hall and Leonard Henderson. John Louis Taylor was subsequently, after a close contest, elected the third Judge. Upon the organization of the court, the last named gentleman was appointed by his associates to be the Chief Justice, having occupied the same position on the bench of the old supreme court. Thus constituted, the court commenced its labors in January, 1819, and after a short session, adjourned to the 20th day of May, which was then appointed to be the commencement of one of its regular terms. A large number of cases had accumulated on the docket of the old court, which was transferred to that of the new, and the Judges entered upon the performance of their duties with zeal, and with a determination to meet the public expectation by giving to each case such an examination, and consideration, as might result in its settlement upon correct principles. They were especially desirous to settle for North Carolina a system of law founded upon the common law of England, modified indeed to some extent, to suit the peculiar nature of our institutions, and altered in many respects by legislative enactment. In this attempt they were greatly aided by the arguments of a bar which had no superior, and hardly an equal, in any State of the Union. The truth of this will readily be acknowledged by those who read the names of Archibald Henderson, William Gaston, Thomas Ruffin, Moses Mordecai, Gavin Hogg, Joseph Wilson and Henry Seawell, the last of whom had, about that time, resigned his seat on the bench of the superior court and returned to the bar. Some of these were succeeded a few years later by (among others) Francis L. Hawks, George

E. Badger, Thomas P. Devereux, Frederic Nash, Samuel Hillman, William H. Haywood and James Iredell. As it is not our purpose to give to the supreme court, under its present organization, more than a passing notice, we will only add that it continued to be held by the three Judges who were first placed upon it, until the 29th day of January, 1829, when Chief Justice Taylor died, and was succeeded as a Judge, temporarily, by the Hon. John D. Toomer, and permanently by the Hon. Thomas Ruffin. At the June Term, 1829, Judge Henderson was appointed by his associates to preside as Chief Justice, and continued to occupy that position until his death, which occurred at his residence near Williamsborough, in the county of Granville, on the 13th day of August, 1833.

A delineation of the character of Judge Henderson, as a man; of his qualities in the social relations of life; of his professional attainments; and of his qualifications for the place which he so long filled on the bench, is no easy task. The writer of the present memoir, feels its difficulties pressing upon him in a peculiar manner. He was Judge Henderson's pupil in the study of the law for more than three years. He remembers his uniform kindness, his constant attention, and his valuable instructions, with fond affection. He feels that he cannot, if he would, divest himself of that partiality which such intercourse between a preceptor and pupil, is so well calculated to inspire. But notwithstanding this ever present obstacle to strict impartiality, he will endeavor to speak of the Judge according to the estimate of those best qualified to pass upon his merits.

As a man, then, he was not without fault. "Coming into public life about the time when infidelity had overspread France, and, in consequence of our alliance with her, had been extensively introduced into this country, he, in common with too many of our most distinguished lawyers and public men, became imbued, to some extent, with its principles. The consequence was, that with him, as with them, there was not that purity of manners and morals which the genuine spirit of christianity alone can produce. But from this remark it is not to be understood that there was any thing in his conduct which, in his day and generation, detracted from his character as a high minded, honorable gentleman. His vices were the faults of the age in which he lived; his virtues were his own.* He was far above every thing that could be considered sordid or mean. He was temperate, truthful, candid, generous and charitab'le. In the last named quality, he was distinguished in the best sense of the term. He neither judged harshly, nor spoke evil of his fellow man. Although very far from being rich in this world's goods, he never closed his hand against the wants of a poor neighbor, or turned away his ear from the tale of distress.*

* An anecdote prevailed among his contemporaries which is believed to be true, but whether true or not, at all events showed the general opinion as to his

In domestic and social life Judge Henderson was kind, affable and courteous. He possessed in no ordinary degree, the love of his wife and children, and there was no man whose intercourse with his family was better calculated to win their confidence and affection. He was the delight of his friends, and his fine conversational powers, aided by a strong and energetic mode of expression, always drew around him a circle of admiring listeners. To the students who attended the law school which he established after he became a Judge of the supreme court, he was always kind, accessible and communicative. He did not deliver regular lectures, nor appoint stated hours for recitation, but directed the studies of his pupils, urged them to apply to him at all times for a solution of their difficulties, and was never better satisfied with them than when, by their frequent applications to him for assistance, they showed that they were studying with diligence and attention.

With the people of the State he was always a favorite. His general popularity was not the result of solicitation, for he was never a candidate for any office which required him to canvass for the public favor. It was the spontaneous bestowal of that regard which a strong mind, united to a kind heart and affable manners, never fails to attract. Hence, when he was a candidate for a seat on the bench, the representatives of the people on the second occasion, as on the first, gave their votes to him without regard to his opinions upon national politics. And we have seen that he was elected, together with a personal friend but political opponent, at the first ballot, over four other gentlemen of great name and extensive influ-

kindness of heart, and the readiness of his sympathy with distress. A man of some standing in the community had been charged with murder, and for his defence had secured the services of all the leading counsel who practised at the bar where he was to be tried. The friends of the deceased brought Mr. Henderson, (who had just before retired from the bench,) by a very liberal special retainer, from his own circuit to assist in the prosecution. Whilst in attendance upon the court, he happened one day to see the prisoner's wife and children, clad in deep mourning, making their way towards the jail. The sight completely unmanned him; he hurried to his clients, and begged permission to return the fee and retire from the cause. His urgent importunity gained the favor which he sought, and he hastened back to his home. It is added that his humanity to the poor woman was but of little service to her, her husband being subsequently convicted and hanged.

There is a sequel to this story it may not be amiss to relate. The prisoner, after he was condemned to death, made his escape from prison, and fled to Florida, which was then a Spanish Province. A son of the deceased, who had just attained to manhood, hearing where he was, went alone in pursuit of him. Arriving near the borders of the territory, he secured the services of some of the settlers on the American side, and then, by means of a party of friendly Indians, the prisoner was enticed across the line in a hunt and captured. The youthful captor, alone and unaided, brought him back and surrendered him to the officers of the law. When it is recollected that at that time there were no railroads, and very few even of stage facilities for travelling between Florida and this State, the feat must be regarded as one of great difficulty and daring.

ence in the State. Besides the offices of Judge and clerk of the district court at Hillsborough, we believe that he held no other, unless the trusteeship of this University be an office. To that he was elected, together with the Hon. John Branch, Hon. William Miller, Hon. John Stanly, Hon. Bartlett Yancey, Hon. Gabriel Holmes, Rev. John Witherspoon, D. D., and Kemp Plummer and Alfred Moore, Esquires, in the year 1817, and continued to hold it until his resignation in 1828.

It was as a JUDGE that the subject of this memoir was most generally known; and for the judicial office, he had many eminent qualifications. He was unquestionably a man of genius, and in early life he had studied with assiduity and success the principles of the common law, and had made himself familiar with its grounds and reasons. He was never content until he had thoroughly comprehended whatever he met with in the course of his reading. The writer well remembers hearing him say, that on one occasion while he was a student, he came upon a passage in Bacon's Abridgement, which he could not understand; and, his preceptor being from home, so that he could not then get it explained, he came very near throwing aside his books in despair, and abandoning the profession forever. Later in life, he could not so well endure the fatigue of reading books, and relied much—perhaps too much—on his recollection of principles, and his power of reasoning upon them. Hence, we find his opinions less fortified than usual by reference to adjudicated cases and the citation of elementary treatises. He had an honest, as well as strong mind, and in all his arguments we find predominant an anxious search after truth. For this reason he was restive, when he found himself opposed by precedents which he thought were unsupported by principle. Whatever fault he had as a Judge, was owing to this disposition; but notwithstanding that, he must always be regarded as standing high among those who before and after him, have adorned the supreme court bench of North Carolina. A fair specimen of his knowledge of legal principles, and of his powers of argumentation, may be found in the opinion delivered by him in the case of *Taylor vs. Shuford*, 4 Hawks' Rep. 126. The case was argued very elaborately and ably by Mr. Joseph Wilson for the plaintiff, and Mr. Badger for the defendant; and Judge Henderson, in his Opinion, discusses with great clearness and force the abstruse and difficult doctrines of *estoppel* and *warranty*, with, however, scarce a reference to an adjudged case, or an elementary work.

We have said that the Judge was, in early life and in manhood, imbued with the principles of infidelity. We have heard, and state it with pleasure, that a short time before his death, he professed a belief in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men.

The Judge left surviving him a widow and five children, having lost

his youngest son, Richard, three years before his own death. Of these, his widow and his first and third sons, Archibald Erskine and John Leonard, have since died. Archibald married Anne, the only daughter, and only surviving child of one of his father's earliest and best friends, Richard Bullock, Esq., of Warren county; and by her has left several children. John died unmarried and without issue. Of the Judge's surviving children, the eldest daughter, Fanny, married Dr. William V. Taylor, with whom she now lives in Memphis, Tennessee. The second daughter, Lucy, married Dr. Richard Sneed, and they are both still living in Henderson, Kentucky. William Farrar, the second son, studied medicine, and afterwards married Agnes Hare, and settled in Williamsborough, Granville county, where he is, and has been for many years, engaged in the successful practice of his profession. It is to him that the writer is mainly indebted for the materials which have enabled him to present this brief and imperfect, but sincere tribute to the memory of a great and good man.

EXCURSUS ON THE MORAL AFFINITIES

OF

HORACE—LE SAGE—AND BYRON.

BY GEORGE PADDISON.

IF, by some uncontrollable destiny, a second Alexandrian destruction of books should occur, many would rush forward to save some long cherished favorite. Admirers of the sententious would emulously pounce upon Quintus Horatius Flaccus;—Gil Blas would be plucked from the flames by the admirers of the graphic description of daily scenes in the actual business of life; while, if all else belonging to the effusions of Byron's genius had perished, the loss would be deeply deplored, but speedily forgotten, if some bolder hand had succeeded in the rescue of Don Juan.

Horace—Le Sage—Byron—a trio how like, yet how dissimilar! How like in the design and general drift of their argument—how dissimilar in the means of its development.

Let us take them on the broad basis of morality. On the basis of morality, the second epistle of Horace deserves to be traced in characters of gold. It may be styled the moralist's VADE MECUM—a "Book of Proverbs" in miniature. "Poor Richard" himself is not more pithy in maxims how to live and how to acquire credit in living. Further on, nothing can excel the picture of a blackguard—the specimen of specious blackguardism occasionally to be met with now, as then, in every grade of society:

* * * * * *absentem qui rodit amicum,*
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic NIGER est—hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

His own countryman, Quintilian, summed up the merit, the peculiar charm of the *style* of Horace, whether lyric, epistolary, satiric, or didactic, in two words—CURIOSA FELICITAS: Our contemporary, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, has reiterated the sentiment, while expanding the expression: "No author is equal to Horace for quotation, ethical or political."

Gil Blas is the very poetry of actual existence. Waiving *in toto* the question whether, or not, the work is original, or a copy from the Spanish, we may well rest satisfied to take it as we find it—to take it as an original French work, and not suffer any doubt to disturb the complacency of willing belief in the testimony of an inscription over a door of a house at Boulogne-sur-mer,—"*Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas.*"

And what is the great moral instruction to be derived from this work? Much and manifold. For youth, lessons of vanity, lessons of credulity; for middle age, lessons of sobriety, lessons of self-knowledge, lessons of moderation in prosperity, of fortitude in adversity; of prudence in the economy of domestic life, together with warning precepts and examples of the instability of Court favor, abundantly illustrating the truth of the text—"Put not your trust in Princes;"—examples holding up to our scorn the jealousies, the burnings, the meanness of spirit, among the cringing dependants of the Great;—and yet, shining through all the gloom of bitter disappointment, when the goal of Ambition seemed so nearly reached, the Star of Friendship cheering the sacred home—Retreat of that Ambition tranquillized—of that worn and weary Spirit so often wrung with anguish for the hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick.

These are some of the prominent lessons to be drawn from the ever-moving scenes of actual existence depicted in GIL BLAS: not one to which each and every of us, who have reached the verge of seniority, may not, by the change of a single word, apply to himself the playful banter of Horace— * * * * * *mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur.*

I believe it is Scott who brings forward, as a masterly specimen of insight into the workings of human passion, that passage in "Le Diable Boiteux," where the two rival authors, after mutually exhausting the bitterest acrimony of invective suggested by the most rancorous animosity, are finally brought to exchange the outward forms of reconciliation—"they embrace, and part, hating each other more bitterly than ever."

As a counterpart in acumen of penetration, I venture to specify the closing scene between Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada, which his offended Reverence abruptly terminates by giving his too critical secretary a draft on the Treasurer of the Archiepiscopal household, as compensation for time and service devoted to the transcription of elaborate Homilies, accompanied by a most significant push on the shoulders in the direction of the door, together with the following antithetical aphorism:—"Je ne trouve point du tout mauvais que vous me disiez votre sentiment; c'est votre sentiment seul que je trouve mauvais."

"But what? is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Such are the words of unbelief respecting his own future course of iniquitous misconduct uttered by one, in whom divinely prophetic vision plainly discerned the change of temper that would attend the change of Fortune. In following the vicissitudes experienced by Gil Blas, we have, in humbler sphere, a fine illustration of self-ignorance engrafted on over-weening arrogance, the growth of sudden prosperity, when he roundly denies acquaintance with his fellow villager, the grocer's son; and, still

worse, turns an adder's ear, and steels his breast against the natural emotions and promptings of filial affection, when his plain-spoken fellow townsman—the would-be-forgotten comrade of early days at home—stoutly insists, that the son, in his present state of comparative affluence, should extend the liberal hand of relief to the poverty and privations of his aged parents.

The subsequent remorse of the repentant son, his pious plan of atonement, the visit to his native village just in time to witness the dying gasp of his old, bedridden father, and the dotard imbecility of his half-expiring uncle, but too late for a glimpse of recognition by either, unless it might be a conjectural one; his fruitless attempt to conciliate the good will of the sturdy towns-folk, despite the ostentation of profuse liberality, now tauntingly rejected as a mere display of purse-proud insolence,—these, and other similar passages alone, might secure for their author the rank of a moralist of first-rate order—of no common searcher into the springs of human action.

Allow me to adduce another instance of retributive justice meted out to the principal offenders in such a way as to make an almost involuntary participant in the offence shudder at his own thoughts, when viewing, in retrospect, the abyss of crime, on the very verge of which he had trod, reflecting how narrowly he had missed the fall. This revolting picture is most vividly given in the frank recital of the too compliant Santillan's adventure with the hardened brigand, Don Raphael. Assuming the garb of officers despatched by the terrible Inquisition, they plunder the strong box of a converted Jew. Long after restitution had been made of his share of the spoil—when, perhaps, the very remembrance of the *pecadillo* had faded and grown dim in the distance of time and oblivion, Gil Blas happens to visit Madrid on the eve of that grand Inquisitorial spectacle, an *auto da fe*: next morning he takes a seat among the assembled and highly excited crowd of spectators, when, as the ghostly procession slowly and solemnly moves on—O! horror! O! judgment to his self-convicted, terror-stricken conscience! most conspicuous in the march of the doomed, he beholds the figures of the all-daring brigand, Raphael, and his obsequious accomplice, Lamela.

I have alluded above to the inscription extant in the town of Boulogne-sur-mer: "*Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas.*" I repeat it here in connection with a just and beautiful tribute to his memory, to which it gave origin, and which, I believe, first appeared in the pages of Fraser's Magazine, shortly after some of the principal contributors to that able periodical, set up in business for themselves, after their secession from Blackwood:

"*Ici est mort Le Sage.*" But what hath died?

I would say, what hath perish'd? Not Gil Blas:

He lives as heretofore: th' eternal law
 Of change affects him not: he will abide
 From age to age: all countries are his own.
 What then hath perish'd? That corporeal mould,
 Which, like a minstrel's harp, grown frail and old,
 No longer could respond, in wonted tone,
 Unto the Master's touch. But did the mind,
 That framed the melody and woke the strings,
 Or did the song itself destruction find
 With that old harp? O! vain imaginings!
 The mind and music live—Le Sage hath never died.

George Gordon Noel Byron—Lord Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster—*alias* "Childe Harold"—*alias* "Cain"—*alias* "The Corsair"—*alias* "Manfred"—*alias* "Don Juan"—*alias* "The Devil"—according to Mr. Laureate Southey's charitable dispensation of titles. Byron! the republican of poets—the poet of aristocracy—well be-cudgelled by the crutch of the redoubted Christopher North, what time the temper of Christopher soared high, and his arm was vigorous to deal the buffet,—Byron! earnestly and eloquently bewailed by the same Christopher, the moment tidings of his untimely death reached his native island; "and thus the descant wild began":

Lament for Lord Byron
 In full flow of grief!
 As a sept of Milesians
 Would mourn o'er their chief
 With the loud voice of wailing,
 With Sorrow's deep tone
 We will keen o'er our Poet,
 "All faded and gone."
 Though far in Missolonghi
 His ashes are laid;
 Though the hands of the stranger,
 His lone grave have made;
 Yet, Bard of the Corsair,
 High-spirited Childe,
 Thou who sangst of Lord Manfred
 The Destiny wild;
 Thou bright Star, whose radiance
 Illumined our verse,
 Our souls cross the blue seas
 To mourn o'er thy hearse,
 Thy faults and thy follies,
 Whatever they were,
 Be their memory dispersed,
 As the winds of the air.
 By me no reproach
 On thy name shall be thrown:
 Let the man who is sinless
 Uplift the first stone.

That was noble! But what was there of ignoble about the lamented Professor John Wilson? For he, too, is now gathered to his fathers,—

but maturely, in the plenitude of years, of literary fame, of domestic felicity. At the time when the news of Byron's death reached England, I was a boy—somewhat sensitive, it may be—in the first class of a Grammar School in my native town—a school chartered and liberally endowed by Edward the Sixth, of pious memory. Most of my class-mates being sons of High-Church-and-State party men—a formidable, intolerant, and intolerable oligarchy at that early date, when the mere phrase “*political reform*,” was a bug-bear, a tocsin of civil discord among our grave and reverend seniors—frequent and sharp had been the school-boy dissensions on Byronic principles among us impetuous juniors. One memorable morning, before I had heard any report of the Poet's death, on entering the school, a shout of malignant triumph from first-class adversaries greeted my advent among them, together with an abrupt and startling announcement of the melancholy fact. Instantly I burst into tears—honest, boyish tears—tears of soul-felt sorrow for the bereavement, of passionate indignation at the illiberal insult to the dead, and I straightway warned the perpetrators of it that certain, if tardy, repentance would overtake them, for that rash act of ill-timed and most ungenerous exultation. I have lived to see the assertion realized. At this late day, when “the griefs and passions of our greener age” have subsided, I make the statement merely to show the savage acrimony of party feeling co-existent with the event, which so basely rankled in the bosoms of the vulgar crowd of aristocrats, who contemptuously disowned HIM, the crowning glory of their Order, to expose the temper that dictated the refusal to allow his honored remains to be deposited within the walls of Westminster Abbey:

But little he recks while they let him sleep on
In the tomb where a *sister* has laid him.

There, at the base of that simple monument, and, still more, at the shrine of admiration in the hearts of his unprejudiced countrymen,—in every heart, in every land capable of appreciating manly excellence, have the puny shafts of pitiful malice long ago dropped, blunted, broken, powerless.

The morality of Don Juan has been denied, is denied, and will be denied; but if diligently sought after, it may be found. Before enlarging on the subject, even moderately, so as to be able to bring it out in proper relief, I should wish to apply to my gentle reader, or my patient hearer, as the case may be, the prudential caution given to *his* reader by the thoughtful Gil Blas, after the preliminary episode of the two travelling students, and the very different result of their very different comments on the buried soul of the Licentiate.

“Qui que tu sois, ami Lecteur, tu vas ressembler à l'un ou à l'autre de

ces deux e'coliers. Si tu lis mes aventures sans prendre garde aux instructions morales qu'elles renferment, tu ne tireras aucun fruit de cet ouvrage : mais si tu le lis avec attention, tu y trouveras, suivant le précepte d'Horace, l'utile mele' avec l'agre'able." (Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.)

In criticism, self-criticism, criticism of contemporaries and predecessors, the comparison between Horace and Byron runs parallel. For Horatian illustrations I need only refer to the epistle beginning "Trojani belli scriptorem," &c. ; and those Satires beginning thus—"Eupolis atque Cratinus," &c. ; "Nempe in composito," &c. ; and the Saturnalian colloquy between the "great little" poet, himself and his man Davus. These are examples specific and to the point. But casually interspersed, with no niggard hand, even among the lightest, the most playful of what Horace was pleased to style his "pedestrian talks," are sentiments of sound morality, of enlarged and enlightened views of society, and profound knowledge of the manifold and contradictory workings of human passions. Thus, in the epistle addressed to his farm steward, or overseer—"Can you, or I, excel : you in extirpating briars that check vegetation on the soil of my farm ; I, in extracting heart-corroding cares—the thorns which choke the growth of virtue in the man ?" Again : witness the working of self-reproach for "talents wasted, time misspent," of which all, if honest, may, and do, feel the bitterness more or less acutely in the secret conviction of their own breasts ; the conviction, I mean, of noble resolves on moral reformation adopted in "all the magnanimity of thought"—"resolved and re-resolved" till "wisdom is pushed out of life." I have seen the lines referred to quoted in a book of avowed moral teaching from the pen of an earnest well-wisher of his kind, a worthy member of the Methodist Church ; but so many years have elapsed since I saw the work, that I have forgotten its name and the author's too. At the time of reading it, I thought it high commendation, indeed, that the sentiments and expressions of a Pagan should be cited in order to enforce the inculcation of Christian doctrine. But we know there was standard authority for the practice in the precedent given by St. Paul in his quotation from the Greek drama ; and the modern Christian brought no discredit either on matter or manner by quoting the passage in question :

*" Ut nox longa * * * * * diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus ; ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premet custodia matrum :
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnæviter id quod
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum senibus puerisque nocet."*

Persons disposed to cavil—and their name is Legion—object to Horace

on account of sycophancy. Such persons make not due allowance for the times and the custom of the times in which Horace lived. With that ingenuous candor, which marks all the productions of his wit, Horace frankly admits he threw away his shield at Philippi, and *ran*. So Gil Blas, on several occasions, honestly tells the reader that all the vicissitudes of ever varying Fortune had not taught him bravery: he was at any time ready to transfer the glory of an incidental passage at arms to any one willing to incur the risk of taking it. Horace, then, having no chance of winning promotion, or renown, by the sword—belonging, too, to the vanquished political party in the State, made no scruple of paying court to the Powers that were. As a scholar, and one who, doubtless, felt the divinity that stirred within him, he naturally sought to restore his shattered fortunes—*quassas reficere naves*—by the pen, and, in mere compliance with the fashion of his compeers, sought patronage and found it. This as naturally led to expressions of gratitude, which were, no doubt, sincere. If, to us moderns of sterner republican mould, some of these grateful effusions savor too strongly of sycophancy, specimens enough in the same vein may be found among writers Spanish, Italian, French, and English.

Just revert to the days when dedication was a trade—the days of Dryden and his fraternity;—nay, the Bible itself, I should rather say, our standard translation of the Bible executed under the royal mandate of James the First, contains a sample of the style dedicatory, current at that date, too fulsome for repetition in this republican land; and it has, accordingly, been very properly discarded from editions of the Holy Book printed and published on this side of the Atlantic.

As to patronage, what poor devil, out-at-elbow author, be he good, bad, or merely indifferent, can do without *that*? Perhaps the most unbending poet of our days—the least inclined to yield compliance when native pride of temper rebelled against the dominion of untoward fortunes, was the Rev. George Crabbe: yet, even he has given to the reading public a touching statement of the agony of mind in which he paced Westminster Bridge, through the long, long hours of the night preceding the morning when he expected to hear final doom on the productions of his poetical genius pronounced by a self-selected patron, Chancellor Thurlow. He *did* hear it, and from that day Fortune frowned no longer. One such case is as good as a hundred.

But even allowing that Horace is delinquent on the score of flattery to the Great, an admission, however, of no importance to the “general issue” of his rare excellence as a poet and a moralist, the manly candor of his nature is finely displayed in the several passages evincing truly filial regard for his father—a revelation which makes ample amends for the seeming delinquency. Here is no backsliding: here his merit shines

with a lustre all its own : no faltering here, as would have been the case with a nature intrinsically mean : this trait alone shows the sterling worth of the man. It is in bright contrast with what I have recently heard respecting the conduct—the *mis*-conduct, rather, of a celebrated contemporary of ours beyond the Atlantic—one who, as an author, counts admirers by thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. Not to be misunderstood, I mean Charles Dickens. What I heard was this, to wit, that the cause of separation from his wife was the exceedingly magnanimous one of the chivalrous Charles now deeming the partner of his early and more obscure fortunes too far below the exalted standard of his now more widely extended reputation.

There is nothing of this about Horace : herein we have him every inch a man : a model to every generation of *parvenus*. Whatever distinction he achieved by the exercise of native ability improved by careful instruction of first-rate teachers, he cheerfully attributes to the fostering care and vigilant attention of an indulgent but discriminating father. We have, I believe, something like it in this our own day on the part of the French author, Dumas, of somewhat swarthy renown. Said a pert and pretty dandy of the modern mode to Dumas : “I believe your father was a mulatto?” “Yes,” replied Dumas. “And your grandfather”—Dumas, confronting him fiercely, again replied—“was a negro, and *his* grandsire a monkey : *my* pedigree began where *yours* has ended.”

This excursus being intended for no elaborate discussion of merits and demerits, but merely an off-hand sketch of whatever comes uppermost, *en passant*, it may be thought relevant to wind up with a few incidental glances at Byronic peculiarities.

It might easily be shown that a very predominant quality in the temperament of Byron as a man and an author—that quality which too often spoils his wonderful powers for effect more than any other, is *affectation*. He began to exhibit this leaven in his nature at a very early day ; and in nothing more did he show it than in his pretended depreciation of Horace, to be found in *Childe Harold*. Regarding other authors, and men who were not authors, he subsequently made fair and honorable retraction : not so with Horace, that is to say, in formal phrase, not so ; but *in*-formally and inferentially he did substantially retract by quoting him whenever it suited the context, and that was pretty often ; so that he laid himself under nearly as many obligations of this kind to the “great little” poet, after bidding him final adieu on the ridge of Soracte, as William Cobbett used to say his political opponents did to him. “Ay,” said Cobbett, “they affect to sneer, and call it ‘twopenny trash ;’ but they send for it, nay, call themselves and buy it at my shop in Fleet Street.”

This spirit of affectation is very unfavorable to any author : it is cal-

culated to throw doubt on opinions, which one could wish to believe, with perfect assurance of faith, to be sincere. However, in a character of acknowledged eccentricity, like that of Byron, perhaps the best way is to give full latitude to eccentricity—which, if you are unwilling to give, eccentricity will take—and, if the opinion is worth having, take it for what it is worth. As a case in point: it is difficult to believe in Byron's sincerity throughout his critical letter to Murray on Bawles's "Strictures on Pope." But, sincere or not, the following paragraph contains so much that is excellent in its application to poetical, and would-be poetical, writers of our generation, that no apology is needed for its introduction, nor even for its length. In fact, before we reach the end of it, it will be clearly seen that Byron expected his own sincerity would be doubted—a very natural misgiving:

"The attention of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides: they are tired of hearing him always called 'the Just.' They are also fighting for life; for if he maintains his station, they will reach their own falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that among these I *have* been (or it may be still *am*) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honored the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of 'schools' and upstarts, who pretend to rival and even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails from Bedlam or Soho.

"There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, Sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same.

* * * * *

"If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true '*poet*' in its real sense:

the 'maker,' the 'creator'—why must this mean the 'liar,' the 'feigner' the 'tale-teller'? A man may make and create better things than these."

The very different style, and, still more, the widely different subjects adopted by Byron from the commencement of *Don Juan*, are the best guarantee that he *was* sincere. Feeling, as he did, the truth of his motto—" *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*"—he would never otherwise have descended from that heaven-kissing hill of lofty invention to traverse the muddy or dusty highways and byways of common life. No doubt the Bard spoke truly when, in a mood of self-criticism, he says :

"I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine."

The change in his practice of composition well exemplifies his own assertion elsewhere made, that

"Time and skill will couch the blind."

O! but *Don Juan* is immoral! a Deist!! an Atheist!!! *Renuo neogue*. No one denounced more strongly than Byron the folly of his friend, Shelley, when the latter, in a spirit of absurd bravado, subscribed * *Theos* to his own name on some public record. And, again, vide Byron's Preface to Cantos 6, 7 and 8 of *Don Juan*. After a fierce tirade against the memory of "the Werther of Politics," Castlereagh, Byron adds: "With regard to the objections that have been made on another score (to wit, the score of immorality,) to the already published Cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire :

"La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs et s'est réfugiée sur les levres."

"Plus les mœurs sont depravées, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées: on croit regagner en langage ce qui' on a perdu en vertu."

It is a hackneyed adage, "the Devil can quote Scripture to serve his end;" but Voltaire was not Moses, nor yet one of the Apostles. Voltaire was a man of the world; Byron was another: in quoting the former the latter does no more than claim the common privilege—"to be tried by a jury of his peers."

As to the charge of infidelity, or even deism, that charge has to be taken, if taken at all, on trust entirely. The poem of *Don Juan* itself—a poem written with greater freedom of language than any thing from Byron's pen, contains abundant internal evidence that he was neither Infidel nor Deist. His attendant, Fletcher, records that on his death-bed Byron used this remarkable expression: "I am not afraid of dying; I am more fit to die than people think." When John C. Calhoun felt death approaching him he could not refrain from uttering an expression of surprise that some one should seek an interview *then*, for the avowed purpose of preparing him for an event "which," said the dying statesman, "has engaged my attention all my life."

Ah! my friends, it is not for such men to neglect the grand concern of futurity.

One passage from Don Juan to this purpose will suffice :

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print, that I have no devotion ;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars, all that springs from the Great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive, the soul.

Again :

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem, every line ;
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine ;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it was to be a moment merry,—
A novel word in my vocabulary.

Again :

They accuse me—*me*—the present writer of
The present poem, of—I know not what—
A tendency to underrate and scoff
At human power, and virtue, and all that ;
And this they say in language rather rough :
Good God ! I wonder what they would be at ?
I say no more than has been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon, and Cervantes.

Those who wish to see more in the same strain will find it, *quantum suff.*, in the opening stanzas of the 7th canto ; for I might go on quoting *ad libitum* if not *ad finitum*. No doubt the origin of all this bitterness and detraction may be traced to the violence of political antagonism, on which side, be it always remembered, was arrayed the Bench of Bishops in all the plenitude of lawn sleeves and inflated with the dignity of implacable prejudice.

Having ventured to arraign the author of Childe Harold and Don Juan on the charge of affectation, it would be unpardonable to close without bringing forward in striking relief his most admirable characteristics, patriotism and humanity.

The patriotism of Byron was of sterling stamp : wherever and whenever the occasion demands, he stands forward, the bold, uncompromising champion of the people. To him tyranny in every form, in every shadow of a form, was an utter abomination :

It made his blood boil, like the springs of Hecla,
To see men let those scoundrel tyrants break law.

Listen to his indignant comment on Sulwarrow's blasphemous despatch to the Empress Catharine after the storming of Ismail :

* * * * *

With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch,
 And here exactly follows what he said :
 "Glory to God and to the Empress!" (*Powers*
Eternal! such names mingled!) "Ismail's ours!
 Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
 Since "Mene, Mene, Tekel" and "Upharsin,"
 Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords :
 * * * * * the prophet wrote no farce on
 The fate of nations ; but this Russ, so witty,
 Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

He wrote this polar melody, and set it,
 Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
 Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it,
 For I will teach, if possible, the stones
 To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it
 Be said, that we still truckle unto thrones ;
 But ye, our children's children, think how we
 Show'd *what things were* before the world was free.

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you ;
 And as, in the great joy of your millennium,
 You hardly will believe such things were true
 As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em ;
 But may their very memory perish too!

* * * * *

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,
 And those that sate upon them, let it be
 As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones,
 And wonder what old world such things could see.

The interest of the subject and the zeal of the poet in the advocacy of RIGHT and the denouncement of WRONG, will, I trust, prove a sufficient apology for the length of the quotation.

The characteristic of humanity may be more briefly, but quite as efficiently illustrated by exhibiting the conduct of the DON during the excitement of battle. In the general rush to the assault, he rescues a lovely female child prostrate by the side of her dead mother, from the uplifted swords of infuriated Cossacks. The city "is taken but not surrender'd" : the bloody contest closed—

When Juan is sent off with the dispatch,
 For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

This special honor was conferr'd because
 He had behaved with courage and humanity ;
 Which last men like when they have time to pause
 From their ferocities produced by vanity.
 His little captive gained him some applause,
 For saving her amidst the wild insanity
 Of carnage, and I think he was more glad in her
 Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

To sum up concisely : Don Juan is not strictly a domestic poem ; but it is not dangerous : let it be regarded as the latest offspring of Byron's matured wit, more novel in style, more complex in subject, than any thing he ever wrote before. Thus regarded, Don Juan, as a whole, carries the antidote along with the bane, and is not, therefore, dangerous, although not domestic. And such it will be found by any and every liberal minded reader imbued with a right spirit of discrimination between the satirical and the serious, the whimsical and the quizzical. So here I halt—finishing this *excursus* with more lines from the text—lines which were prophecy *then* ; *now* they are prophecy fulfilled :

* * * * * * * * *

Thus far go forth, my lay, which I will back
 Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
 For being as much the subject of attack,
 As ever yet was any work sublime,
 By those who love to say that white is black.
 So much the better ! I may stand alone,
 But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

Nor *did* he : hence the world holds in possession a literary production of human wit unique, matchless in its kind—best described by the words of Philips on Napoleon—the First Napoleon—“without a model, and without a shadow.”

THE HEART OF A FRIEND IS THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY TREBOR.

When through the vast mazes of learning we tread,
And muse on the thoughts of sages of old;
What a banquet of reason, their learning has spread,
Yet the *heart* will be sad, with no home for the soul.

'Tis true, at this feast, the rarest supplies,
Of reason and learning, their thoughts may unfold;
Yet the heart may be sad, and speak but in sighs,
Since the heart of a friend is the home of the soul.

The garlands of fame may cluster around,
Alluring the young and dazzling the old;
Still a want in the soul will ever be found,
While the heart of a friend is the home of the soul.

The bowels of earth with jewels abound—
With myriads of gems more precious than gold;
Yet there's nothing in nature more sacred is found,
Than the heart of a *friend*—the home of the soul.

Yes, the treasures of earth may be heaped at your feet,
And you the rich casket of jewels behold;
Still you sigh for some lone—some sacred retreat—
'Tis the heart of a friend—the home of the soul.

The monarchs of earth their sceptres may bear,
And misers may hoard their millions of gold;
Yet I sigh not for these—since affection I share,
And find in my friend a home for my soul.

The learned may boast of the powers of mind,
And Reason, her worth may proudly unfold;
Yet, still, there is *something* more precious I find,
'Tis the heart of a friend—the home of the soul.

The poets may sing of Nature's grand scheme,
And soft touch the lute, from whence music may roll;
Or the lover may tell of some fairy-bright dream,
Yet these are no rests—no home for the soul.

Then sing on, ye muses, and boast all who will,
Of sceptres, of learning, of love, or of gold;
Yet there's something more holy—more heavenly still,
'Tis the *heart* of a friend—the home of the soul.

Now my song is complete, and forever I rest,
Unmoved by the cares which of others are told;
Since I above others with this treasure am blest,
And find in my friend a home for my soul.

UNIFORMITY IS NEEDED.

To the reflecting mind that desires to look upon things in the clear light of reason with the scrutinizing eye of a philosopher, many strange and inexplicable things appear in men's conduct. We frequently hear men speak of the beauties and wonders of nature, in and around them, and discourse in rapturous strains of the great simplicity and uniformity which everywhere characterize natural phenomena. They tell us of means adapted to an end—that every thing has its particular place assigned it, and its peculiar functions to perform, in the economy of nature—that there is no jarring—no discordant sounds in nature's lute—but that all apparent discord is harmony misunderstood, and they deduce from all this, as a natural consequence, that this great simplicity and uniformity in the works of nature, this adaptation of means to an end, is but an evidence of the wisdom and goodness of that Wise and Holy Being who has made and sustains all these things. While, on the other hand, they all unite in condemning, as far as words may go, opinions founded on prejudice, and speak disparagingly of those whose actions are influenced by caprice, and lament the evil which has been done. Thus the great majority of men are prone to act and speak of those around them; but few—very few—ever bring the question home and seriously ask themselves if they may not be likewise guilty. This practice is not confined to the illiterate more than to the *Literati*; and, we are inclined to think, that the prejudices of the learned, once formed, are much more difficult to be removed than those of the untutored mind. We often hear the number of our schools and colleges, which are every where springing up around us, spoken of with great complacency—and justly, too, we think—as an evidence of our rapid advancement in the scale of improvement. All these institutions have the same avowed object in view: to disseminate information among the masses. Their founders wish to scatter broadcast over our land the seeds of knowledge—to enlighten the poor—instruct the rich—elevate the standard of morality, and ameliorate the condition of men in all ranks of society. Now, reasoning *a priori*, should we not expect to find these all working together in the most harmonious concert? But what are the facts of the case? Is there any concert of action among them? Or, rather, is there not as little as they possibly can help? Who has ever heard of a convention composed of delegates, representing the respective interests of the different colleges in our country, deliberating upon the best means of training the human intellect? Such a thing would strike many as being something *new* under the sun. But why should it be looked

upon as a strange thing, that Professors should meet in convention to deliberate upon matters in which all should be equally interested? No possible reason can be assigned why they should not. Farmers frequently assemble and deliberate with one another, and think that the interests of agriculture are much advanced by a cordial interchange of opinions, notwithstanding the diversities of their soil and climate; and the husbandman has, it is well known, to contend with many things which no human skill can either foresee or provide against. Moreover, are not our merchants in the constant habit of meeting together to consider matters relative to their calling; and, in fact, do not men in almost every branch of business find it to their special advantage to communicate to one another their views upon, and modes of operating in, their respective employments? Is, then, the business of the educator different from that of all others? Does it form an exception to all other rules? Is it the only business in which an interchange of views is not beneficial? Are its rules so plain that even a child may comprehend them without an effort, or is the training of the human intellect—the God-like part of man—regarded as a thing of less importance than learning how to make money and things of that nature? No: surely not. Many, in this our so called enlightened age, devoutly worship at the shrine of Mammon; and the *almighty dollar*, in the eyes of some, is paramount to all other considerations; yet, we hope, it has not yet got so ruinous a hold upon the hearts of all. But why is there so little concerted action, on the part of the Professors in our colleges? Are the Professors jealous of one another? Are they afraid that the interests of their respective institutions will be injured by the growing prosperity of those around them? Would not such fears be groundless? Is there not need of all the literary institutions in our country, and is there not work enough for them all to do? We think so. Will our Professors, then, who are training the youth of our country, upon whose shoulders the mantles of their fathers must soon fall, admit that they themselves are laboring under the influence of prejudice and caprice? They, of all men, should be free and liberal thinkers—men of enlarged views. In almost all the departments usually taught in our colleges, there is scarcely a single text-book to be found which has been uniformly adopted, if it is a branch of education upon which many men have undertaken to write what are termed text-books. Take, for instance, the ancient languages. How many grammars of them, prepared by different authors, can there be found, and almost every college has adopted some favorite one; and so it will be found with almost all the departments of learning now usually taught in our colleges: and these text-books, when once selected, are clung to with a tenacity that is truly surprising. When a student begins a new branch of study, he is generally required to commit to

memory its leading truths, rules, and definitions, and to give these, when called upon, very often in the precise order and language of the book. Now, this does pretty well while he remains at the same institution and under the care of the same instructor; but if he, by chance, is under the necessity of going to another institution, he will find, perhaps, that another author is used there, having the same truths expressed in a different phraseology and arranged in an order quite different. Well, under these circumstances he is too often under the necessity of unlearning what he had previously learned, and to begin to memorize a new phraseology. Some Professors, it is true, do not care, so that the student gives the idea, whence he may have obtained it, or in what words he may express it; provided, he draws from the "pure well of English undefiled;" but these, it must be confessed, are rather exceptions to the general rule. In Greek, for example, a student is taught to pronounce *Eta* like long *e* by one instructor; and, if he happens to go to another, this one, perhaps, tells him that his pronunciation is wrong, and that he should learn to pronounce *Eta* like long *a*; and so it is, we are persuaded, with respect to many other things which are a vast deal more important, and so it will be found with regard to many things in almost every department usually taught in our colleges. The pronunciation of a language, perhaps, some one will say, is a very small thing; and so it may be considered; but we are often told that "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" and, we presume, that it is just as applicable to the case now under consideration as to any other. Besides, we think no one can properly lay claim to scholarship in any language, unless he is able to pronounce it accurately.

But even if nothing more than the adoption of a uniform mode of pronunciation could be effected, it would, in our opinion, be an object well worthy of the attention of any one who might be instrumental in bringing it about. But this would scarcely be a tithe of the good which it is likely would result from such meetings. "Fellow feeling," it is said, "makes us wondrous kind," and education which is now too often attempted to be promoted by the dis-united efforts of sectarian institutions, would become, as it ought to be common ground whereon all could cordially meet and stimulate one another to redouble their exertions in the advancement of this great and glorious work, although they might differ on almost every other point. The "hue and cry" would no longer be raised against those institutions which receive some support from the public treasury, and members of the different religious denominations would no longer, as now they too often seem to do, feel that they are not at all concerned in the promotion of a sound and liberal education outside of the particular institutions founded by their respective churches. We have no dislike to sectarian institutions of learning; but, on the contrary, we think they have

done, and, no doubt will continue to accomplish, much good; but if harmony everywhere prevailed among them, a great deal more good might be effected. It seems almost self-evident that if our Professors would frequently meet and deliberate upon things pertaining to their profession, a much greater degree of uniformity would be the inevitable result; for it seems a very strange thing to us, if all the text-books now used in the different colleges, are of equal merit. In such a convention, the relative merit of books could be discussed, and their excellencies brought to light and their deficiencies made known; so that we might reasonably expect a very marked improvement in this respect. Besides, when it would be once known, that only those books would be adopted which should receive the sanction of such men, men of ability would sedulously devote themselves to the preparation of such books, feeling that their efforts would be appreciated and their labor rewarded; but, as things now are, superficial writers are much more apt to gain popular favor than men of profound erudition, whose writings teem with rich and varied thought. Such meetings would, no doubt, enlarge and liberalize the minds of Professors who now too often, we fear, adopt one text-book and become so prejudiced in its favor, that they seldom ever judge of others impartially; but if they felt that they would have to confront men who had their favorites also, and who would earnestly support their claims, they would be much more likely to rouse themselves up--shake off their lethargy--think and judge with unbiased minds. This uniformity in text-books can, we think, be brought about; although time may be requisite to effect the change and, certainly, it is a desideratum well worthy of the attention of every true friend of education. This want of uniformity in text-books is felt by every one less or more, but by no one so much as by the teachers of our preparatory schools. Just imagine the perplexity of a teacher at the opening of his school, when he is surrounded by a large number of young men, with books under their arms, and scarcely any two of them preparing for the same college. This book is read at one college, and that at another. This one wants to prepare to enter one institution, and that one another. What is the man to do? he is in a quandary—perfectly nonplused. He, perhaps, first looks at this book, and then at that one—rubs his eyes and scratches his head as if he was in hopes of stirring up some lurking idea which would relieve him of his embarrassment; but alas! no relief comes. At length, it may be, he sets them all to work, and soliloquizes thus: I am really in a *fix*; what am I to do? It is not my intention to make a life's business of teaching, if I live many years, but my object now is *simply* and *solely* to make a little money. These pupils, it is manifest, cannot be classed together. Some of their books I have never seen before, and I am not too well versed in those I have studied. I cannot,

however, dismiss them. That would never do. *I am too great a friend of education for that*, especially when I am in want of their *tin*. Then I must endeavor to instruct them, let come what will. I will labor as hard and as faithfully as I can, and, by means of the extra *helps* I can get from Keys and Translations, I will take them through the books they desire to study, telling them all I chance to know, and when I come to difficulties, and who does not? I will put on a knowing look of *self-important dignity* and talk very *learnedly*, in a high, flowing style, using terms and pretended explanations of which I know about as much as the man in the moon, and my pupils, although they may not become one whit the wiser by listening to me, will conclude that it is a very *knotty* point, and that it will be necessary for them to study *diligently* many years before they can become as familiar with it as their instructor. As for the smaller pupils, since they do not bring in much money, they will, of course, receive my attention in *due* proportion. What would not a teacher, under such circumstances, give if the same text-books were uniformly used in all our colleges; and would it not be decidedly to the advantage of every one who patronizes such schools, for then the pupils could be classed and the teacher could give more of his attention to each class, as it is about as easy to instruct a pretty large class as it is to instruct one or two. Besides, if the books which the teacher had studied were used, he would be more likely to be able to instruct his pupils more profitably. We know a teacher ought to be able to instruct a class equally well in any text-book; and, so he could, if he was a complete master of his subject, but how few are thus qualified, and how few will ever be thus qualified, while teaching is made only a temporary business—a stepping stone to something else? We know men ought to be, and we hope some are, actuated by higher motives than the paltry consideration of dollars and cents, to engage in the arduous, though noble, business of teaching; but we fear that too many of our preparatory schools can be looked on in no other light than that of mere *money* machines, although some of them, it must be confessed, turn out to be very poor ones. When a teacher takes a glance, on opening his school, at his intended pupils and at the books which they have brought, he must be very much reminded of what the Apostle Paul says of the Corinthians who came together, each having his particular doctrine, Psalm, &c. But there is still another inconvenience connected with this want of uniformity in our college systems as regards text-books. Every teacher knows how difficult it is to induce parents and guardians to furnish their children and wards with such books as he may deem necessary for them, on account of their great superiority over those they already have; for parents and guardians too often have the notion that there is no uniformity in text-books—that one is about as good as another, and that every teacher wants

to introduce some new book. But this, perhaps, some one will say, does not arise from the irregularity of our college systems. We think, however, that it does, not directly, it may be said, but none the less because indirectly. When we wish to eradicate an evil, we endeavor to find the source whence it emanates, and there apply the remedy. Colleges are the centers of the intellectual world—the heart of enlightened and refined society, whose every throb drives the intellectual current down through the academy and common school, as quasi-arteries; so that its pulsations can be distinctly felt and perceived in the most illiterate of our race.

But we must close this article which is now much longer than we anticipated. These crude thoughts have been hastily thrown together. We are not vain enough to think that we are able to discuss such a subject in a manner worthy of its importance. Our object has simply been to call attention to the subject. We hope some one who has the leisure and ability, will take it up and discuss it in the way in which it should be done, until some change is effected.

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY "COUSIN JOHN."

It was towards evening, one day in the autumn of 184—, when James Harvey entered the room of his friend, David Taylor, and found him in a very melancholy and desponding state of mind.

"Why so sad, Davy?" asked Harvey, in a pleasant manner; "Miss Martha certainly has not jilted you."

"No, James, she has not," replied Taylor, "but it is almost the same thing; her father swears that we shall never marry, and he is even more opposed to the match since our late failure to elope—has forbid me the house, and watches the Post Office with a hawk's eye; so you see I cannot visit her or even write to her, and if that is not enough to make a man sad I should like to know what is."

Perhaps it would be best for us to introduce the characters in this story before we proceed further. David Taylor was a native of one of the south eastern counties of Virginia, but at the time we write he was engaged in business in the beautiful town of W—— in N. Carolina. Before leaving his father's he had "fallen in love," as the saying is, with a beautiful young lady whom we shall call Miss Martha L——. If any one should ask why we call her Miss Martha, we will answer because that was her real name, and we will furthermore inform the reader that this is a true story, founded on fact, and the names of the parties are nearly all real. Miss Martha also soon learned to love David, and when, one beautiful afternoon, he

made known his love, in "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," she was too true a woman too keep him in suspense, and frankly owned that his love was reciprocated. But the father of Miss Martha was a cross-grained, hard-hearted, selfish, proud old man, and being possessed of few more dimes, dollars and darkeys than young Taylor, he declared his daughter should never marry a man who was beneath her in point of wealth. This being made known to Taylor, and he knowing the old man could never be brought over to give his consent, an elopement was agreed on. In this the lovers were frustrated, and Taylor was told never to visit the house again.

James Harvey was a whole-souled, generous, good-natured man, and though married, he was always up for fun, and was as full of romance and love for a good joke as if he were yet single. He was a real genius, and though he was born poor, he had educated himself, and had filled the various posts of common laborer, overseer, school-teacher, merchant's clerk, book-peddler, and editor of a newspaper. He was a friend to every one, and the case of young Taylor strongly enlisted his sympathies, for he knew him to be a sober, industrious young man, and in every way worthy of the girl of his choice.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my boy," said he to Taylor after he had heard his story of disappointment, "don't you remember the quotation about 'faint heart never won fair lady,' &c.? Besides, you don't understand how to steal a girl. I've had some experience in that line, as you know, and though even the dogs at my father-in-law's were opposed to my marrying Eliza, she was willing and you see we got married, and in less than three weeks they were all so glad of it that I began to fear they would eat me out of house and home. I was just a *leetle* too keen for them, and I am half a mind to volunteer and go and steal Martha for you."

"James, this is no joking matter," said Taylor, "I hope you will not make sport of me or my troubles."

"I never was more in earnest in my life," replied Harvey, "and if you will do as I say, I will guarantee you shall be married before the end of three days."

"I will do anything, almost," answered Taylor, "but you give me your plan."

"Let me see," said Harvey, pausing for a moment, "you go up to the corner and get a carpet-bag and fill it with books, and in the guise of a book-peddler I will outwit old L——, and steal Martha for you in spite of him."

Taylor well knew Harvey's shrewdness, and it may be readily guessed that he needed but little prompting to enter into a scheme which had for its object the securing to him of that which he so highly prized. Suffice

it to say he did as he was told, and in a short time the capet-bag filled with a choice collection of books, was seated in the room in which the above conversation took place. Taylor wrote a letter to Miss Martha, in which he told her of his unchanging love, and wound up by asking her to elope with his friend, James Harvey, and he would meet them at Gaston. This letter he handed to Harvey, who placed it in a book, and the next morning took his leave on his mission of love.

Upon arriving at the depot nearest where old L—— resided, he alighted from the cars, hired a horse, and after making the necessary enquiries as to the way, he continued his journey on horse-back, through a cold drizzling rain.

He soon arrived at the place of his destination, and old L—— being absent, he was greeted with true Virginia hospitality by Mrs. L——, who, in spite of her husband's morose and selfish nature, was ever ready to welcome strangers to her house.

After a short conversation about the weather, the bad roads, &c., Harvey produced his carpet-bag, and wished to know if he could sell the family some books, telling them that if there was any book which any of them wished, he would be travelling through that section again soon, and he would bring it.

"I believe we do not wish to buy any books to-day," said Mrs. L——. "My husband is out hunting, and I would not like to buy in his absence."

"I do not charge you anything for looking at what few I have along," said Harvey, laying the books out on the table. "Here is a beautiful copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' handsomely bound, elegantly illustrated, and (pointing to the gilt edges) dipped in a kettle of real California gold."

As he ceased speaking he handed the book to the old lady, who commenced looking at the numerous illustrations it contained.

"Here's 'Peter Parley's Book of Animals,'" continued he, handing the book to a youth of fifteen, who was eagerly gazing on, "just look at those animals. And here is 'Youatt on the Horse,' a very interesting book for farmers. There are perhaps some of the finest cuts of that noble animal you ever saw," handing the book to an elder son of Mr. L——.

In this way he soon got a book in every one's hands, and pointed out something to attract the attention of all. Last of the family group he came to a young lady, and as Taylor had told him there were two sisters—Martha and Mary—and being unacquainted he was at a loss how to proceed. But his business would not admit of delay, and knowing that this was his time, he picked up a copy of "Rasselas," saying—

"Really, Miss Mary, you must excuse my want of gallantry in not waiting on you first."

"No apology is needed, sir," said the young lady addressed, "and, besides, my name is *Martha*. I have a sister named Mary, but she is not at home."

"Ah," said Harvey, with evident satisfaction and affected surprise, "Mary is a favorite name with me and in addressing young ladies with whom I am not acquainted, I always call them Miss Mary. Well, Miss Martha," continued he, glancing around to satisfy himself that all were engaged, "I have here a beautiful book, '*Rasselas*,' by Dr. Johnson, who wrote it to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Have you ever read it?"

"No, sir," answered Miss Martha.

"Allow me, then, to point out to you what is said by some to be the most beautiful passage in the English language—'Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy—who pursue with eagerness the phantom of hope'—here it is," and he opened at the place where Taylor's letter was, the chirography of which was instantly recognized by her.

"That is beautiful," said she, "I think I should like to buy it. If you have no objection, I will take it to my room and look over it."

"Certainly, you can do so," replied Harvey; and as she left the room an old weather-beaten, hard-visaged man of some forty-five years entered.

"What in the world are you all doing?" said he as every one raised their eyes from the pages of a book.

"That is my husband, Mr. ———."

"Harvey is my name, madam."

"Mr. Harvey called in to see if he could sell us some books," said Mrs. L——, addressing her husband.

"We have got more books now than we read," said old L——; "we've the Bible, and that is the only book that should be read, without it is Webster's Elementary Spelling Book and Walker's Dictionary."

"I see your Bible is somewhat worn, and as you are getting on in years, and can't see as well as you could in your young days, I should be glad to sell you a large family Bible," said Harvey, "I have'n't any along with me as they are unhandy, but I can take your name and deliver the book when I pass this way again."

After a protracted conversation on the subject, old L—— agreed to take a family Bible, and Harvey promised to deliver it *when he passed that way again*.

Mrs. L——, who had retired on the entrance of her husband, now entered and announced that dinner was waiting, and invited Mr. Harvey to go in and dine with her husband, remarking that he was absent at the regular dinner hour, which accounted for her preparing dinner at four o'clock.

Harvey informed her that he had been to dinner, and after Mr. and Mrs. L—— retired to the dining room, he walked out in the large piazza in front of the house for the purpose of getting a drink of water, and here he spied the old man's double-barrelled gun which he had leaned against the house till he could get time to rub it dry before placing it in its accustomed rack. "Here," said Harvey to himself, "is the old man's main dependence, in case he should find out my true business here, and as he will not probably go out again with it this evening, I will do him the favor to pour about a gill of water in each barrel," and seeing that no one was looking he suited the action to the word. He then returned to the sitting room, where he found Miss Martha and her two brothers.

"This is a very nice book, sir," said Miss Martha, rising and handing it to him, "but as father does not believe in buying 'silly books' as he calls them, I must deny myself the pleasure of taking it."

Harvey took the book, placed it in his carpet-bag, and soon after left for a neighbor's, who chanced to be a school-teacher, and from whom he soon learned that Mr. L—— and himself were not on very good terms, and that he (Mr. L——) did not send to school to him, &c., &c.

"Mr. L—— has a very nice daughter, I believe. I wonder if there would be any chance for a young man of prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners, like myself for instance, to win her affections," said Harvey, giving a knowing wink as he alluded to himself.

"I believe she is already engaged," said Birch.

"And why don't she get married?" asked Harvey.

"Because the old man is opposed to the match."

"Then, why don't they run over in North Carolina and have the knot adjusted?"

"The young man did try that, but failed," answered Birch.

"If I had been in your place, and the old bear had taken his children from my school as he did from yours, and a young man wanted to run off with one of his girls, *why I would have helped him*," said Harvey.

"And I would, too, if he had only asked me," said Birch, anxious to prepossess Harvey in his favor.

"Then you are the very man I am after," said Harvey with emphasis "that is my business here, and I have a note from Miss Martha (which he found in 'Rasselas') saying I will have to assist her out at a window of her room to-night, as that is her only chance to escape; but I do not know which is her room, and if I was to get her I do not know how to get back to the depot in the dark, without assistance. You see what I want of you."

"Yes, and I will help you all I can," answered Birch.

I will now cut a long matter short by saying the teacher went back

old L——'s with Harvey, and pointed out Miss Martha's room. Harvey went to the window and found Miss Martha in readiness; but the window was too high from the ground to admit of her jumping out. Harvey went silently to work, and taking the rails from the garden fence near by, he built a pen sufficiently high for her to step out of her window on it, and thus reached the ground. This he did while several severe dogs were in the yard, but which, as luck would have it, were standing at the kitchen door waiting for the bones which were thrown to them by the negroes, who had been kept at work late, and who were just eating their supper. If I were to tell you that Miss Martha lost one of her shoes in the mud before reaching the place where Harvey left his horse, and that Harvey went back, climbed in at the window and got her another pair of shoes, you might be inclined to doubt the truth of the whole story. But so it was.

By the assistance of Birch, Miss Martha was placed on the horse, behind Harvey, and the two shown to the road leading to the depot, where they arrived in safety, and took the cars for Gaston, where they met David Taylor. Here the two were made one flesh, and went their way rejoicing—

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”

After raving about the marriage for several days, the old man, as usual in such cases, concluded to make the best of a matter in which he had come out second best, and invited Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to his house, where a reconciliation took place. When Taylor and his wife left for her father's, Harvey instructed Mrs. Taylor to tell the old man that he still had his name on his note book and would “certainly bring him that family Bible when he passed that way again.”

THE SUBLIME.

Those grand, exalted works of nature, which enchain the mind of the spectator and afford the loftiest ideas of the power and wisdom of the world's great Architect, are plain illustrations of what is meant by sublimity. At the contemplation of sublime objects, the most delightful emotions are aroused, the heart swells to its utmost extent, and amid the enthusiasm of the moment all else is forgotten. The very existence of the observer is lost sight of, as he seems to rise superior to everything around him, and to scorn communion with matters of time and sense, as too mean for his thoughts, while visions of more than human greatness and glory and splendor are opened to his view, in all the pomp and revelry of a gorgeous dream.

This fascination of the mind and flow of the feelings, which all experience at the sight of the majestic works of nature, can have reference to nothing peculiar to the objects themselves; since the impressions received and the sensations felt are accompanied by no effort on the part of the observer, either to discover the real cause of such mental excitement, or the separate properties and the relations of the individual parts. On the contrary, sublimity is applied to things at a distance, and in which a close inspection is the furthest removed from possibility. The objects must be elevated, too, if they would be termed sublime. Their summits must be enveloped in obscurity, and the distinguishing mental activity must be the result of even one glance of the eye. Thus imposing from their very isolation, and presenting a marked contrast to everything around, they are sure to produce the astonishment, the reverential awe and warmth of feeling that always attend the consideration of such objects.

It may be urged that the emotions produced by the sublime in nature are not always delightful. But I contend that whatever produces a painful sensation cannot properly be called sublime. Terror cannot, in my opinion, be substituted for sublimity. If, therefore, we were to disregard that respect which seems always due to the opinions of others, and observe strict accuracy in the use of words, we should never confound the terrible with the sublime.

Sublimity, then, is the power of objects to produce the particular feelings that we have mentioned. It is another name for loftiness of style, or grandeur of conception. The giant oak of the forest, as it stands peerless amid surrounding objects, is certainly a very striking object, and may justly be called sublime by one who has never roamed beyond the limits of his own horizon. The towering mountain, whose top is lost amid the

clouds, as it stands an unerring guide to the traveller and perpetuates the memory of some famous hero, is one of the most sublime objects to be seen by man.

From this singular influence exerted upon the feelings by the sublime in nature, there is an easy transition to the sublime in the Fine Arts; where the emotions produced are less powerful, but of the same character. Sublimity in writing is something eagerly sought for, but seldom reached. Indeed, the best writers so often fail when they attempt this style of composition, that excellence in it is not to be expected from the inexperienced. But when the judgment is sufficiently matured, and the proper occasion presents itself, sublimity in speaking or writing may be employed with a powerful effect upon an audience. When it comes forth as the natural outburst of the feelings, and rolls onward like the winds and the waves, it claims at once the admiration and respect of all. It is, therefore, conducive to the best interests of a writer. It is so attractive, however, that we are apt to begin its use before we have a correct understanding of it; in which case, we are certain to fail of the desired effect.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF EDGAR A. POE.

BY THETA.

The character of this truly wonderful and almost mysterious man, while it inspires us with a feeling of awe, fails to awaken in our bosoms a sentiment of admiration or esteem. In the contemplation of his strange genius, we find ourselves bewildered and almost appalled by his peculiar idiosyncrasies, his strangely wild and ghastly fancies; while the many deficiencies in his moral character make us turn in horror and disgust from the manifold and almost unpardonable sins of his misspent life. His writings are filled with the weird creations of his fancy, with images of horror and with mournful and dreary pictures, which startle us and inspire us with unknown dread; and unlike those of many other authors, they present a faithful reflection of his own private character and disposition. From these, as well as from testimony the most truthful, because founded upon the close observation afforded by daily association with him, we learn that he was naturally of a rebellious disposition and ungrateful heart; for his independence of spirit, manifest even from childhood, in after years degenerated into selfishness, and caused him not only to rebel against the will and lawful authority, but even to slander the fair name, of his earliest and most indulgent benefactor. Ambition was the ruling passion of his

soul; but ambition with him was not a laudable desire of superiority in moral excellence, but a base and inordinate longing after power, acquired in whatever way or by whatever means, and exercised only to subvert the hopes of a fellow-being and to sink him to a grade inferior to his own. He courted not popular favor in order to be esteemed great or good; he sought not the applause of literary men in order to be accounted one of their number, and by means of his reputation to make himself profitable, or to assist others in being beneficial, to literature; but he sought distinction only because he could not brook the idea that he had superiors; the whole aim of his life was absolute power and haughty independence, and this principle it was which deprived him of every sense of honor and truthfulness. He hesitated not to steal another's literary production and publish it as his own, or to tell the most glaring falsehood, when the prospect of increasing his popularity and of thereby removing another obstacle in his desired path to glory, urged him to the act. Indeed, he dared to pervert the truth even to such a degree as to accuse of plagiarism the very one from whom he had filched a poem, and to attempt to involve in his own ruin those for whom he cherished a personal hatred.

I have already intimated that Poe never enjoyed the reputation of sustaining a good moral character; nor did he therefore deserve that of being a pleasant fireside companion. He was from youth addicted to vices of the most censurable character; it is not fitting, however, to introduce in this place a long catalogue of his follies and crimes, which would fail either to delight or interest the reader and might disgust or enrage him; besides, some one has said we should speak lightly of the dead, and it is far better that the sins of the departed should be forever sunk in oblivion than exposed to the public gaze. A mention of his prominent defects, then, will suffice.

The baneful habit of intemperance which he contracted in early life was his greatest curse, and finally dragged him over the brink of the grave. By the influence of this habit his disposition was sullied, his body enervated, his mind enfeebled and his bright talents blighted like the green shrubs blasted by the hot simoom in the desert. It destroyed whatever reputation he ever had, and converted to moroseness whatever goodness of heart he ever claimed. While under its influence he sunk into a melancholy stupor or raged with an anger even worse than that of a hungry tiger hunting for prey. Then how could he have been a dutiful son, or an agreeable companion, since he not unfrequently sipped the sparkling wine? A near relative of his, however, has *testified* that he was kind and gentle at home, and in this way she has endeavored to vindicate his character and to wash out the stains of his guilt, or at least to diminish in the eyes of the public the enormity of his crimes; and no one will pretend

that in doing this she has violated any conscientious scruples or willingly affirmed what is untrue; but it would be exceedingly difficult not to believe that she was blinded by prejudice, or prompted by motives of love and thereby misled in her conclusions; it would be difficult to believe that he, who was a hater and enemy of mankind, could possibly be an affectionate and dutiful son-in-law or a genial companion at home. How could the companion of the dissolute contribute to the enjoyment of the virtuous? How could he whose morals were corrupted by the excessive indulgence of passion render cheerful the inmates of his home? How could that impious voice which was so often heard in the midnight revelry, melt into gentle accents by a mere change of scene? Poe seems to have always been devoid of every generous feeling, averse to every sentiment of friendship, and a decided hater of mankind—how then could he have been otherwise than miserable, and how could his misery have rendered others happy? He wrongfully suspected the faithfulness or disinterestedness of those, whose friendship he might have claimed—few though they were indeed—yet who would have gladly beguiled his weary hours and boldly stood by him in hours of the darkest trial; and utterly disregarding the sincerest professions of friendship, in a defiant manner he cast them off from that bosom which so much needed sympathy and encouragement. He mistrusted the kindest acts of would-be benefactors as the promptings of a fiendish spirit, and turned with contempt and scorn from the world, whose esteem he so little deserved, yet had partially obtained. Like Ishmael, his hand was against every man; but unlike the son of the old patriarch, in that there were a few who were every ready to render him assistance and to do him good.

As I have already said, his writings are the index of his character; he seems never to have enjoyed a moment of pleasure or to have experienced a thrill of delight; misery was his by nature and he seems to have cherished it. He had that peculiar combination of the nervous and bilious temperament, which is usually the indication of superior talents, but also of an unhappy disposition and melancholy mind; and instead of always striving against depression of spirits which was natural with him, instead of looking with hope to the future, he yielded to despondency and consequently always seemed very sad and melancholy. But this sad characteristic of his may, I think, with at least some plausibility, be ascribed to his inordinate love of self and disregard for others. In solitude, he fed upon his own sad thoughts; imagined himself deserted by hope and friends, and doomed to spend a life of misery and an eternity of woe; too much self-esteem led him to believe himself neglected or slighted, when men did not honor him above all others; this sad feeling made him infer, but without reason, that friendship is false and that, like the spider

which asks the fly into its parlor, it invites its votaries to pleasure but to destroy; and from this, he deduced the painful conclusion that a sorrowful destiny awaited him. He seldom indulged the hearty laugh, the merry voice or the benignant smile; but, like the miser whose gold employs his every thought and is his only care, he wasted his life in brooding over imaginary evils as though they were a treasure. From solitude, he carried his gloomy fancies into society, and accordingly he always seemed pressed down by some heavy calamity, or deploring the loss of some dear treasure. Of course, there was no reality in the gloomy phantoms of his mind, but imagination had pictured them so vividly that they could not have been worse, so far as he is concerned, even if they had been real. This lamentable feature of his character is correctly portrayed in almost all his fictitious productions and in all of them is clearly discernible even to the most inattentive reader; and the wild and strange phantoms of his distempered imagination, he had the power to communicate to others by such vividness of description and minuteness of detail, as to make them appear as so many living beings moving in life before us. And this wayward child of genius, instead of exerting his powerful intellect to benefit or improve society, found the most genial employment for his pen in painting images of horror and woe. Judging from his writings, there can be no doubt that superstition was a part of his character, and it is clearly evident that it exerted an evil influence over him. Though he was well educated and informed, his education seems not to have driven out this baneful malady with which his mind was infected. That spirit of perverseness, too, which he professed to believe, and even affirmed, was inherent in humanity, seems to have been a particular characteristic of his own disposition; and since he possessed this mean trait of character in such a high degree, it is not at all strange that he should have believed it to exist in others. To decide that this despicable spirit does not pervade God's creatures, we have only to appeal to our own consciences to obtain an answer in the negative. It would be almost impossible for envy not to find a place in the heart of a man possessed of all the vices which have been mentioned; and accordingly we find that his envy of those more favored by fortune than himself sometimes amounted even to burning rage, and was not unfrequently vented in bitter satire, under the name of criticism.

It would be both unjust and improper to dismiss the subject of this essay, without noticing his writings which are but a history of his own life. His brief, yet successful literary career has entitled him to high distinction in three distinct branches of literature. The beauty of his poetical compositions and the wonderful imagery of his fictitious productions have united in establishing for him the lasting reputation of being a powerful writer, while the biting sarcasm of his numerous criticisms has confirmed

the opinion that he was a misguided genius. A peculiar characteristic of all his writings is, that they tell of something awful or terrible, and his power was confined almost entirely to descriptions of this kind. Sickness, grief, agony, death and the grave constitute all his subjects; so that after reading one of his compositions, we experience a feeling of sadness or horror. It matters not what one we read, the impression made upon us is always decidedly painful. He possessed a wonderful power of analysis, which is conspicuous in all his writings and which has contributed much to establishing the reputation which he enjoys. Not content to discourse upon the things which pertain to our present life, or to speak of our own little earth and its inhabitants, he even descended into the grave and attempted to explore its mysteries; arose above the earth, journeyed to the moon and gave an accurate description of the shape and character of the people who dwell there; and measured the intermediate space with the caution and skill of a philosopher. When reading the unparalleled adventure of Hans Pfall, we feel not as one who is listening to some idle description of a journey to the moon, or even as one who is standing by as a mere spectator of the madman who would attempt such a thing, but we seem to forget our own position and very limited powers, and to be really seated in a aerial car, wafted by the wings of the wind far, far above the earth, where we become giddy and gasp for breath as we ascend so high; where without fear we can see the black storm clouds gather and the lightnings play harmlessly at our feet and hear the distant roar of thunder far beneath us. And although from our knowledge of well-known facts, we are conscious that a passage to the moon from our own little earth can never, by any human power, be accomplished; yet, almost without considering this fact, we are led by Poe's artistic reasoning and subtle conclusions to imagine ourselves really there, or seriously to indulge for a while at least, the thought of a possibility and even probability of such a journey. On the perusal of the "Pit and the Pendulum," a sensation of unutterable horror comes over us, and the dread sentence of death seems pronounced by the fiendish judges of the Inquisition against us; we seem to be groping in the dense darkness of that dismal dungeon which he describes, and to be shut out by its gloomy walls from light, hope and life forever. "The Pendulum" of Time seems to be making its slow but sure vibrations above our heads, bringing death in its descent; and oh! how glad are our souls when that "low murmuring of human voices" is heard. Such is his power of description—unequalled—unrivalled, in its kind, by any author of any age. His writings, however, have no moral, and if they depended for success upon lessons of morality or wisdom inculcated by them, they would have long since fallen from their high position, like the leaves of Autumn which fall to decay. They

are readable and valuable only on account of the intense interest which they excite, and indeed they make no pretensions to anything higher. It may be said that they inculcate a lesson against intemperance and vice, to which he sadly fell a victim; but this important lesson can be, and should be, taught in an entirely different way. Should we expect to make one a refined and elegant scholar by throwing him entirely into the company of the illiterate? Or, should we hope to render a person scrupulously virtuous by frequently introducing him into scenes of debauchery and vice, with the vain hope that disgust for sin will make him shun its consequences? By no means; for

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Poe has also written many poetical compositions which alone would at once establish an author's claim to genius; but there is especially one which I must not fail to notice. The Raven, the master stroke of his pen, has, I imagine, done more to gain the reputation which he enjoys than all the rest of his poetry, fiction and criticism combined. And, indeed, it seems to me to be alone sufficient to establish an enviable reputation for any one; well might he be proud of it, for it is worthy of the most gifted pen. Both originality of thought and of metre are remarkable in this poem; but misery and awe, as in almost all the rest of his various productions, are its most striking characteristics. Yet it forces itself upon the mind with such a power that if once read it can never be forgotten. The time, the place, the circumstances, are all calculated to inspire the reader with an indescribable feeling of secret fear, of painful astonishment and of sorrow. Let him who doubts the truth of this remark, read the poem in a room all alone at the still hour of a December midnight when the last embers are burning upon his hearth; and if he does not, on finishing the perusal of it, feel a strong inclination to rush out into company, or to utter a shriek of horror, or does not in reality cast a scrutinizing glance towards his door, then surely that man cannot understand or appreciate the poem. Poe has given us the philosophy of the composition of this poem; how he conceived the idea of writing it; how that idea was carried into execution; how he mathematically adjusted all the parts; and lastly, how he completed it. If we could give credit to Poe's assertions in this instance, I think it would be advisable for all of us to set about writing some more “Ravens,” especially if they will succeed as well as that of Edgar A. Poe.

When we take into consideration the wonderful talents of this wicked man, we cannot but regret that his life was not spent in a nobler cause.

But Poe, with all his faults, with all the antipathy which he early contracted for the human race, with all his intemperate habits and sullenness of temper, is entitled to some sympathy from mankind—yes, he deserves *some* sympathy. Bereaved in early life of both parents, he had no father's hand to guide his wandering steps and place him in the path of duty; no mother to reprove him with gentle words, to ask continual blessings from heaven upon his head, to teach him in childhood to bend his knee and lift his heart in prayer to God. And to this cause, I think, we may justly attribute all the vices of his after life. Ah! who can tell how many orphans are left alone to battle with the world, without a kind adviser or a faithful corrector? Who can tell how many are the crimes committed, the follies indulged, and the bad habits contracted by those whose youth has been unguided by a father's hand and unprotected by a mother's prayer? Would Poe have ever been guilty of dishonesty or falsehood, if he had been taught the meanness of the crime in youth? Would he ever have engaged in those drunken debauches which sullied his disposition, which imprinted upon his brow the scowl of misery, and which embittered his whole future life, if a mother's kind instructions had made him believe that a deadly serpent lurked within the sparkling bowl? But alas! 'tis useless to lament his vices—'tis not meet to weep over the past which can never return. He lived a misanthrope, he died friendless and forsaken; he nursed the serpent in the cup, he died a victim to its fangs; he forgot his God, he died without a hope of heaven. And when the Angel of Death hovered around his dying bed and beckoned him away, no friend was there to soothe his thorny pillow, no gentle voice to gladden his last fleeting moments, no hand to alleviate the agonies of his anguished spirit, no prayer to avert the wrath of an angry God.

TO MABEL.

Far in the forest's sombre shade,
The lone rock bears the clambering vine,
Beneath whose drooped and veiling leaves
I clasped thee first and called thee mine;
And there, amid the unpeopled woods,
When winds sing low through every tree,
I oft beside that rock recall
That blissful hour and think of thee.

I think of thee, and o'er my soul
Love's fiery-crested waters roll,
Like billows of the sea;
Then wake the wild passions of my heart,
Like stormy winds among the trees,
When from their roots the stout oaks start,
And fall, and crash, while sweeps the breeze
Proudly, wild and free.
Thus a wild storm my bosom feels,
Now hope, now fear, now bliss now pain,
Then choking sense of pleasure steals
Through every throbbing, burning vein,
When e'er I think of thee.

And something whispers hope to me,
And tells me that I'm dear to thee,
That, when upon my dreamy couch,
I feel thy lip's soft, thrilling touch,
Like sips of lucious rosy wine,
That I, in dreams, am still by thine.

Dost love me? Shall thy red lip cling
In joy to mine as once it clung,
And shall my heart's sad chords again
To love's sweet melodies be strung?
Oh! tell me that the gushing love
Of thy great soul is all for me;
That all thy heart's wild throbs are mine,
Mine now, and mine eternally.

LIBERTY AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY MOGY.

Not on the beauties of nature only do we find "passing away" inscribed. But in all human institutions we see liability to change and decay. No nation now vigorous can date further back than the dark ages. England can scarcely be considered a nationality until the time when William the Conqueror came. She was then a nation without any government but the will of her King, until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the first rays of Liberty shot athwart the sky and rested on Albion. France dates her history as far back as eight hundred and forty three. But Hugh Capet did not begin his reign until the latter part of the tenth century. The glory of the House of Hapsburg—that mighty race which has maintained its position among the tyrants of earth so long—commenced its rule in the twelfth century; and as for that despotism which sways the sceptre over millions of the most abject and degraded inhabitants of Europe, the House of Austria, it did not possess even a Duchy so soon. In this power we have an instance how oppressions can bind in ignorance and vile submission a nation of millions, who, if free and educated, would be distinguished for true moral worth and intellectual vigor. Hungary is now the same she was in the times when so many thousands of the savage Crusaders from the North perished on her plains. There Feudalism, in its most direful forms, still holds sway over the inhabitants. That land of romance, the Tyrol, is sunk as deep in ignorance and superstition as when Peter the Hermit preached the Crusades against the infidels to her proud lords. But Austria still sleeps on, while the nations around are marching on with rapid strides toward some immortal destiny. The Prussian monarchy and Prussian power is but the growth of yesterday. History concerning Russia as a nation is considered as authentic only as far back as eight hundred and eighty. In studying the history of this nation, what a strange anomaly is presented. The first idea we get of Russian government is the downfall of a republic, and the elevation of the most powerful despotism in the world upon its ruins. The first sound we hear of Russia's voice is the proud boast of the republic, "Who dare attack God and the great Novgorod." But that boast was premature, and the next sound that comes down from the north is the growl of the Great Bear, when he sees the Christian armies of the powerful Sweeds threatening his dominions. In tracing the history of those nations on whose ruins these were founded, one is naturally led to enquire for the causes which have

led to their downfall. We at this age and in this country, untrammelled by prejudice and with more light than has ever illumined the mind of man in any former age, are apt to conclude that the causes of their rapid deterioration and their present condition, are to be found in some of those principles or qualities in which we differ from them. Nor is this conclusion unphilosophical. Take, then, those nations of antiquity which stand out on the page of history marked by what is most brilliant and most powerful. We find them ruled by men of genius—protected by powerful and efficient armies—and abounding in wealth and all that wealth can bestow. But one essential element of true greatness is wanting. And in nothing perhaps is resemblance more striking than in the choice of leaders. We find nowhere any development of the principles of true religion. Let us look but for a moment at the history of Greece. The ancestors of those stern warriors who drove back the mighty Persian from the shores of Europe—of those inspired poets whose dulcet verse still falls in enchanting strains upon our ears—of those sublime artists who could deceive the very birds of air, or carve the perfect man from stone. The ancestors of these once roamed ignorant and degraded over the now classic ground, subsisting on roots and acorns. In time they grew wiser. A Solon and a Lycurgus came and gave them laws; and soon a fair republic sprang into being. That beauteous machinery worked smoothly for a while, but that force which alone would give it a perpetual motion, Religion, was wanting, and almost before the people could appreciate the beauties of their development, it was crushed of itself. Peacher says, that “Grecian liberty was but partial and capricious and of short duration, rendered illustrious rather by the darkness which preceded and followed, than by the benign influence of its own beams.” Greece is still unchristian and unreclaimed. Grim despotism stalks abroad over her hills. Moslem influence still spreads like a black pall over the land, hiding the beauties which linger in her vales. Slavish chains still clank on the arms of her sons.

Rome, too, has passed through changes from the most ignorant and rude state of society to the most refined and enlightened. There was a time when foul birds of prey gave her a king—when an eagle sent her a deliverer—when the cackling of geese saved her. She advanced in the arts and sciences, and when Brutus expelled her proud king from the throne, the sun of Liberty burst upon the eternal city. Under its cheering beams success attended all her enterprises, but Christianity was wanting and from the time that Rome proclaimed herself proud Empress of the world, that sun began to wane. It soon set in darkness and gloom. That lovely land has seemed to rest under a curse ever since. Calamities never come alone. Soon as Rome said “I am the world,” literature and the arts began to decline. Fair Science found a grave beneath her former throne.

civil wars and barbarian invasions devastated the city. Sylla and Marius made their country desolate by stirring up that most dreadful of all horrors, a servile war. Nero, that horrid demon in human form, burned his capitol and stood in his window and gazed on the horrid scene with grim and savage delight. Cicero and Cæsar were murdered. Brutus and Cato self-immolated. The great naturalist, Pliny, was suffocated by the sulphurous fumes of Vesuvius, and two fair cities, Herculanium and Pompei, buried beneath the burning lava. Even a religion under the name of Christianity has been a powerful instrument, in the hands of the wicked and crafty, to sink the land into still deeper servitude and woe. For Italy now groans beneath the sceptre of the Pope and shrinks in terror from the thunders of the Vatican. O! Italy, fair Italy! had you received into your heart the teachings of that fearless apostle of Jesus, who came to you, what blessings instead of curses would have flown from your lovely clime. The sweet chantings which are now but a mockery to Him in whose praise they are uttered, would now be received on wings of prayer, and angels would listen to them with joy. France and England emerged from the darkness of Feudalism. England now boasts of the most enlightened government and freest constitution on the globe. Christianity sustained her through the revolution, and as yet supports her. But alas! poor France, in her religion was but superstition, and Liberty was drowned in the blood of her votaries. Men with human feelings could not contemplate the bloody deeds of Robespierre, and Marat, so they laid aside their feelings and plunged into the darkness of skepticism. Even in the public convention, Marat called for two hundred and seventy thousand heads, and another, according to one, called for five hundred children, under fourteen years of age. And most of these escaped death by the bullet on account of their size, only to be mangled by bayonets, while they clung, screaming, to the knees of the soldiers. The genius of Napoleon, for a time brought order from the tumult, but at his fall France was again drenched in blood. Paris is all anarchy and confusion, and can do nothing but wait the next revolution. Unhappy France has proved to the world that reason cannot retain Liberty without Christianity. It is strange that not only individuals, but even nations, will resist reformation. This spirit of opposition to everything new has been carried so far, that reformation and innovation have become almost synonymous. Dr. Beech is probably the only man who has accounted for it. He says, "where there is blindness and consequently no reception of the truth, the minds of such may be compared to light thrown upon owls. It is sure to set them *screeching*."

We have noticed the rise, progress, and decay of most of the principal governments that have appeared upon the earth, except one, and that is our own; the last that has been formed, which holds up to the world the

purest model that ever met its gaze. It rests upon the firm basis of wisdom, equal rights, and Christianity. Can it stand the test of time and change? The answer is yet to be given. If that answer be YES, then a world of slaves may look up and worship the glorious sun that now shines on our shores, that will soon illumine the world, and will send such a light round the thrones of despotism that the people seeing their pollution and inefficiency will tear them down, and in their stead erect temples to the Goddess of Liberty. Then soon ours will be a free world; then Liberty and Christianity will go hand in hand, and be victorious together. But if that answer be NO, then may we truly say, "Liberty is but a dream." Then despots may go to forging chains to bind down their subjects into still deeper degradation; then was the blood of our fathers shed in vain, and no more need the praise of Liberty be chanted; then never will unhappy Poland be cheered by voices of freemen coming to her rescue, and the sad tale of Poland's wrongs will never be canceled by the sweet tale of Poland's restoration. If it be NO, then that Hungarian wail which lately struck our ears so painfully, was but the dying groan of freedom; and the sounds wafted by winds which sweep Siberia's snows, but the funeral dirges chanted over her grave!

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN OF NORTH CAROLINA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A recent visit to the Black Mountain enables me to furnish you with a few notes which may be interesting to your readers. It is now generally conceded that Mitchell's Peak, (as it should be rightly called,) is the highest point of land east of the Mississippi. This result has been obtained by three independent and reliable calculations. The late Dr. Mitchell made it, by his first corrected measurement, 6708 feet, Prof. Gyt, of Princeton, 6701 feet (both barometrical); and Major Turner, Chief Engineer of the Western Extension, by a series of levels, 6711 feet. This close approximation is remarkable, and corroborates the pains-taking accuracy of the whole. To the untiring labors of Dr. Mitchell are we indebted for the earliest information, first published, I believe, in 1835, relative to the high mountains of North Carolina. Several of these, it is now ascertained, surpass in elevation the far-famed White Mountains of New Hampshire. An interest was then excited on this subject which has not ceased to be felt by the intelligent and scientific community to the present time. During the last summer Prof. Gyt has been engaged in taking the altitude of the Smoky Mountain, and will, no doubt, soon make

known the result of his labors. It may be here stated that I was informed by Mr. Stepp, now residing at the foot of the mountain, that in clearing off the top, or highest peak, several years ago, to give a clear and unobstructed vision, he found the letter *M* distinctly carved on one of the Balsam Firs. The carving had the appearance of having been executed at least 20 years previous, carrying us back to a period agreeing with the first visit of Dr. Mitchell and his guides to this mountain.

The Black Mountain may now be easily approached by leaving the Swannanoa road about 12 miles from Asheville, and travelling up the tortuous meanderings of the Upper Swannanoa. By pursuing the "Mountain Road" about eight miles further, the visitor arrives at the residence of Mr. Stepp, (now owned by Judge Bailey,) the terminus of carriage travel. The Swannanoa is a wild, animated stream, with waters clear as crystal—sometimes tranquil, but generally dashing, frolicsome, and becoming even tumultuous as we approach its ambitious and elevated sources. Parties here procure saddles, and make all necessary preparations for staying over the night, if they wish to see the "glorious king of day, rejoicing in the east," long before chanticleer, in the world below, crows for early dawn. After pursuing a winding course about four miles, the "Mountain House" is reached with an elevation of 5,246 feet. Here the visitor has the *first grand view* of the mountains, and becomes entranced with the rolling ocean of glory spread out before him. The soil is generally rich, and every observer is struck with the large size of the trees near the base of the mountain, particularly of the Black Locust, Linden, Sugar Maple, Umbrella Magnolia, Spruce Pine, (*Pinus Canadensis*) &c., all apparently trying to assume huge proportions and "hold high heads," flourishing, as they do, beneath the shadows of the lofty Black.

In making the ascent thus far, the red flowered Chelone (*C. lyoni*) was frequently seen, as elsewhere in the mountain vallies; also, a beautiful Monarda (*M. didyma*) Diphyllia, in fruit (*D. cyneosa*) a large club moss, (*Lycopodium rupestre*) and several others more common. Just above the "Mountain House" the Balsam Fir (*Pinus Balsamifera*) and Black Spruce (*Pinus Nigra*) become the predominant growth, and impart a dark, sombre hue to the mountain—hence its name.

By pursuing the same winding course, the visitor soon arrives at the first lofty peak (6,587 feet). A rude observatory, 10 or 12 feet high, has been erected on its summit, from the top of which the grand, panoramic display of mountains that bursts upon the enraptured vision is *beyond description*. To be fully appreciated in all its inherent grandeur, it *must be seen*. The mind becomes lost in silent contemplation as it surveys the mighty and sublime spectacle. It is good to be here, and commune, for a time, with Nature.

A little further on, in a slight depression of the mountain, and near the pathway, is a fine spring in which the mercury stands at 42° , being one of the elevated fountain-heads of Toe river. About one hour's travel from this point brings the visitor to Mitchell's Peak, the highest of this mountain range, and estimated, as previously stated, to have an elevation of 6,708 feet. Here repose the mortal remains of the late Dr. Mitchell, who fell a martyr to science. It is fondly hoped a neat, substantial monument will soon occupy the place of the *balsam logs* now surrounding the grave. A short distance from the summit is a rough cabin in which visitors frequently tarry over night, cheerfully submitting to inconveniences, to witness a "glorious sunrise." On the brow of the mountain, near at hand, is another cold spring in which the mercury indicates 40° . From this, water for drinking, and culinary purposes is procured. This is considered to be the *highest* spring, and *coldest* water east of the Mississippi. Near the cabin is a large projecting rock of *gneiss*, dipping to the horizon at an angle of 20 or 25 degrees, beneath which many persons might be sheltered from a storm, and quietly sleep during the night, if the mighty roofing overhead did not induce unpleasant slumbers. The only animal seen in making the ascent, was the active little ground squirrel, called "mountain boomer," running up a reclining limb, whilst one or more of its fellows were chattering in musical invitations on the neighboring trees. On and around the summit snow-birds were seen in great numbers, gayly flitting from bush to bush, and frequently perching upon the golden rod (*solidago glomerata*), with which the top of the mountain is thickly covered, and plucking out seeds from the partially ripened heads.

Standing on this lofty peak, a grand amphitheatre of mountains may be seen, rising up from five States, in the distant horizon. These are the Saluda Mountains, in South Carolina; Cohutty, in Georgia; Cumberland and others, in Tennessee; lofty mountains, probably the peaks of Otter, in Virginia; whilst within the Old North State *hundreds* may be seen, including the beautiful Roan, upwards of 6,000 feet high, covered, for many miles on its extended top, with the finest pasturage, and delicious strawberries during the latter part of July; the Grandfather, and the singular-shaped Table Rock. Potato Top, one of the highest knobs of the Black, (6,393 feet,) connects with the Pinnacle of the Blue Ridge, its most elevated peak (5,701 feet). From this connecting ridge gush forth, on either side, the fountain sources of Toe and Swannanoa rivers. Our visit (Sept. 14th) was too late for strawberries, but a few delicious currants, fully ripe, were collected (*Ribes rotundifolium*) of greenish-purple color. In several places the handsome Virgilia (*V. lutea*) was seen with its red berries, pleasantly contrasting with the dark foliage of the Balsam Firs. In making our descent, a few small Balsam Firs were pulled up,

with which we hope to adorn "home, sweet home." In conclusion, permit me to say to every North Carolinian, to visit the Black Mountain at least once in his life-time, and he will be amply repaid for his toil and expense, in *pictures of sublimity*, drawn by the Great Architect of the Universe, and portrayed, in unsurpassed beauty and grandeur, on Nature's wide domain. C. L. H.

THE PRESENT STATE OF POLITICS IN EUROPE.

To an American, separated by a vast ocean from the old world and free from the prejudices and passions by which its people are actuated, I think there can be no subject more interesting, nor one affording a wider field for speculation than the present state of politics in Europe. A few months ago the note of war sounded through the land, and France, and Austria, and Italy trembled under the tread of soldiers. The hostile armies met, the allies on the one side, the slaves of Francis Joseph on the other, and the clash at Montebello and the bloody field of Magenta told but too soon that the struggle had begun. In this country public expectation had reached the highest pitch of excitement. Every new steamer was looked for with the intensest anxiety, and I think I do not misrepresent when I say that many of our statesmen believed that, ere now, Napoleon would have entered Vienna at the head of his victorious legions. But lo! the next news was that a treaty had been concluded—that peace had been proclaimed, and "its rainbow tints gave a sure indication that the storm had passed away."

It will be our purpose on this occasion to inquire whether the storm has indeed passed away, or whether it has not rather suspended its rage for a moment to burst forth again in still more terrible fury—whether the nephew of Bonaparte has retired to his palace to rest on his laurels, or rather, like the lion, has crouched but to make a more deadly spring—whether the stubborn Emperor of the Austrians will be content to observe the articles of the treaty and brood in gloom and solitude over his defeat, or rather, like a fierce bull-dog, has but withdrawn a little distance to rush upon his prey with still madder determination.

To answer these questions correctly, it is necessary to take a cursory glance at the general state of affairs in the five great powers of Europe. For thirty years previous to the accession of the present Czar to the throne of Russia, Nicholas ruled with a rod of iron that vast empire. The chief object of his reign seems to have been to centre in his own person all the powers of state, and to reduce to still more absolute slavery, if

possible, the mighty nation over which he was called to preside. How perfectly this object was accomplished, the present abject state of the Russians but too mournfully attests. At his death, "the tree of despotism had reached its fullest growth." His cherished hope, too, seems to have been to "sit on the throne of the Constantines and wield the sceptre of the Ottoman sovereigns." His successor, Alexander II, has had these principles instilled into his very nature, and now, like a sorcerer, stands with his poisoned chalice, by the bedside of the "sick man," as Turkey has appropriately been termed, ready to administer the fatal draught that would destroy him forever, and over his remains erect the standard of the Northern Bear. And such would long since have been his fate had not jealous physicians guarded him well.

Prussia exerts an influence scarcely less than that of Russia in the councils of the Great States to preserve the balance of power. She stands at the head of the German Confederacy, and her court is the ablest, with perhaps one exception, in Europe. Austria has sometimes claimed the superiority, but has never been able to establish it. 'Tis true she has a greater number of fighting men—'tis true she rushes headlong into more wars; but in an emergency Prussia is always consulted and her decision abided. Through her intervention, mainly, the late war was brought to its rapid close.

Austria has greater resources and a larger army than any of the German States; but with Francis Joseph at the helm of government she dwindles down to the most insignificant of the Great Powers. All the acts of his life, both as a soldier and a diplomatist, have shown him to be not only incapable of ruling an empire, but even of self-government. Another important feature in his character is obstinacy. His Minister of Foreign Affairs is one of the ablest men of the age; yet, if he *urges* a measure it is sure not to be adopted. His mother, a cruel and revengeful woman, is said to wield a mighty influence at his court. The various disasters and defeats, which his army has recently suffered, are attributable mainly to the weakness of the Field Marshal, who, it is well known, was appointed to that responsible position, not for any distinguished merit, but for a blind devotion to his imperial master.

England, the once proud "mistress of the seas," has for more than a quarter of a century been on the decline; or regal power has been declining and the government merging into a democracy. Her position at the present time finds an apt illustration, to use the expression of an Irishman, in the man who fell with "one leg on both sides of the fence." The evil tendencies of her system must be apparent to every thinking mind. The maxim, that "no man can serve two masters," holds good in affairs of government as well as in individual cases. The British cabinet cannot pan-

der to the prejudices of the people and bow to the will of the Sovereign at the same time. The members of Parliament hardly dare to express an opinion, much less zealously advocate a principle. But a few months ago that body was dissolved because, forsooth, it was *rumored* that it leaned to the Austrian side of the dispute. A new Ministry has consequently been placed in power, which is the mere dupe of Napoleon III.

France is unquestionable the first power in Europe; not that she has a larger navy, or a more numerous army, or greater pecuniary resources, but that she has a *man* at the head of the government. Persons living under a democracy can form no adequate conception of the power of princes. Napoleon's will is as absolute as that of Russia's Autocrat. At his word three hundred thousand armed men spring forth, Pallas-like, ready to do his bidding. At his word England trembles, and all Europe is breathless with attention. It may not be inappropriate in this connection to sketch his character very briefly in an official point of view. The magic of his name, it is generally conceded, elevated him to the presidential chair of the French Republic. His almost unanimous re-election proved the popularity of his administration. And his celebrated "*coup d'état*" struck the world with wonder. Since then he has acted the part of a great statesman. Keeping all his maneuvers to himself, he has advanced rapidly to the very pinnacle of fame, and is now regarded as scarcely inferior to the great Napoleon. But, like him, ambition is his god, and in its gratification he is nourishing a viper that will poison him—a flame that will consume him.

Having thus briefly noticed the state of affairs and the influences operating in the great powers of Europe, it becomes our province to inquire, what, from present appearances, will be the probable course of events for some years to come? Let us, then, in the first place, state the causes which led to the late war, and the designs with which the contending parties entered into it. It seems that from some flimsy pretext, and in direct violation of an established treaty, an Austrian army was sent into Italy, and devastated with fire and sword her blooming fields and charming villages. An appeal was immediately made by the Sardinian King to the French Emperor, and was as promptly responded to. War was declared and the result is too well known to be dwelt upon here. A treaty has been signed; but the clouds of battle are still piled high in the western horizon, and frown threateningly upon the peace of Europe. The lightnings have not yet ceased to play, and the low mutterings of the thunder tell that the storm is not yet over. Napoleon, since the Crimean war, has been most industriously engaged in strengthening his army, and now *his* is the best disciplined, if not the most efficient, the world has seen since the days of Bonaparte. What his intentions are no one can even

conjecture. It is, however, sufficiently evident that he became a party in the late contest, not from any love of liberty, nor from any sympathy with down-trodden and oppressed Italy; but merely to wrest her from the grasp of an ambitious tyrant, whose power he feared. But none can believe that he will now disband his troops and permit his subjects to enjoy the rich blessings of peace. He has too much of his great uncle's spirit for this. The campaign he has just finished, is but the vestibule of his military career. Like the beast of prey, when he has once tasted blood, the last drop of his devoted victim must satiate his thirst.

It has been rumored that an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Alexander is on foot. If this be consummated, it will be difficult indeed to predict the fate of Europe. The Czar would probably sieze Constantinople, and thus carry out his father's dying injunction—"not to relax one muscle till he should sit on the throne of the Constantines." And would not Napoleon's ambition lead him to attempt the sovereignty of the rest of this great division? But even granting that he intends to devote the remainder of his reign to the cultivation of the arts of peace and the advancement of the intellectual and moral condition of his empire, will he be permitted to do so? Will Austria, with her stubborn King, give up her long cherished desire of swaying the sceptre of the Cæsars with so small a sacrifice? No; but like the wounded panther, goaded to desperation by the assaults of her adversary, she will seek every opportunity for revenge. Prussia, ever wary, when necessity demands it, will join her old ally. England, in obedience to an established custom, will volunteer on the weaker side, and thus endeavor to preserve the balance of power.

Such, then, being the state of politics across the acean, is it not, indeed, a subject of more than ordinary interest to an American? What the ultimate result will be none can tell; but if we are to judge the future by the past, such a state of anarchy will follow as has not darkened the world for more than a thousand years. Black, however, as the picture must seem, may not an ardent lover of Liberty indulge the hope that—

"Kingly glare
Will lose its power to dazzle; its authority
Will silently pass by; the gorgeous throne
Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall
Fast falling to decay."

And is there not some ground for believing that Europe's long oppressed and enslaved millions, "may know Liberty as she breathed and fought on the plains of Maranthon; and as she raised her divine countenance from the wreck of the dark ages and brightened in the English revolution?"

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Ambition is the germ
From which all growth of nobleness proceeds."

We are not disposed to consider it a crime

"—————To win the wreath of fame,
And write on memory's scroll a deathless name."

We are persuaded that the good and great in every age of the world have not thought it dishonorable to leave behind them "footprints on the sands of time." On the contrary, they have always felt something of supreme delight, some sweet consolation in knowing, that, when the storms of invective and malediction, which they met with from those who envied them in their greatness, shall have died away, their names and their glory will still survive, exempt from the ravages of time, and their lives be pointed to as illustrious examples and as beacon lights to guide those who desire to be reckoned among the benefactors of their race. We know full well that in making this declaration we shall incur the criticism and the censure of certain casuistical metaphysicians who are not willing to allow *others* to exercise a confidence in the judgment, but presumptuously claim it as a sacred right of theirs; yet, we trust we shall be able to convince an unbiased mind that it is desirable and honorable to be—

"One of the few, th' immortal names
That were not born to die;"

that ambition is the germ of greatness, whether we view it in its relations to practical life, or logically discuss the import of the term. We are not ignorant of the fact, that, from the very beginning of our education till the present period of our lives, both in receiving instruction from others and in acquiring knowledge from our own reading, we have been incessantly cautioned in regard to ambition. We have been taught to remember that "vaulting ambition overleaps itself," to remember the millions that have frequently died to make one man great; and, indeed, its worst features have been presented to our view in all the vividness language can convey. And it is far from our purpose to complain of this admonition, when it is confined to the young and the wayward. We should certainly entertain none other than feelings of thankfulness and gratitude, that, at a time when impetuous youth knows no bounds, and imagination would fain lift us into her chariot and bear us away to "some happier island," we were so fortunate as to find those whose experience justified them in asserting a control over our aims and desires. Yet, we too would appeal to the record of the past, to the lives of the great the world over, and we would thence conclude that wherever the happiness of man is considered one of the principal objects of life, wherever the kindly


influences of love and sympathy have had a place in the hearts of the people, there also has been exhibited, in all its force, the efficacy of ambition in stimulating to deeds of disinterested patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion, in firing the mind with the zeal and energy requisite for success in every laudable undertaking.

The word, ambition, had its origin in the practice of Roman candidates for office, who went about the city to solicit votes. To suppose for a moment that the majority of such candidates were actuated by impure motives, would certainly be a gratuitous presumption, as we have the most ample testimony against it. At the time the Latin language was beginning to stand forth in its purity, when it was beginning to acquire something of those giant proportions and that elegance of diction which have won the admiration of the learned in every succeeding nation, those intrigues for office which hastened the decay of the mighty empire had not made their appearance. The schemes of designing demagogues were altogether unknown, and an honest simplicity and mutual confidence everywhere existed between the people and the officers of their choice. And the experience of every infant republic teaches the same important lesson. So long as the great body of the citizens are conscious of the necessity of government, and have an adequate conception of the real duties and obligations of their officers, no danger to their rights and liberties can arise from the artful efforts of candidates to deceive the people that they may carry out their own private plans. Instead, therefore, of admitting the commonly received meaning of the term, we maintain, justly we think, that it is intended to express a desire to secure that degree of excellence or superiority which, at the hands of an impartial umpire, is entitled to preferment or honor.

It may, perhaps, be contended on the other hand, that it is not the province of greatness to solicit posts of distinction. Yet, we are able to point to numerous instances in which it has been patriotic, as well as important and beneficial in an eminent degree, that men have been ambitious to obtain positions from which they were able to check the encroachments of the vicious and aggressive; and for which their own good sense, and the will of the people, if it could have been expressed, declared them the men of the times. But this is manifestly the effect of a cause, and "a cause adequate to the effect." While toiling on in the noble effort to reach that lofty summit where honors are to be battled for and laurels won; while mounting to that exalted state of intellectual power which knows no failure, there may be some resemblance, some faint appearance of a desire to wear the badges of distinction. The plaudits of admiring friends and the tongue of envy then begin their work of praise and censure, as that amount of talent and ability is acquired which commonly receives the favors and the honors of office. That the man of a cultivated mind should, at this point, accept from the hands of others the rewards of greatness when freely offered, or when there is a deep conviction of the necessity, is the immediate result of his superior wisdom, of his far-reaching sagacity, and the responsibility which belongs to those who are fitted by nature to guide and control the destinies of nations.

From the ill-directed course of the ambition of a few, whose names are scattered through the volumes of history at so great intervals that we cannot

fail to consider them as exceptions to the rule, the term has fallen into dispute, especially with the teachers of ethics, until many are seriously doubting whether there will ever be seen again men of the enterprise and renown, of such sterling worth as the former times afforded. It has, at least, occurred to every thinking man, that ambition has ever been the great motive to action, and that without it we should accomplish very little of permanent value. Where it ceases to have its due influence, there is a want of energy and emulation, and a total indifference to progress in all the objects of life. But when its importance is felt and acknowledged by all, there is a marked difference in the degree of advancement and refinement. Difficulties which, in the former state of affairs, would be made an excuse for all failures and want of application, are surmounted without a murmur of complaint. The more numerous the intervening obstacles, the stronger is the desire to achieve success, since the very process of overcoming these furnishes the proud consciousness of knowing that the glory has been gained with the advantages on the side of the opponent. Men of a laudable ambition have ever been the pioneers of civilization. They are the first to make the discoveries and inventions that the progress of society demands, and they stand as faithful sentinels to guard the rights of their countrymen. If they fall on the field of battle, they sleep in the honored soldier's grave with the war-cloak around them. In the councils of the government they are the defenders of time-honored principles, and their names and their examples are invaluable to the thousands that are striving to deserve positions of equal usefulness and honor. And as we examine the history of our own young and far-reaching empire, and see that the brightest stars in her brilliant constellation have been placed there by the principle of action under consideration, we must conclude it should be fostered and kept alive in our midst, by studying the history of those whom the world has delighted to honor. Rather than extinguish the fires of a generous ambition, we should lend a helping hand and let it plume its wings for a loftier flight. We should remove every obstacle to genius, let it soar beyond the clouds and light its lamp by some heavenly flame. And we need not be at a loss to find appropriate illustrations. Wherever a few of those whose minds were illumined by the light of nature have taken a stand against error and oppression, in the cause of education and reform and in defence of their country, there also has existed the happy influence of ambition; animating, comforting and cheering—by the midnight lamp of every lover of learning—by the lonely bivouac of the patriot Jackson—in the silent tent of the immortal Washington—in the bosom of every man whose heart throbs with delight at the prospect of living to benefit his race, or from knowing that "'tis sweet to die for one's country." To these, and such as these, reason points out the proper course to be pursued; and the desire of fulfilling the high purposes of their creation, the firm conviction of duty—in a word, ambition prompts them to action, and leads them to performances that are to be gratefully remembered, to live in story and in song, when the precepts of the timid and pharisaical shall have faded from the memory of man.

 We have received the following article from a lady friend, which we very cheerfully insert, with the hope that it may be noticed by those of our readers, if such there be, whose propensities to "borrowing" are so predominant as to prevent the due exercise of the faculty of "returning." When any one thus appropriates books that belong to others, we are inclined to think that he bears evident marks of wanting in the power of retention, so far as his mind is concerned, and to such we recommend the study of the fourth part of Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy, provided he possess the "ability to understand the language" or "to appreciate the thoughts":

"THE WICKED BORROWETH AND RETURNETH NOT AGAIN."—"An umbrella lent, is an umbrella lost." This was once an acknowledged, and not unfrequent truth. The result, generally, it appeared, of carelessness, of indifference, of neglect, not of intentional wrong. A man was not regarded as dishonest if he retained this species of borrowed property for weeks—for months—for always! The "dear people" were generous, and the verdict "he forgot it," No great harm done—cotton articles of the kind were abundant, and one could buy a new one, or better still, "return the compliment."

We were thinking of our improved condition in this particular, and venturing to congratulate "one and all," when another system of appropriation occurred to us, not so general, not so agreeable, and we fear, not so honest! We mean that of book borrowing, and "returning not again."

How many suffer from like depredation! An umbrella may be easily supplied when lost: a book, not always. It is a matter of conjecture how many volumes our College Libraries miss annually. We remember to have picked up, as far off as New York City, a copy of Essays by Henry Giles—and our astonishment to see inscribed on the inside "Philanthropic Society, Chapel Hill, N. C." "The property" no longer! It shall be, though, in the shape of a new one, until some one takes a fancy, and carries it out on a journey too. No wonder Giles should be admired. Those who have not read his Essays, would do well to do so; that is, if they have any taste, sentiment, or ambition about them. Especially, we commend the one on "*the cost of a cultivated man*," and another on "Music." So noble a heart, and so exalted a philanthropy—O! God bless thee Henry Giles!

Who will not sympathize with the author of the following, in his most deplorable condition:

"How hard that those so kind to lend,
Should have to loose their books,
Pursued by anglers, folks that fish
With literary hooks;
Who call and take some favorite tome,
And never read it through,
And thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you!
I, of my 'Spencer' quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of 'Lamb' I've not a quarter left,
Nor could I 'save my Bacon!'"

CUPID AMONG COLLEGIANS.—Nowhere, so much as in college, has this little god absolute sway. Nay, frown not, fond fathers; think of the days when *you* were young. Was he not powerful then? Had he not been, where would have been the necessity for colleges now? Your sons are not injured by being in love. Each has his matchless *Dulcinea*, thinking of whom he rides over all obstacles right valiantly. Indeed, all the effects of love in college are for good, except one; and that is, it prompts the students to write more sonnets to the moon than we could possibly publish, even if they were all worthy of a place in the Magazine; for, with Claud Halero, we “question if there ever was a true lover in existence, who had not got at least as far as ‘Oh Thou’ in a sonnet in her praise.” Though there are some of these passably good, yet, the most of them are so poor as to make the gentle Queen of Night hide her face behind a cloud for very shame. Some are the outbursts of a heart filled with joy at its mistress’ smile (very few have any connection with the head,) and others the wailings of a “broken hope.” We give one specimen of the latter kind, which, though it is not addressed to the moon, is “to our purpose quite.” Ye that listen with sympathy to the sighings of disappointment, attend to the story of the

BROKEN HEARTED.

I knew a youth—no matter where—
 Who loved a maid, exceeding fair.
 For two long years, oh! wondrous strange!
 His love continued without change.
 Sic vita est!
 Cherished, caressed
 She proved a viper in his breast.
 (Girls are all false; yes, e’en the best
 Will flirt, and laugh within her sleeve
 To see her luckless lover grieve.)
 With this digression,
 I hasten to the youth’s confession
 Of love, of adoration blind
 And all the feelings of the kind,
 Which show how deeply he was smitten.
 Oh! Love, thy bonds are ropes of sand!
 Our lover seeks his lady’s hand,
 And gets “a substitute—the mitten.”
 Thus, then, he loved, and thus they parted.
 The world would call him broken-hearted,
 And rightly call him so, in sooth.
 With undivided heart the youth
 Had loved this maid exceeding fair;
 No other one his heart could share.
 But now with broken heart he flees,
 His painful feelings best to smother,
 Until two other girls he sees,
 And gives a piece to one and t’other.

MORAL.

When kicked, broken-hearted, of all joy bereft,
 Then “save all the fragments, that nothing be left,”
 And take this for granted, ’tis true, ’pon my soul,
 A piece of a heart loves as hard as the whole.

LOCAL.—Nothing of permanent interest has occurred since our last issue. Our beautiful little village has been more than usually quiet, and the wheels of College have been rolling smoothly on in their accustomed course. It has been very generally remarked, however, that there is quite a number of *boys* in College this session, or else a few who know very well how to act the *boy*. But as accessions are mostly confined to the lower classes, we cannot believe that any others than they

“—— can tell
The magic spell
That's in the knell
Of that old bell;
But the Freshman is the very man,
If any single student can.”

There have been several disturbances of minor importance, which might very well have been dispensed with, as the only result of such proceedings has been to draw heavily on our deposit fund, which we should hold for some good and wise purpose. Without assuming the position of judges of what may be proper in the conduct of those around us, we think it our duty to remind our fellow-students that a certain amount of dignity is expected of a gentleman in every circle of society, and though he may think to pass unnoticed, there are those beneath whose scrutinizing gaze his every act speaks volumes, and who will mark him accordingly. It is a high distinction to be a student of the University of North Carolina; but if, with the aid of valuable Libraries, and under the instruction of a most able and laborious Faculty, a young man will persist in playing the thoughtless *boy*, will neglect his studies, and forego all these advantages, it is proper and just, in the nature of things, that others should observe and avoid him. “Time sets all things even,” and he will sooner or later perceive the faults and follies of his youth. But it may be too late to restore him to the confidence of his fellow-citizens—too late for all practical purposes. Let him remember, and heed it while he may, that it has been truly said, that after “a youth of folly” there comes “an old age of care.”

The number of students at this time is about 400. The University never enjoyed a higher state of prosperity, and now offers to the young men of the State—of the South—of the Union—the very best facilities for the acquisition of an education. The new buildings, which will be completed by our next Commencement, will afford additional comfort and convenience to the students, and will add materially to the appearance of the College Campus.

To our class-mates we wish to say a word in this connection. Many of them are receiving the finishing touch, which is to make them scholars and gentlemen, while the rest are making up for lost time and want of application. The former are considering the important question, “what *must* I do?” when through college, while the latter are debating the no less important one, “what *can* I do?” To them, as well as all others, we recommend the following piece of advice, which we lately heard given to a member of the Senior Class, who was consulting a lawyer in reference to the propriety of entering the political arena on leaving college. Said he: “When done with college, go home and bury yourself in the bosom of Nature; study Constitutional Law,

Political Economy, Moral Philosophy; read and digest the history of your country; spread before you the lore of Grecian and Roman antiquities, and delight your palate with 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul;' let politics alone till your countrymen perceive your worth and demand your services—

"Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

THE FAIR.—As stated in our last, we were very anxious to respond to the kind invitation of the State Agricultural Society by attending the Fair *en corps*, but were prevented by a sense of duty which we owed no less to ourselves than the public. We arranged, however, so as to send one half of our number, (viz: Messrs Bryan, Nicholson and Weir,) having deputed them to observe everything, enjoy everything, and do all the *courting* for the *corps*. We who had to forego such pleasure tried to console ourselves, for we knew we would be well represented by our delegates. They have returned perfectly delighted, especially one of them, who, his colleagues say, wanted to see a little *more of the fair*; they hand in the following report:

We must confess we felt somewhat flattered by our editorial brethren, as we were not quite sure as to what rule guided them while selecting delegates. Some told us we had been appointed on account of *good looks*; others said the *corps* wished to appear *talented*, and others again would have it that we owed our appointment to our *dignity*. But, to tell the truth, *we now know* that our brethren, following a characteristic rule, bent their wills so as to suit convenience. In Raleigh we found a room reserved for us by a kind friend, whose name we would give, were we not unwilling to make him *blush*, for he is too modest to allow the types to use his name.

We are unanimously of opinion that the Fair was a decided *hit*; at least *some* of us were *struck*, not, however, by a huge club in the hands of a cruel *civil* officer, but rather by a more agreeable, though not less potent weapon, which, as we have been informed, came from the hands of Cupid.

But, to be candid, no Fair has reflected more credit upon the wealth, ingenuity and industry of our good old State; each county seemed to vie with its sisters in efforts to honor and improve our common mother. To mention the numerous articles of interest exhibited would occupy our entire number, and to attempt a discrimination would be invidious. We may be allowed, however, to say that Floral Hall was, to us, beyond all comparison, the most attractive department, because it had been fitted up and was superintended by the fair daughters of Carolina.

On returning to our room, Thursday evening, we found a young friend on somewhat of a *soiree*, (as he said) though he swore he would go to the *razee* at St. Mary's. We suppose he must have been on some kind of an *ee*, for we heard him say, just before leaving Dr. Smeades', that he had taken two *sweet naps*.

With this single exception, we neither saw nor heard anything on the part


of the Chapel-Hillians, which we would have made otherwise if they had given us full control over their actions. Indeed, not even the ladies could find anything to complain of: and we hope the young lady at St. Mary's who directed a ticket to "The Good Boys of Chapel Hill," is now convinced that we have such, and mostly such, in the University. A friend intends to direct a Ball Ticket to "The Good Girl at St. Mary's." Wonder to whom the P. M. will give it? Mr. ——— thinks his sweetheart will receive it.

Upon the whole, we must say we were well pleased with every one and every thing while in Raleigh, and will be sure to visit the "City of Oaks" again.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We are indebted to Judge Battle for our leading article in this number, and we expect to present memoirs of other Supreme Court Judges as we procure them. We think we may safely assure the prominent men of the State that their articles will be printed according to copy, and without any mistake; and, thankful for what we have already received, we request them to contribute as often as they find it convenient.

We also refer the students to several prize articles, and we think it high time for those who have not yet written to begin. Remember, it will be a high honor to get one, or both, the prizes, in addition to the privilege of making an extensive selection of valuable books. If your pieces are rejected, however, don't become discouraged and say we are "envious of your growing reputation," but try again, and we shall certainly give you a fair hearing. We don't expect to be Editors always, and we would advise candidates for the office to contribute, as that is the best way to electioneer with their class-mates and the only way recognized by the majority of them.

OUR TABLE.—We have heretofore neglected to acknowledge the receipt of quite a number of pamphlets and periodicals, which render our table really attractive. Our friends who have been so kind as to forward them will please accept our thanks for the many favors they have done us, and as our editorial pages will not be so crowded in the future we promise to be more punctual in our acknowledgements. They are too numerous, however, to be separately mentioned here, but we promise our fellow-students that if they will call at the EDITORS' OFFICE, we can furnish them with a variety of choice literature and will take great pleasure in doing so, if they will agree to return the same without injury.

 We are pleased to state that Engravings, suitable for frames, of Hon. A. V. Brown and Rev. F. M. Hubbard, may be procured at the University Bookstore of E. Mallett & Co.

PROMOTION OF A GRADUATE.—We are pleased to learn that B. F. Grady, Esq., of this State, has been elected to the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Austin, Texas. Mr. Grady graduated in the class of 1856-'7, with the highest honors of this University, and was one of the Editors of the Magazine. With talents of a very high order and habits of close application, he bids fair to fill his new position with credit to himself and his *Alma Mater*.

Our thanks are due the Union Agricultural Society of New-Berne for a Complimentary Ticket to its Fair. Most gladly will we attend the Fair, if possible; but as it will be so near our Examination week, we fear we shall be unable to accept the hospitality of our numerous friends of the Athens of North Carolina.

The practiced eye of the reader will doubtless detect an unnecessary space between the letters of some French words in the second article in this Number. As our publishers had no accented letters at the time, we concluded to use minute marks rather than omit the accents altogether, and hence the unavoidable error.

Shakspeare has wisely said,
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Our printer has remarked, apparently with much truth, that the passage should read thus:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough,
Hew them as we will."

There's only the difference of a comma, between the two.

At a regimental muster in the Western part of North Carolina, the Colonel who was a Dutchman was receiving the salutes of the line, when one of the Captains passed without presenting his sword. A second time he failed to present, when the Colonel, riding up to him in a great rage, exclaimed, "of all the men I ever saw, the tam fool has the least sense."

Bill Reid says there are two classes of society: the one the laboring class, and the other, those who live off of the laborers, and that he is very well pleased with the division, but, blast the luck, he happened to get on the wrong side.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

DIALECTIC HALL, Sept. 10th, 1859.

WHEREAS, God, in his infinite wisdom, has called away from earth NORMAN A. MORRISON, of Richmond county, N. C., who graduated at this University in 1857; therefore, the Dialectic Society, deploring the loss of this beloved member, has

Resolved, That while we humbly submit to the Divine Will, our hearts are filled with grief at the decease of one so young and so good, and of one whose prospects were so bright for a long, happy and useful life.

Resolved, That in his death we have lost a friend; that the community of which he was a member is deprived of one of its best and most useful citizens; and that his relatives have sustained a loss which none but they can know.

Resolved, That we tender our heart-felt sympathies to his bereaved relatives, and mingle our tears with theirs on a common altar of grief; yet, we would bid them be consoled by the reflection that there is bliss beyond the grave, and that "Heaven oft in mercy smites, even when the blow severest is."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon our records; that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the Fayetteville Observer, N. C. Presbyterian, Wadesboro' Argus, University Magazine, and New Orleans Picayune.

A. T. COLE,
W. L. GARRETT,
S. P. WEIR, } Com.

DIALECTIC HALL, Oct. 18, 1859.

WHEREAS, the Dialectic Society has heard of the decease of JESSE H. LINDSAY, JR., of Greensboro', N. C.—him who a few years ago left our midst with budding hopes which before realized were forever blighted by the chilling frost of death; and whereas it is our mournful privilege, as members of a common brotherhood, to offer this our last sad tribute of respect to the memory of our departed brother; therefore,

Resolved, That while we deplore the loss we have sustained, we bow with meekness and resignation to the immutable decree of Him who inflicts the heavy blow.

Resolved, That we offer our deepest sympathy to the family of the deceased, pointing them to that Eternal Source from which alone flows that balm which can heal the wounded and bleeding heart.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, the Greensboro' Patriot and Times, N. C. Presbyterian and University Magazine, with a request to publish them.

E. G. STERLING,
W. M. BROOKS,
L. BOND, } Com.





MADE BY JAMES W. W. W. W.

Yours truly

F. Nash

HON. FREDERICK NASH, LL.D.
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE

By order of the Court, J. W. W. W.
1854

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WM. J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

Vol. 9.

December, 1859.

No. 5.

MEMOIR OF JUDGE NASH.

BY HON. JOHN H. BRYAN.

FREDERIC NASH, the subject of this brief memoir, was born on the 9th February, 1781, in the old colonial palace at New-Berne, his father, Abner Nash, being then the Governor of the new State, having in 1780 succeeded Richard Caswell, the first Governor under the republican form of Government.

The ancestors of Judge Nash were among the most distinguished of the early colonists; his maternal ancestor, Frederic Jones, was a very large land holder, and holding a prominent position in the councils of the colony.

Governor Nash was a member of the Continental Congress from 1782 to 1786, and died in Philadelphia while he was in attendance as a member. His family were then residing at the ancient family seat (called "Pembroke") on Trent river, near New-Berne, and his body was brought home and deposited in the family vault at that place.

Judge Nash was too young when his father died to retain much recollection of him, but of his mother his recollections were vivid, tender and grateful in the highest degree.

His uncle, Francis Nash, achieved a high rank in the Revolutionary army, and fell upon the well fought field of Germantown, where he poured forth his life's blood as a libation in his country's cause.

The writer of this brief sketch has heard Judge Nash relate with pride and pleasure, as among his earliest recollections, an incident which occurred upon the visit of President Washington to New-Berne, during his first Presidency, in 1791.

A grand entertainment and ball was given by the citizens to the Presi-

dent in the old palace. The old town contributed all that patriotism could suggest to honor the *First President*. Amid the brilliant scene, the Father of his Country, towering in moral grandeur, attracted all eyes and all hearts. Upon none did this noble spectacle produce a profounder or more grateful impression than upon the gentle sex, who are always the disinterested and ardent admirers of all that is great and good. The mother of our deceased friend was present, and cordially yielded her heart-felt tribute; and desiring that her boy should have the privilege of participating in the homage, she called him up and presented him to the Chief, who took him upon his knee, placed his hand upon his head and spoke words of kindness and encouragement, reminded him of his gallant uncle, Gen. Francis Nash, and proposed him as a brilliant exemplar. What boy who ever sat upon the knee of Washington and felt on his head the weight of his hand could ever do a dishonorable act? The recollection of such an honor would elevate his heart and ennoble all its impulses. The boy was reared according to the doctrines and principles of the "Old School;" he was taught to fear his God, to honor his parents, and obey the law of the land. Hence he was always eminently conservative as a citizen and public man.

When he was quite young, he was sent to Williamsboro', in Granville county, to the school of the Rev. Mr. Patillo, a Presbyterian clergyman, and eminent in his day as a sound scholar and classical teacher. He was prepared for college by the Rev. Thomas P. Irving, of New-Berne, an Episcopal minister of eminent attainments, and renowned in his day for severe and rigid discipline. This Reverend gentleman took it for granted that all his pupils could learn, nor did he relinquish that opinion until he had made what he deemed a fair experiment, not by "moral suasion" alone, but by the vigorous application of chinquepin and hickory. The result was, however the system may be discredited in these days of superior illumination, (or hallucination) that *his boys*, as he called them, when they went to college, whether at home or abroad, were found to be successful combatants for the highest honors.

Judge Nash was graduated at Princeton in 1799. The English Salutatory was assigned him, regarded as the second distinction. In this class were John Forsyth, Governor of Georgia, Secretary of State, &c. and his highly valued friend, James C. Johnston, of Edenton. From Princeton he returned home, the family then residing at Pembroke. His mother died in the following October. On her death bed, while her son was kneeling by her side and holding one of her hands, she solemnly placed the other on his head, and said to her friend, the attending physician—"Doctor McClure, here is a son who has never given me one moment's pain." She committed to his care her children, four daughters

and one son, and most faithfully and nobly did he discharge this sacred trust, devoting to them his time, his talents and his love. It is pleasing to say that they always manifested towards him the deepest gratitude and veneration. He survived them all.

He applied himself to the study of the law, and became a member of the Bar. As a lawyer, he was distinguished for his upright and honorable conduct. While serving his clients with fidelity, he disdained to use any unworthy artifice or trick to ensure success, and abhorred all chicanery and ambidextrous dealing. To the younger brethren of the profession he was kind and considerate, and while by his example he furnished a model for their guidance, by his advice and encouragement he cheered them on their sometimes dreary way. Occupying the position which he did, it was natural that his fellow citizens should look to him as a public servant and representative in the halls of legislation. His popularity was the natural offspring of his character. It was based upon the solid foundation of virtue and talents. It was no sickly exotic that required constant nursing, but was hardy and vigorous, and lofty as the pine of his native soil.

In 1803 he was married at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, to Miss Mary Kallock, and in her obtained the inestimable treasure of a good wife, who alleviated all his troubles and enhanced all his joys.

In the years 1804-'5 he represented his native town (New-Berne,) in the House of Commons, and was early distinguished for sterling honesty, talents and devotion to the Constitution. He early acquired an influence in the House, which, joined to the confidence reposed in his purity of character and ability, rendered him a most formidable antagonist to corrupt and venal traders in politics. He continued to reside in New-Berne and pursue his profession with success until 1808, when he was induced to remove to Hillsboro', being principally induced by the superior healthfulness of the climate.

Judge Nash was elected a Trustee of the University of North Carolina in the year 1807, and was always an ardent friend and patron of that institution. Established by our forefathers by a constitutional injunction, it has vindicated their wise foresight, and may now be regarded, not only as a beacon light dispelling darkness and guiding to a safe port, but as one of the great conservative barriers of the Republic. "May its shadow never be less."

In the years 1814-'15 he appeared again in the Legislature as one of the representatives of the county of Orange. He was decidedly and conscientiously opposed to duelling, and while a member of the Legislature of 1815, he introduced a bill for its suppression, which he advocated by an able and eloquent speech. "The closing scene of life (says he) is one

of tremendous moment to every rational being—we should wish to approach it with every holy affection about us. Is this the case with the duellist, when planting his foot on the verge of eternity? Is he prepared to appear before the judgment seat? Is his heart in charity with all mankind—glowing with love and gratitude to the great Author and Finisher of his being? How awful is the reverse! His heart swelling with every malignant passion, pride, anger and revenge—he comes to destroy and not to save—to curse and not to bless, and in the bitterness of such feelings is hurried unbidden into the presence of his Maker.”

Upon his removal to Hillsboro’, he purchased the dwelling house of his friend and relative, Judge Cameron, and there resided until his death.

He attended the courts of Orange and Granville for many years, and enjoyed the legitimate fruits of his unsullied reputation and ability in the large and liberal practice which he obtained.

He was an especial favorite in the county of Granville, where his practice was very lucrative. During the Presidency of Dr. Chapman at Chapel Hill, he and his devoted wife became members of the Presbyterian Church, and during a period of near half a century, by their life and conversation, adorned the doctrine of their Lord and Saviour. Their house was the abode of a generous and refined hospitality, and was especially the home of the servants of their Saviour.

Uncalculating in his generosity of soul, he had not worldly wisdom enough to desire the accumulation of wealth, and in his declining days regretted that he had not, on account of his family, been more considerate in this respect.

Judge Nash’s judiciary career commenced in 1818, by his unsolicited appointment to the Circuit Bench, which post he occupied till 1826.

This office requires for its just discharge, not only legal learning, but high moral qualities—there are many severe trials of patience and temper.

The Judge has often, not only to restrain the ardor of counsel who has adopted his client’s cause as his own—sternly to hold the scales of justice in equipoise—but even sometimes to take care that the client’s cause does not suffer from the rashness, inexperience or neglect of counsel—to encourage the timid and rebuke the bold.

Judge Nash was quite equal to these duties, and, moreover, possessed in an eminent degree that rare and noble quality, “moral courage.”

If he erred in his opinion, he had the magnanimity to avow it and that too publicly on the bench. He possessed those qualities which a distinguished writer, Lord Campbell, (himself an eminent Judge,) has designated as essential to a good Judge: “Patience in hearing, evenness of temper and kindness of heart.” These with competent learning, and the urbane manners of a gentleman, acquired by early associations in a town where the

"traditional culture" of the olden time still lingered, contributed to form a character of rare judicial excellence.

Upon his breast the ermine acquired additional purity. Though his judicial character was marked by the courtesy and kindness of the christian gentleman, yet when duty required, he manifested all the sternness and inflexibility of the Judge. He rejoiced in the truth, and boldly sustained it in all the various contingencies of a long and useful life; he was no timid worshipper of a false and fleeting popularity, that "echo of folly and shadow of renown," but did his duty and left the consequences to his God.

He resigned his seat on the Circuit Bench in 1826, and in 1827-'28, represented the borough of Hillsboro' in the House of Commons. During the session of 1828 a series of very severe, and as many able lawyers thought, intemperate and unconstitutional measures, were proposed against the Banks of the State. Mr. Nash, having no interest of a pecuniary nature in these institutions, felt that a great principle was involved, and knowing that the Constitution was often most successfully assailed by means of a popular hue and cry, he manfully breasted the torrent, and in a speech fraught with the noblest inspirations and replete with cogent argument, forced conviction on the minds of the doubting, and defeated the wild and mischievous schemes of those who were determined, "*per fas aut nefas*," to crush these then unpopular institutions.

The effect of his oratory was very much aided by the polished amenity of his manner, and by the confidence which was universally felt in his purity and honesty of purpose, while his language was chaste and earnest, the tones of his voice were pleasant, and the hearts of his auditors, fearing no guile, willingly admitted his persuasive appeals.

He was again elected to the Superior Court Bench in 1836, and in 1844 was transferred to the Bench of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Gaston.

Upon the resignation of the Hon. Thomas Ruffin, he was appointed Chief Justice, which eminent position he held until his death.

Being now a member of the tribunal of the last resort, he devoted himself conscientiously and laboriously to the performance of the high and sometimes awful duties incident to his station. It is known to those conversant with our system of jurisprudence that almost every capital case is finally decided by the Supreme Court. In the hands of the Judges are the issues of life and death. How dreadful the responsibility if questions of this character are determined without the most patient deliberation—the most anxious desire to administer justice, and without a satisfactory assurance to the conscience that the law has been rightfully and duly administered. In all these cases the noble qualities of the Christian

Magistrate shone conspicuously in Judge Nash. To him, "no delay was long" if required by the nature of the case under deliberation, and especially where the life of a fellow creature was involved, and when he felt himself sustained by right and justice, no earthly consideration could sway his firm resolve.

The last public act of Judge Nash was the attendance on the Synod of North Carolina, which assembled at his native town the autumn before his death. Of this body he was a zealous and useful member, and cordially united with its members in the service of the God whom he loved and adored.

It is thought that to the fatigue and exposure incident to his journey home from this Assembly his mortal illness is to be ascribed. If so, it must have been to him a source of joy that he died in harness as a soldier of the cross.

His earthly honors, however great, paled before the glorious scene which his death bed presented. Here might be seen how a *Christain* dies. Although conscious of approaching dissolution, his tender anxiety for his family was manifested in attention to their comfort and health, in utter forgetfulness of self.

He evinced a firmness and calmness in these awful moments unsurpassed. The urbanity of the gentleman still lingered and was beautifully and harmoniously blended with the affectionate kindness of the father—the tender devotion of the husband was associated with the sincere and cheerful submission of the Christian.

A friend called in to see him when his end was supposed to be rapidly approaching. To him he talked so calmly of his future state—so cheerfully and with a trust so firm and unshaken in his Saviour, that he exclaimed, when he left his bedside—"This is a glorious termination of life." It was indeed glorious as an *end*, but still more so as the *beginning* of the life eternal. It was a glory, compared with which, the pomp and triumphs of the battle field fade into insignificance. At that moment, the recollection of a well-spent life was far more consoling to himself and his family, than if he had been the victor on a hundred fields. He had his triumph, and a noble one, though achieved upon the lowly bed of the dying christian.

To his family and friends his loss is indeed irreparable; but they may well exclaim in regard to such a man—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Judge Nash died at his home in Hillsborough, on the 5th day of December, 1858.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY,
(At the Commencement of 1857,)

BY HON. WARREN WINSLOW.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI:

Good old Doctor Caldwell, in times gone by, was wont to amuse his listeners with an anecdote, which never failed to excite himself to mirth.

His story was of a collegian, in the early days of the institution, who had applied for leave of absence to attend the Hillsboro' races. Why, Mr. A., said the good President, the races do not take place for some six weeks; I think you are *premature*. I thank you, sir, said he. Sometime after, there came one of those awful summons to the South Building, to answer to a charge of an unauthorized departure from college. The collegian confessed and avoided; he stoutly insisted that the Doctor had granted him permission, and this the Doctor as stoutly denied. Why, sir, he said, you told me as plainly as language could express it, I was *premature*; and this, I supposed to mean, I was mighty welcome.

His wit on his ignorance excused him.

I had hardly accepted as an act of duty, from which I deemed I ought not to shrink, your kind invitation to address you, when I repented and thought I was *premature*, and I would have unsaid, could I have done so, the words of acquiescence. I would fain have stopped the voyage, ere I had weighed the anchor. Indeed, I am not sure, but that I would not now throw up the adventure, and abandon as a total loss to the underwriters. But yet I am here, gentlemen, at your bidding, with great gain to myself, at least, although with loss to you. For what can I promise you? For years at these seats of the Muses, surrounded by the fair women and the brave men of North Carolina, with her youthful chivalry just ready to put off the prætextile and to don the virile toga, preparing to take their positions in the great battle of life; for years, here, have you gazed again and again upon the canvass glowing with the pictures of the great masters. Can an humble limner and a mere novice in the art, arrest your attention and satisfy your wishes? His hand, would he trace the sketches, is a rude one, and the buskin sits loosely upon the speaker's unaccustomed ancle.

But yet, if I cannot promise to myself that I shall instruct or entertain you; if the pictures I shall present will pale before those of the Murpheys and the Gastons, and the illustrious sons of our *Alma Mater*, who have

poured out their treasures of learning and eloquence at your bidding, I can at least bring to our fostering mother the votive offerings of sincere affection to strew upon her altars. I can, at least, bring hither a heart swelling with love to North Carolina, and devotion to her interests. Nay, if I come from the sweat and the strife and the toil of the political arena, I may with truth declare, that I come back to these happy abodes with the same feeling with which the wandering dove returns, after a forced pilgrimage, to nestle in the loved haunts and dear spots of its nativity. Many lustra have passed away since I was present at your Commencement Exercises. Ah! what changes have not those lustra marked! I find in the academic staff but two of those excellent gentlemen who in our youth wrought to lead our footsteps through the flowery fields and verdant lawns of literature. In our classes Death hath made sad havoc. Thinned are the ranks of our youthful comrades, and upon those of us who remain, Time hath ploughed deep his furrows. The associations of the spot bring our recollections most vividly to the dear friends of our boyhood. We look expectingly to greet them—

“On th’ accustomed hill
Along the heath, and near the fav’rite tree.”

Still those recollections are pleasing, if mournful to the soul. There are no friendships so disinterested and unselfish as those of our school days. They are formed when the young mind is tender and impressible, unstained by considerations of worldly honor and worldly interest, ere the soul hath been made callous by the cares and calamities of life, ere the experience hath taught us the shallowness of worldly professions and the emptiness of worldly fame, while yet earth seems wreathed in perpetual smiles and sunshine, while yet we are spectators and not actors in life’s drama, ere the illusions of the young imagination have been dispelled by passing behind the curtain to see that what seemed gold is but tinsel. And no matter what the after experience may bring to us, these impressions are never wholly effaced nor obliterated. Advancing in age, and increasing in distrust, we turn back to them with pleasure, and cling to them with tenacity. For these young attachments are things of beauty, and

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever!”

Around these young attachments, memory throws indeed a beauty. As the moonbeam mellows and refines that which in the garish light of day dazzles, and, perchance, offends the vision, so these young attachments, viewed through the medium of the memory, come back to us softened and sanctified. Happy for their sakes and for our own, we have few points from which to view them, and few objects with which to compare them! They sink into our souls and cut channels there which time in vain essays to hinder.

Early in our boy days the little spring of experience bubbles out, and as its gentle rill glides in the onward progress of life, until it swells its volume and surmounting all obstacles, becomes the rapid river hurrying on to bear its tribute to the great ocean of eternity, its pure stream becomes contaminated and turbid with the rivalries, and hates, and jealousies, and envies, engendered by corrupt and ignoble pursuits and aspirations. How sweet then the occasion which leads us back to our early associations, how dear those reminiscences which seemingly rejuvenate us, and well up to the soul that little fountain of friendship, in whose crystal waters are glassed the images of the dear departed ones. Assembled as we are, many of us after the lapse of a quarter of a century, we must be startled at, and admire, the vast changes the world has undergone during that time, and our country's wonderful and rapid strides in progress. The spectacle is grand and imposing. When many of us left the University, during the Presidency of the younger Adams, the confederated States of the Union numbered but twenty-four, now thirty-one stars twinkle in the constellation, and afar off in the nebulous matter, the unaided vision may detect the glitter of incipient others, amid the star-dust which on every side surrounds them. Our banner flaunts from its ancient flag-staffs on the Atlantic, yields to the breezes of the gulf, and is planted in those distant regions where the rivers of California run down their golden sands into the bosom of the placid Pacific. And we are meditating fresh conquests, not of arms, but of civilization, borne onward by the indomitable spirit of our race, and the undying energies of our free institutions. Our population has been increased from twelve to twenty-seven millions, while the area of the Republic has enlarged from 2,055,163 to 3,230,572 square miles. At that time not a mile of railroad existed in the whole country, now 24,000 miles of completed railroad are daily traversed by the locomotive, while 16,000 miles are in progress of completion. Fulton's genius had then but fairly triumphed over the ridicule to which, by some invariable law, all sublime inventions seem to be subjected. Now our streams and lakes and both oceans are covered with these magnificent creations of art. With our inventions we mock at distance, and annihilate space. The eternal mountains oppose our progress no longer. We dart through the solid mountain passes of the Alleghany, wind our way upward along the banks of his own rivulets, until we lay our profane hands upon his hoary tresses, and from the very summit of his peaks look upon the smiling vallies which the sun gilds with his declining beams. Even now we rashly meditate to scale the Rocky Mountains, in our irresistible progress to the far west. Nay, emulous of the bird of Jove, we take wings unto ourselves, and soar away into the heavens, star gazing

*Audax omnia perpeti * * **
Cælum ipsum petimus stultite.

We have tamed the lightning and taught it to speak for us. We are putting a girdle about the earth to enable us to converse with the most distant parts of the planet with unappreciable delay. Disarming the lightning of its fury, we subdue it by our electric, and draw gently down the anger from the clouds. The genius of Maury marks for the tempest-tost mariner trackless paths on the bosom of the great deep, which our thousand fleets sweep over. Thus we make the elements themselves the slaves of our bidding. The science of government exhibits its great improvement in the increased comfort and upward tendency of the once down-trodden masses. In medicine and the healing arts, the advancement has been great and important. The ratio of mortality has declined from one in twenty to one in forty, while the average duration of life has been prolonged ten years, and the discovery of the anæsthetic agencies of chloroform and ether has robbed pain of its power, and armed the ministering physician with ample means to relieve the distressed and afflicted. Centuries had elapsed since Narcissus had become enamored of his image reflected in the glassy stream—human ingenuity had invented mirrors of every material and every degree of polish, wherein the fair might survey their beauties and contemplate their charms, and yet not to one of the millions who had looked upon a mirror, had it ever occurred the possibility of detaining there the image thus reflected. It was reserved for the genius of Daguerre and for the nineteenth century to call chemistry to their aid, and now we make Apollo paint for us, and by means of the sun's rays we obtain perfect pictures of every object, upon which he but looks for an instant. In astronomy the progress has been marvellous indeed. The great telescope of Lord Rosse has revealed to us the immensity of creation, and gratified us with wonders which would have gladdened the hearts of Herschell and Kepler. The discovery of the new planet Neptune by Le Venier attests the amazing perfection to which the science of numbers has been brought. To my mind this is a discovery the sublimest of an age fertile in wonderful results and searching inquiries. Sitting in his closet, by a series of deductions drawn from the most abstruse mathematical calculations, a philosopher places his finger upon a celestial chart, and announces that the great truths of the science he professes demand that at a particular point, and place, there should be an additional member of the system, and says here must be the star; and the telescope is directed far away in the immensity of space, and lo! a star twinkles and shines which never shone before.

Such indeed hastily sketched, is the unexampled progress of the age in

which we live. Such is the advancement of our country in population, wealth, influence, and physical strength, that she justly merits the epithet applied to her, the great Colossus of the West.

In the meantime it may not be wholly profitless to inquire how far North Carolina has contributed to these results, and what part she hath borne therein. When the Federal Constitution was formed, North Carolina ranked the third State of the confederacy in point of population, coming next upon the roll after Pennsylvania and Virginia. In 1800 she gave place to New York and became fourth, maintaining that position until 1830, when she yielded to Ohio; and since at every decennial enumeration she has retrograded, until in 1850 she stood tenth. In that year she had within her limits a white population of 556,248 souls, while there were in the other States and Territories 283,079 natives of her soil. More than one-half of her whole white population had migrated. If we consider the vast drain of her slaves into the fertile and fresh lands of Alabama, Mississippi, the Floridas, and elsewhere, it is fair to conclude that had they remained at home, she would nearly have retained her original relative position. Between 1830 and 1840 there left her confines seeking new homes 99,156 souls, an exodus of nearly one sixth of her population in ten years.

While thus an *officina gentium* contributing so largely to the peopling other states and territories, she derived no increase herself from immigration, having within her borders in 1850 but 2,741 persons, men, women and children of foreign birth. During the past decade her population had increased at the rate of 15.5 per centum, against 2.1 at the preceding enumeration, being the ordinary rate, exclusive of foreign immigration, and leading us to hope that it had at last become stable.

Passing her exports to a very great extent through the seaports of her neighbors, South Carolina and Virginia, the custom-house books give little indication of her products, surplus or otherwise. The old school books, in the brief paragraphs devoted to her, set down tar, pitch and turpentine as her staples, until the world has come to think we have none other, and even our own people are astonished when informed of her vast resources and productions. It may excite some surprise to be told that she grew in 1850 more cotton than Texas, Arkansas or Florida, and yet in this state of things no effort whatever is made to remove these erroneous impressions, and she seems to move along as if careless of her fame. The historian, Bancroft, speaking of her to a distinguished gentleman of a neighboring State, remarked that while she had so many acts of heroism of which to boast, and had in revolutionary times performed such great deeds, and rendered such conspicuous services, there was scarcely an individual within her borders who seemed disposed to aid him in illustrating her history,

or in removing the mass of rubbish which obscured its materials, and yet she became offended if the historian failed to do her justice, or passed her by unnoticed, even in those particulars where the means to do so were peculiarly and exclusively in the hands of her own people. Whatever may be Mr. Bancroft's right to complain, in this particular, how far such a reproach may be merited from *him*, no one can deny that the general criticism is but too just.

To give some general idea of the annual products of North Carolina, supposing that it might not be wholly uninteresting, and in my judgment, not altogether inappropriate to an address to the Alumni of the University, an association whose objects are the welfare of the State and the advancement of the Commonwealth in everything good and great, and hoping that it may contribute somewhat to the enlargement of our self-esteem, a want of which is the capital defect in the North Carolina character, I have availed myself of all the means within my reach to ascertain these products. Most of the items are derived from actual researches made in 1850, and are therefore much lower than the results would prove at this day. Others are founded upon more recent information, to be relied upon.

The annual product of the State may then be set down as to the leading articles, quite accurately, thus :

Wheat,	4,200,000 bushels.	Cotton,	20,218,000 pounds.
Oats,	4,115,273 "	Rice,	5,465,868 "
Corn,	27,941,051 "	Tobacco,	11,984,786 "
Potatoes,	5,716,027 "	Sugar,	27,932 "
Peas,	1,584,258 "	Wool,	990,738 "
Rye,	229,563 "	Beeswax,	512,489 "
Buckwheat,	16,704 "	Butter,	4,416,290 "
Barley,	2,735 "	Flax,	593,756 "

Wine, 40,000 gallons.

The annual value of her fisheries is \$250,025. Her exports of Naval Stores and lumber to foreign parts, reach the amount of \$338,511. These statements do not include the very large amount of Naval Stores and lumber shipped coastwise, nor the products of her gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal mines.

In cotton manufactories, she ranks the tenth State in the Union. The entire manufactories, domestic included, in the year 1856, was estimated at \$11,200,142, and the products of agriculture at \$31,712,146. In miles of railroad she ranks tenth among her sister States, having in actual operation 653, and in process of construction 482, having expended in that department of improvement a capital of \$8,384,426. But perhaps it is not so much of the physical products as of the intellectual efforts of the State that the inquiry would be more strictly pertinent on the present occasion.

What part hath North Carolina borne in the great moral advancement

of the country; what have been her contributions to science, to literature, and to the inventive arts? Alas! I fear the response would be altogether unfavorable to her reputation. It was perhaps a harsh and satirical reply which one of her citizens gave, a number of years since, to a gentleman who, seeking to enlarge his library, asked for a list of North Carolina publications—"Alamance and Wheeler's History." And yet I know not that the catalogue could, even now, be much extended. There is, however, in this connection much to encourage us. We have unquestionably made vast progress in education in the past score of years. In literature we have a volume of our hitherto unwritten history from the pen of an associate—who is distinguished hardly less by his classic taste and ripe learning, than by his earnest zeal every where, and at all times exhibited, for the welfare and well-doing of the State, and this and the very interesting biography of the distinguished Iredell, from the pen of another Alumnus of this University, gives promise that those events in our history, worthy of being recorded, will yet be rescued from oblivion. In the department of Common School education there is an annual expenditure from the general fund of \$180,000 with perhaps a like sum from the voluntary taxations of the counties. Academies, high schools and colleges, especially for female education, have rapidly multiplied, while our good Mother, the University, is running a career of unexpected prosperity. These are tests that the great cause of intellectual improvement is receiving apt and increasing attention. In the higher walks of literature it is not to be reckoned that our progress should yet be marked with any very striking improvement. Perfection there, I am thoroughly persuaded, is dependant upon physical condition. Give to a people the facilities of accumulating wealth, open to them sources of labor, and insure to them generous rewards for their toil, and you thereby necessarily increase their intellectual condition. To refine and to exalt human nature, to stimulate the inventive genius of a people, you must create artificial wants to provoke labor and to call into full force and develop the intellectual faculties. The fine arts, music, statuary and painting are not the forerunners, but the consequents, of wealth.

We have not, we perhaps may never have, a great city in North Carolina. Perhaps it is not very desirable that we should have one. We may never occupy the front ranks in any of the departments of polite literature. A sound, wholesome, thorough education is within our means of acquisition, and the first step to effect it is to improve the physical condition of the State. The expansion and completion of our improvements is, therefore, in one sense, the advancement of education. The great roads which our people, aided by the State, have built and are projecting, traversing the State from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, and from our

northern to our southern boundaries, are perhaps doing quite as much for the intellectual improvement of our people, as the solid disbursements of the school fund. These reflections may serve to appease the anxieties and quiet the fears of those who honestly look with uneasiness at the indebtedness of the State, which these works have occasioned, and may increase. If they produce no other nor greater results than the enlargement of our self-esteem, and the developement of a pride of character, these indeed will have been cheaply purchased. And we should remember with complacency that not a dime of the few millions we owe, has been wasted in ambitious wars, or in the pursuit of false glory, but that the whole sum has been expended in opening ways to market, extending the facilities of intercourse among our people, and adding to their wealth, and consequently to their comfort. And thus the irresistible tendency of the life, and bustle, and activity thus produced serves to quicken the moral perceptions of the entire population.

It is, however, to the thorough education of our people, that we are ultimately to look for our future advancement. And the advancement of our State is alike due to respect for the literary, and to veneration for the dead. It is gratifying, undoubtedly, to recount and to dwell upon the glorious deeds of our fathers; to talk of Moore's Creek and of King's Mountain; it may swell our vanity to recur to Mecklenburg, and we may speak of honest old North Carolina, and remember with pride and complacency our ancestral honors. But ancestral honors are only valuable when they serve as incentives to great and good actions:

"They who take them,
Adding no brightness to them, are like the Stars
Seen in the Ocean, which had not been there,
But for their bright originals in Heaven."

And to this advancement our Association have power to contribute in an eminent degree. We cover the whole State. Every county in it contains our representatives. In all the walks of life, in all the learned professions, and in that great occupation the most honorable, as it is the most ancient, the art of tilling the ground and compelling it to yield its treasures to the avaricious husbandman, are found the Alumni of this University.

We see them adorned with senatorial honors, clothed in the Bishop's lawn, and wearing the judicial ermine. Nay, wielding the sceptre of government itself. We have them everywhere dispersed educated gentlemen, whose influence upon the popular mind can scarce be reckoned, and when both inclination and duty compel to lend that influence to the great cause of education. I speak of *education*—not the mere education of the schoolmen—not the mere knowledge of books, for there is a higher education than these, the thorough discipline of the mind, and necessary

training of the intellectual faculties. I do not undervalue the knowledge of books, nor lightly estimate mere scientific attainments. In this enlightened age of the world, such knowledge is indispensable. He who would engage in intellectual conflict thus unaided, will find mere strength of mind insufficient, opposed to educational skill. He would be like a host upon the battle field, with the rude implements of war, used in ancient times, encountering the modern matchless inventions of offensive and defensive warfare. The primary objects of education, says a great thinker, are few and great, nobleness of character, honorable and generous affections, a pure and high morality, a free, and bold, and strong, yet a temperate and well governed intellectual spirit.

Those are the purposes of education—*these* the elements of its acquisition, *culture, discipline, direction*. The primal curse denounced upon man was the necessity of labor. Nor is this labor and toil, this sweat of the face, less necessary for physical than intellectual results. There is no royal road to knowledge, no short turn by which one can reach the desired goal. Labor is the tax we pay for acquisition. Impelled to the former by the cravings of the system, want and cold, and hunger and thirst, not less strongly are we invoked to the latter by ambition, the desire of fame, the love of approbation and the mysterious yearnings of the soul towards that unknown future, which ever gapes to receive it. The stronger the mind, and the more enlarged its capacities, the greater need exists for its culture. The very fertility of the soil imposes upon the husbandman the greater necessity for close cultivation. He may plant the seed, but if it be neglected the germ will be stifled by the weeds which choke it, or else deprived of air and light, and moisture, it may struggle into existence, dwarfed in all its proportions. Or it may grow, and, forcing onward with innate energy, may surmount the parasites which crowd upon, and cling to it, but it will need the hand of the skilful orchardist to prune its redundant branches, and fix and fasten to the trellis its thrifty scions, that they may bear goodly fruit. The knowledge of books is the fertilizing agent we use to develop, and strengthen, and support, the mental faculties. We too often falsely suppose it the end, and not the means, of education. The imparting the mere knowledge of books is perhaps the most critical, as it is the earliest duty of the teacher—a profession the most important in society, which we undervalue and cause to be undervalued by the niggardliness of the remuneration we bestow upon it. I am persuaded that few men ever recover entirely from a deficient, or false, grounding in any department of learning. It is certainly so in the classics, and in the exact science of numbers. Treating of erroneous teaching, and pursuing somewhat the same train of thought, Rousseau relates an anecdote illustrating it. He had accepted the invitation of a friend to spend some days with him at a chateau.

in the environs of Paris. At dinner one day, the host's son, a lively boy, with his tutor was admitted to the table. It was the custom of the father to converse with the child upon the studies of the morning, with the view of testing his memory, and developing his reasoning faculties. The studies of that day had been directed to the life of Alexander the Great. The boy related the well known incident in the life of the Macedonian monarch. Bathing in the Cydnus had brought upon him an access of fever, with dangerous symptoms.

He was administered to by Philip, at once his nurse, physician and friend. During the treatment, Alexander received a letter from Parmenio, warning him that the physician intended that day to take his life by the administration of a poisonous draught. As Philip extended the chalice to the king, Alexander placed in his hands the letter, and eyeing him intensely, drank the mixture without awaiting a reply. Rousseau was not at all satisfied that the boy understood the moral of the story, or had acquired any thing by the morning exercise, save lumbering his mind with a fact, in itself trivial and of no importance, and at the close of the dinner, inviting him to walk, endeavored to draw from him the impression made upon him. He discovered that the boy's admiration was excited of Alexander's great courage and heroism, in taking a nauseous draught without complaint, or making a wry face. It is by proper culture that great quality of tact is developed and sharpened. *Tact*, that mental *touch*, whose faculties are as capable of extended improvement, as those of that physical touch, of which it is the counterpart. That acuteness of the intellectual senses which enables the mind to perceive without an effort, and to comprehend without an apparent reason; which informs of an object with a certainty as unerring, and as reliable as the delicate *papillæ* of the fingers inform the blind, and answer to them the purposes of physical vision.

Perhaps we have had no man in North Carolina, who was endowed with this nice sense of tact, in a greater degree, than the late John Stanly. With it were combined rare qualities of eloquence, fluency in debate, intrepidity in action, and powers of sarcasm.

He filled, during his life, a large space in the public eye. An instance of his particular readiness and tact, which I had from the lips of a distinguished contemporary, may be noted, that has probably never been excelled in the history of parliamentary tactics, even in the Commons' house of the British Parliament. It was upon the occasion of the visit of Lafayette hither. That distinguished Frenchman was the guest of the nation. His passage through the country was a triumph and an ovation hardly exceeded by that which welcomed Tully from exile. It was of course desirable that he should be entertained, while in North Carolina,

in a style suitable to her dignity and character. To urge the specific appropriation of the large sum indispensable for the purpose, might offend the illiberal and time-serving, who spread their sails but to catch the popular breeze. It was concluded that a simple resolution, directing the Governor to draw upon the Treasury for the necessary funds to effect this object, might pass *sub silentia*, and happily not evoke what might be dreaded, a call for the Yeas and Nays.

The resolution met with favor in the Senate, and its passage through the Common's house was intrusted to Stanly. To the chagrin of the liberal party, the yeas and nays were demanded from the anticipated quarter. All eyes were turned upon Stanly. He sprang to his feet, and without a pause for reflection, seconded the motion, upbraiding himself for neglecting it.

"It is due, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to the honor, the dignity, and the character of North Carolina, that if there be a craven wretch among us, who dare refuse this appropriation, his name be spread upon the record, that he may be pilloried high hereafter on the rolls of infamy." It is needless to say that the opponents of the measure quailed under such terrible denunciation, and the resolution passed without a dissenting voice.

I was surveying with mingled wonder and admiration, the dense masses assembled before the eastern portico of the Capitol, on the occasion of the late Presidential inauguration. I was standing near a distinguished statesman who was alike occupied. He was one who had won distinction in the camp and in the field, and who owed his reputation, in a great degree, to the thorough education he had received, and to the culture, discipline and direction to which his mental powers, naturally of a high order, had been subjected, restrained and pointed, at an institution, perhaps unrivaled in the world, for its completeness of instruction. Ah! said he, how I would like to lead such a host, in a right cause, to battle. Provided they were disciplined, I suggested. They would be utterly useless otherwise, he rejoined. Yes, indeed, mere numbers would be unavailable without training, culture and discipline. And the fifty thousand men who stood before us would have melted away before a few thousand veterans.

It is just so with the moral and intellectual qualities. In vain would Nature endow us with the God-like gifts of genius, or scatter with a liberal hand transcendent talents. Without culture, and discipline they are worse than useless—they are fatal gifts.

But what avails it, gentlemen, if the mind be cultivated to a degree, and if its powers be disciplined and restrained, unless it has a proper direction, unless all its efforts subserve the purpose of a high and pure morality. Necessary in every country, it is most especially so in our Republic, where every citizen is an integral part of the government, and aids to put some

part of its machinery in motion, and where it is evident our only safety lies in the virtue and intelligence of the people. For education without the basis of virtue is positively mischievous. Dangerous is the sharp weapon in the hands of him who knows not, or cares not, to control its direction. It is to the virtuous and the educated of our people we are to look, and upon them to rely for the preservation of our institutions, and especially for the maintenance, the *honorable* maintenance, of that great Union in the perpetuation of which rest so much of the happiness of the present, and so many of the hopes of the future. That Union about which demagogues talk so flippantly, and which fanatics esteem so lightly—that delicate Union which cost so much of blood, and toil, and treasure, to create, and which like one of those beautiful vases from Etruria, which have descended to us from remote antiquity, once broken into fragments, all the craft of the potter cannot restore to its original integrity. Surely, then, if but our presence here can add anything, or contribute in any, the least degree, to the desirable result, the furthering the cause of thorough education in North Carolina, it is good for us to be here. It is the annual occasion when our *Alma Mater* calls from the remotest confines of the State her grateful children, to attend her high festival. She is about to send forth her fresh swarms of youth to fill the ranks and swell the posts of the Commonwealth. She sends them into the world with her blessings and her confidence. She wills us to be present at this august ceremony, for august indeed it is. She calls upon us to be here to cheer them with our presence, and to animate them by words of kindness and encouragement. They are soon to take part, for weal or for woe, in the great battle of life, for life indeed is but a battle and a march. The honor, the character, and the welfare of the State will soon be in their keeping and measurably under their control. It is an interesting occasion to see youth standing upon the threshold of manhood, upon the eve of adventure, of contest, and of collision. Willing or unwilling, they are devoted to progress. They can no more escape it than could the son of Peleus avoid taking part in the wars of Troy, hurried onward by an inexorable Nemesis. But a little while, and they will find themselves amid the din of conflict. They cannot flee the struggle. The faint-hearted may lag, and the fearful hope to skulk from danger, but there will be for them no retreat. Serried crowds will press from behind, and hurry them forward. The living tide of time sweeps ever onward. And in the great world what dangers await them! The corruption and dissipation of the camp is ever more hazardous than the exposure of the battle field. Falsehood will be there in the garb of truth. False armed as true glory, like Patroclus clothed in the armor of Achilles. Bigotry and superstition will brandish their torches and flaunt their banner to ensnare the thoughtless and mis-

lead the indifferent. Glare and gloss and glitter will be there, to dazzle the eye and deceive the senses. We know full well, gentlemen, the difficulties which will beset them, and we know full well that nought but the discipline of moral and intellectual culture can sustain and support them. Like the Red Cross Knight, they have a mission to perform, and the service upon which they are sent, must be executed and as *his*, so *their*, only safety will be found in the companionship of truth,

“Of heavenly Una and her Milk White Steed,”

The University has sought to arm these for this contest, by an education whose purposes were the creation of nobleness of character, the development of high and honorable affections, of pure and high morality, of a free, and bold, and strong, yet temperate and well governed intellectual spirit. For these are the attributes of the patriot and Christian gentleman.

Our presence here renders the ceremony of the Commencement more imposing, and by consequence more impressive, and our Association is thus enabled to perform a double duty, the discharge of the debt we owe our good mother, and of the obligation due to the State.

When the Roman youth had reached that period in his life, which entitled him to assume the virile toga, it was the custom of that great people to lead him to the forum, and to mark the occasion by appropriate ceremonies. Among other things, some distinguished citizen was selected, and pointed out to him for his admiration, his example, and his emulation. There would be no narrow field from which to select, even from the living men of North Carolina, some luminous mind to which the eye of the graduate might be directed; but propriety might be better consulted by a reference to some of those who, although dead, still live in the memories of their virtues, and the recollection of their usefulness. Were I called upon to name two of our most distinguished dead, who reflected credit upon the State, who lived lives of blamelessness and virtue, who exhibited in a remarkable degree those traits illustrating the characteristics of North Carolina—purity of purpose, stern integrity, and simplicity of character—who, in their day, and in their peculiar career, much impressed their opinions upon the public mind, and who are fit examples to our youth for imitation, I should name Nathaniel Macon and Wm. Gaston. Separated by a generation, and yet in a measure contemporaries, and entertaining different political opinions, they acquired and retained the respect of the whole people, and were justly esteemed the Cato and Cicero of Carolina. Without sacrificing a principle, they pursued their separate careers, without imputation and almost without envy. Macon's influence in giving direction to the political system of government was very great, and that influence still exists. It was perhaps fortunate for Gaston, that his party

was in the minority, and that necessity thus compelled him to seek distinction elsewhere than upon the slippery fields of politics, and to devote himself to the arduous duties of a profession, which, while it exacts unceasing labor and receives inadequate remuneration, never fails moderately to reward probity and industry. His death was a serious loss to the administration of justice. He fairly deserved the sententious eulogy pronounced upon him by his distinguished colleague and associate, the Chief Justice, that "he was indeed a good man and a good Judge."

Pointing then the youth of North Carolina to Macon and to Gaston, teaching them to venerate their memories, let us exhort them to study their characters and to emulate their virtues.

But, Mr. President, I have been quite too discursive, and I feel that I have said little to instruct or entertain you.

Prudence warns me to conclude. I fear, long since, you have thought of my performance as Christopher Sly did of that of the players in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* :

"My Lord, you nod. You do not attend to the play."

"Yes, by St. Anna, I do. A good matter surely; come, is there any more of it?"

"My Lord it has but begun."

"'Tis a most excellent piece of performance; I would it were over."

A TALE OF THE FOREST.

Tradition tells a mournful tale
Of yon deserted hill,
And yonder cot where wild flow'rs trail,
And give sweet odor still.

A hermit came when all was wild,
And built the cottage there;
And with him came a lovely child,
His fond, his only care.

Far from the busy haunts of men
He found a quiet home;
Became the forest's denizen,
And pleased in its gloom.

A splendid city gave him birth;
And wealth and friends gave bliss!
And not a heart in all the earth
Knew greater joy than his.

Though rich, he was no pampered son;
Though great, he was not proud!
He sighed for knowledge, and to none
His talents ever bowed.

His mien was noble, and his form
Was graceful, manly, strong;
And though his passions oft beat warm,
He scorned to do a wrong.

He loved—he wooed—and not in vain—
She gave her hand and heart—
United were the happy twain
In bands but death can part.

A little stranger came to bless
Their happy wedded life—
Joy to the husband, but no less
A pleasure to the wife.

How full of joy the mother seemed!
How tender was her press!
Her eyes—how lovingly they beamed—
How soft her hand's caress!

The infant, babb'ling forth its joy,
Knew not the force of love
That hugged it, kissed it, like a toy,
And dandled it above.

But scarce a month elapsed ere death,
With his grim looks had come ;
He took away the mother's breath,
And called her to his home.

No tear the sorrowing husband shed—
His grief was far too deep !
His heart was buried with the dead—
He could not—could not weep.

Ere long he gathered up his goods,
To quit his stately lot ;
And far he wandered through the woods,
And built him yonder cot.

He taught his child in ev'ry lore,
And schooled her day by day ;
He showed her whom she must adore,
And taught her lips to pray.

Thus nurtured, grew this maiden fair
As pure and free from guile,
As was her heart from ev'ry care,
Or evil from her smile.

I will not dare describe her form,
Nor tell you of her face ;
How beat her heart with passions warm,
How exquisite her grace.

Her father's care, her father's pride,
The darling of his years—
How sweet his weak'ning steps to guide,
And quiet all his fears.

A stranger came, a dark-eyed youth,
And made their cot his home—
And he was brave and fair in truth,
And from afar had come.

She felt her gladsome soul expand
While list'ning to his voice ;
And when he pressed her bashful hand,
How did her heart rejoice !

One summer evening, as they strayed
Along yon gentle slope,
He wooed and claimed the lovely maid,
And dared his heart to ope.

She, blushing, placed her hand in his,
And whispered: " Yes, I'm thine,
I have no more to give than this—
Naught else I have is mine."

Oh! shall I tell how this poor child
Gave all her heart away!
And how, when love was beating wild,
She learned to go astray?

And how the youth betrayed her trust,
And whispered her to wait?
And how, when he had fed his lust,
He left her to her fate?

She felt a mother's pangs, but oh!
She felt no mother's joy;
She knew that shame, and grief, and woe,
Would hover 'round her boy.

Too late her father knew her shame,
Yet gave he no rebuke—
She heard from him no word of shame,
But oh! that look—that look!

None know nor how, nor when they died;
None ever saw them more—
But when they searched the cot, they spied
A room all stained with gore.

They searched the cottage all around,
No spot escaped their aim,
The hermit and his child they found,
And him, the son of shame.

On yonder hillock's brow they stopped
To dig a deep, wide tomb;
And silently the dead were dropped
Into their last, long home.

At eventide three forms are seen
Near the lone cot to stray;
They dance awhile upon the green,
Then slowly glide away.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

The following incident was sometime ago related in our hearing: A fond mother was endeavoring to instruct her youthful boy with regard to the creation of our first parents. She told him that GOD made a deep sleep to come upon Adam, and while he slept, HE took a rib out of his side, wherewith HE made WOMAN. The young scholar looked anxiously and inquiringly into his mother's eyes and said: "Mudder, what did Dod sew him up wid?" This profoundly impressed us with the idea that God has implanted in the bosom of every one an innate desire for knowledge, even for its own sake; for knowledge is valuable for its own sake, and it is the food of the human mind, and expands the soul and enables it to attain to those God-like proportions which distinguish man from "the dumb driven cattle," and gives him power over them. This inward craving after truth is repressed by indolence and habits of superficial investigation, too often the result of imperfect training. It must afford a secret satisfaction to all to be able to say, "I know;" and, upon the discovery of a hidden truth, particularly if it seemed to be about to elude their grasp, they are ready to exclaim in the language of the ancient Bard: "*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"

When anything new or unusual is, for the first time, presented to our view, we almost instinctively inquire, whence it is? why it is? and for what purpose it is? and these inquiries remain unanswered, simply because we feel indisposed to make the necessary exertions, which indisposition is very much strengthened by habits of superficial investigation, on account of which the mind loses confidence in itself, and seldom, if ever, reaches a definite conclusion. To gratify this inborn desire for knowledge, man is so constituted as to be able to derive knowledge from everything around him—finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Every nerve and organ of sense is an inlet to the soul, by which it communicates with the external world. But man has not only been endowed with the capacity of receiving knowledge, he has also been gifted with the power of imparting it to others:

"Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed:
Teaching, we learn, and giving, we receive."

If it is pleasant for ourselves "to know," it cannot surely be less pleasing to instruct. It is not only a pleasure; but every one must feel that it is an exalted privilege, that he has the ability and the opportunity of making those with whom he is associated better, happier, and wiser. The

traffic in knowledge, so to speak, is one of mutual benefit. It is a labor of love which results in good, and brings no sorrow with it. It is, emphatically, the most ennobling pursuit in which it is possible for man to be engaged; although "to be wise," some say :

"Tis but to know how little can be known
To see others faults and feel our own."

Yet to be able to say "I know" is sweet to the soul. Knowledge is useful :

"Youth it instructs, old age delights,
Adorns prosperity, and when
Of adverse fate we feel the blights
'Twill comfort and solace us then."

But we wish to speak somewhat of the methods of instruction. These, it seems to us, naturally arrange themselves under two heads: Precept and Example; or, in other words, Theoretical and Practical Methods. Theories, no matter how nicely spun, are often dry and uninteresting, unless they are addressed to systematic and abstract thinkers. There is not enough of tangibility about them for common minds; and although they may labor strenuously to grasp them, yet it is often done with the conviction that they are catching at airy phantoms—something entirely beyond their reach. Hence, the difficulty of influencing the mind permanently in this way becomes apparent; but "precept upon precept" is necessary to produce a lasting impression. In teaching a young tyro the simple tables of Arithmetic, it is often very difficult to give him, theoretically, a clear idea of the distinctions and relations which exist among gills, pints, quarts, &c.; but let him see these measures, examine them, and transfer the contents of one into another, and he is not only delighted with the operation, but the truth is almost indelibly impressed upon his mind, and needs but little repetition to fix it forever there. Hence, from the very nature of our constitution, we instinctively desire ocular living demonstrations of facts presented to our minds. It is now a subject of almost universal remark, that mankind generally are much more powerfully appealed to by means of demonstrative facts, than by an exhibition of abstract truths. We are much more deeply affected by being an eye-witness of some tragical scene, than we are by listening to a recital of it, no matter how truthfully, forcibly, and eloquently it may be related. And it is in this principle in our constitution, we think, that the greatest and best of all rules is founded: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." Hence, "according to the spirit of our example," we may legitimately infer what treatment we may reasonably expect from those around us. If we are mild, kind, generous, and confiding, we may expect a reciprocity of good offices; but if we are morose, unprincipled, selfish, and ready to doubt every one's fidelity, we may expect to be real

Ishmaelites—our hands against every man, and every man's hand against us. Jehovah in his dealings with his chosen people, often, it seems to us, impressed on their minds the truthfulness of his precepts and declarations by visible manifestations of his mighty power. So, when his prophet was sent to declare his threatening denunciations against them for their sins—to tell them of the destruction of their favorite city, Jerusalem, and to urge them to repentance, he went through all the formalities, endured all the privations which befall those reduced to the last extremity by a besieging army. By means of the eye, the heart may be powerfully affected, and tears unbidden made to roll. Eve, by her example, prevailed on Adam to eat the forbidden fruit. No doubt he would have refused to comply with her request, if she had entreated him with words simply; but when he saw her eat and seemingly suffer no harm, he went straightway and did likewise, and plunged himself and posterity into remediless ruin, so far as man's agency was concerned. It is not that man who declaims most eloquently against vice and error, and reasons most profoundly and acutely, who is the most successful champion of truth; while he is, at the same time, loose in his morals and seemingly regardless of the example he sets; but it is that man, although his voice may never be heard amid the clamorous contentions of angry debate, whose consistent walk and blameless life show "his faith by his works," giving the lie to black-hearted calumny, who preaches most effectually. His example appeals most powerfully to the heart of every one—wins by its unaffected modesty and simplicity—and as the swiftly gliding stream which bears on its bosom every thing that comes within its reach, and widens as it approaches its great reservoir, "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," so he attracts crowds of admirers around him, more and more as years pass away, and bears them silently and insensibly along with him in his virtuous course. When we wish to steel the youthful mind against the vice of drunkenness we do not simply give him a long abstract dissertation on its sinfulness its expensiveness, and tell him of the misery produced by indulging the appetite in this manner, but we show him the grogshop—that pest-house of countless woes, full of sottish inebriates—and the atmosphere around which, if it were possible, would be made black by the blasphemous expressions which issue from its walls. We show him the drunkard, wallowing in his self-accumulated filth—the deserted cottage—the delicate wife once blooming with youth and beauty, but now haggard, pale and feeble from anxiety and want, whose squalid and ragged children are imploringly crying to her for bread, and she has none to give them. Such a scene as this speaks trumpet-tongued in his ears with an eloquence, a power, and a pathos of expression, in comparison with which, language the most beautiful and potent in meaning is mute, giving

"No utterance to the ineffable within."

The undaunted souls of ancient Sparta fully understood the importance of instructing their children by example. If memory does not mislead us, they were accustomed to make their slaves drunk in the presence of their children, in order that they might have a living demonstration of the evil effects of drunkenness, so that their eyes might affect their hearts and engender a determined and resolute spirit of virtuous self-denial. In like manner, when we wish to incite an individual to pursue a virtuous course of action—to instil into him a noble and self-sacrificing spirit, we point him to some bright exemplar, and say to him: See that *man*, study his character, and imitate his example. This is the method of instruction which the father of Horace so successfully adopted in educating the youthful poet, and to which this gifted son of song in his maturer years referred with feelings of the most profound regard and heart-felt gratitude. And this is nothing more than availing ourselves of the means which our Creator has placed in the hands of every one, to a greater or less degree. Mankind, generally, are imitative creatures; and, we think, we would not be hazarding much, if we should say, that if they were required to give a reason for nine-tenths of the acts they ordinarily perform, scarcely one in a hundred would be able to assign any better reason than this: I have done so because I saw that such and such a one had done so, and I wished to be like him; for men reason about such things pretty much in this manner, and we seldom find an individual who has not a very good opinion of his own abilities in respect to some things—at least. Such and such a one has, I see, done this thing well; he has done good in so doing, and acquired honor, &c. Now, he is a man of no extraordinary ability, and since he has accomplished so much, I am not able to see any reason why I cannot do the same thing, if I try, as well, or even better than he has done it; for we have been told often times that "what has been done can be done again," and "where there is a will there is a way." By this means and on account of this principle implanted in our nature, a strong emulation is aroused—a self-independent and determined spirit is engendered, by which enterprises are undertaken and successfully accomplished, which otherwise might never have been thought of. Beautiful theories may be set forth with all the winning powers of eloquence, clothed in all the varied richness and beauty which language can bestow, yet they too often fall upon the ears of the multitude, like drops of rain upon the flinty rock, and make but little impression. The indolent and careless will not heed them, and the self-constituted wise men will shake their heads with "a knowing look" and say, all that does very well to talk about, but to do it is quite another thing, and by far the most important of all.

While the method of instructing by example seems to us to be the most

natural, it cannot fail in exerting a very marked and healthful influence upon the whole human race; since it can be easily accommodated to the capacity of every one, in all conditions of life: yet, there are some relations in life, in which its effects are more strikingly seen and its powers more vividly manifested than in others, and under circumstances in no condition of life, can it produce more happy results than in that of the domestic circle. It is here that we see the truth and feel the force of the old adage—"As is the father, so is the son." The following fable illustrates the point in hand, and it will, to many of our readers, recall to mind many pleasing associations connected with their first attempts to read Latin: "*Cancer, dicebat filio: Mi fili, ne sic obliquis semper gressibus incede, sed recta via perge! Cui ille, Mi pater, respondit, libenter tuis præceptis obsequar, si te prius idem focientem videro.*" From this we learn, that the example of parents has a much more powerful influence in forming and developing the characters of their children, than any precept can possibly have; for children implicitly confide in the kindness and wisdom of their parents and wish to become like them, and think their example is a sufficient authority to warrant them in pursuing any course of conduct, and are often observing and imitating their example, when their parents may be altogether unconscious of it. We were very forcibly reminded of the truth of this last remark, not a great while ago, on seeing a worthy ex-Professor of a neighboring college returning from divine service one Sabbath evening, leading his little daughter by the hand, a girl of not more than three or four summers, and who observed the utmost exactitude in keeping the step with her father, whose mind, perhaps, was wholly engrossed with things of a very different nature; for he must have been unconscious of the efforts which his little daughter was making, or else he would have surely relieved the youthful pedestrian of much of her difficulty by accommodating his steps to the length of hers. Since society is a connected whole, in which each individual member has his appropriate place assigned him and his duties marked out, every one, from tender youth to extreme old age, by his example leaves an impress for good or for evil upon those around him. "No man," says an elegant writer, "leaves the world in all things such as he found—every man whom he meets, much more whom he moulds and governs becomes the more happy or the more wretched, the better or the worse, according to the character of his spirit and example—nor can he strip himself of this influence—if he flee away from the society of his fellows, he leaves behind him the example of neglected duty and the memory of disregarded love, to curse the family he has abandoned—and his cords remain wherever he was once known, sending home to the hearts that twined around him, sorrow and pain." If these things are so, it behooves us all to consider our way

and be wise, ere it be too late. It is certainly a very solemn reflection, which must come home to the heart of every right thinking man, that there is a very strong probability that every act of each individual is likely to produce a result whose effects will be felt throughout all time, and tend to make the condition of some fellow being better or worse throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. It is not only wrong in theory, but it is also pernicious in practice, for any one, no matter what his condition in life may be, to assert that his example has no influence. From the very nature of our constitution, and the relations which each individual sustains to society, as a whole, such a thing could not be the case. Our example is bound to exert an influence for good or for evil. Every member of society should, then, feel his individuality; for there is a responsibility—yes, a *weighty* responsibility—resting upon every son and daughter of Adam—a responsibility which they *cannot* shift in their vain attempts to ease their consciences by saying, that they have no influence—that no one follows their example. If it is true, as Horace says, "*Nescit vox missa reverti*," for a much stronger reason we may say, that when an act is once done, it is done forever, and will be followed by its appropriate result, regardless of our wishes and attempts to the contrary; for words are but blossoms, but deeds are the real fruit:

"'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As rolls the water to the breathing wind;"

for "example hastens deeds to good effects," and "excites the mind to thread the paths of praise."

MARIAN.

BY LINA LEE.

"ERNEST!" The speaker was a dark-eyed girl with jetty ringlets shading an intellectual face. The sparkling light of her bright eye spoke plainly of courage, energy, and a heart to act as well as to suffer. She was not beautiful, if beauty consists in regular features and a glowing color, but there was an expression in her countenance that attracts more than beauty. The soul that shone through her dark eyes was pure and noble, and as Ernest Mansfield gazed on her, he thought of some divinity enshrined in human form, before whom he might fall down and worship.

"Ernest, I cannot," she said proudly. Sadly it is true, and one who heard those soft, yet decisive words, might have felt they were true.

"And why not, Marian?"

"I have told you once, Ernest. Shall I repeat it again? I cannot be dependent on my uncle. I cannot live at Fair Lawn, knowing that I shall be unwelcome. For what has God given us strength of mind and body, if we are not to use it aright?"

"But, Marian, your uncle has offered you a home; will you refuse it and go out in the cold and heartless world alone?"

A sad smile rested on her pale features. Was it a foreshadowing of her dreary future?

"Not *alone*, Ernest. My mother and sister will, at least, remain the same," replied she firmly.

"But think how little used you are to toil, dear Marian; and then your friends will not respect you as much as if you were—"

"A poor dependant!"

The young man blushed as he replied, "why no, Marian; not exactly. Mr. Harris would consider you as a child."

"Never! His wife and daughter would scorn their poor relatives. Would you have me endure that, Ernest? I greatly prefer to work for my mother and myself."

"And Anna?"

"She went South this afternoon, with Mr. Dayton. It was so sudden and unexpected, or I would have told you before. He offered many inducements for her to go. You know she is frail, and we thought the southern breeze would bring back the roses to her cheek. I am going to B—— next week to make arrangements to take my mother there, and to secure scholars in painting and music. I think I shall like my new home very much."

"Marian," the young man replied, taking her little hand in his own,

"you know I love you, and in two years you have promised to be my wife. If I could without dishonoring the memory of the dead, I would take you to my heart and home, where a breath of care should never visit your heart; but you know the promise we gave your dying father. Shall we break it, Marian?"

"Never! never!" said the noble girl. "I would fly from your presence should you indulge such a thought for a moment."

"Then how can I persuade you to accept your uncle's kind offer?—To remain with him until I can offer you a heart and a home."

"Dear Ernest, do not try to change my resolution. Do you not desire my happiness? Would you have me endure scorn, which would break my heart, or live humbly, obscurely, in peace, awaiting for the time to come, when I could find happiness with you?"

Ernest Mansfield felt the force of her words, but pride would not listen. A cloud seemed to rest darkly on his handsome face. He could not be willing for Marian, his affianced bride, to leave the splendid home where her life had been so free and happy, for a life of toil, and yet pride prompted his objections. He knew well Marian could not be happy in her uncle's home. Marian Clyde understood his thoughts and she replied:

"Ernest, I did expect derision from some, and I knew many would not appreciate my motives, but from you I expected encouragement, as I turned from my beautiful home to a life of toil."

One impatient word, uttered quickly by Ernest Mansfield, caused Marian Clyde's face to vie with the rose in color, and she replied to him while the pearly tear drops stood in her eyes.

"Ernest, you are free. You do not understand me. I would not darken your pathway by any act of mine. Here is your ring. Beside the little brook that murmurs *out there* near my father's grave, you placed it on my finger. I promised then to love you through life. This promise I shall keep. In the fair spring days of life, love bloomed in my heart—never again will another flower of love bloom there."

She offered him the ring. He refused.

"Marian, I do not want the ring. I love you. I promised your father to love you through life. Will you cast this love away from you, my own Marian, will you?"

"Will I cast it away?" O! Ernest it is not I who would cast from my heart its sunlight, its joy—but you are free. Let not the promise to the dead bind you. I release you from your engagement, with the fervent wish that blessings may rest on your head, as bright and beautiful as ever. While Marian Clyde lives you will have one *friend* to love you."

While uttering these words, she arose from her seat, advancing to the astonished young man she gave him her hand. He thought he had never

seen her half so lovely. "Farewell, Ernest! Perhaps we may never meet again. And now let me tell you that I *have* loved you as few hearts love in this world, and you do not doubt it."

Before he could reply, she was gone, and Ernest Mansfield sat there in the still twilight with a sad heart. He could not think clearly. All seemed like a troubled dream, except that Marian Clyde had left him forever. He thought of her as the bright-eyed girl, he had so loved when a child; when timid and reserved to others, she had been to him as a ray of sunshine, lighting up the dark hours of his life, and making him feel as if, after all, there was something good in human nature. He thought of her in her beautiful home, surrounded with every thing calculated to give happiness—a fond father, an affectionate mother and sister. He saw her beside her dying father, and heard her promise to be the support of her mother and sister, to sustain them in their great sorrow; and he remembered how faithfully she had fulfilled this promise.

Then another trial came for Marian. By the failure of a bank they were reduced to poverty. Not even Hill Side, their own sweet home, was saved; and henceforth Marian Clyde was homeless. And here shone forth her true heart. She would not sit idly down and yield to despair, but with a strong heart she would live for those who loved her; and Ernest Mansfield felt *then*, in the calmness of that hour, that never again could he win such a heart. He thought not, when he entered that room, that he would go forth *alone* in heart—yes, alone, for Marian's bright image had lived for years in his heart as his own, entirely, sacredly. He wrote a few words on a card, and directed a servant to give it to Miss Clyde.

Marian was in her room, her head bowed slightly, and resting on her delicate white hands. The crimson blushes were still lingering on her pale face, and in her eyes were tears—not idle tears—she knew not what *they* meant—but the bitter tears wrung from woman's heart, when she has trusted her life, her love, with one, and has found that cherished idol—clay. The servant handed her the note. Once again the full tide of memory swept over her heart, and she remembered the Ernest of other days, so noble, so good; and—he would see her again. She remembered a few weeks had changed her from the admired artist-heiress, to the Marian of the present. She arose from her seat and gathered up the mementoes of his love, a beautiful album, a ring, gilded books and faded flowers, and placing them together, sent them to him. One little rose-bud she kept, a pale, withered thing, a fit emblem of her hope and love; and as that rose-bud threw forth from its dying leaves a fragrant perfume, though withered and dead, so would Marian's love make her life beautiful and good. She placed this rose-bud away, with her cherished treasures, and it was dearer to her than the fairest flower that bloomed at Hill Side.

Then sitting down she wept as woman only can.

Ernest Mansfield left the parlor at Hill Side, where he had spent the happiest hours of his life. Together over the fields and woods around that lovely place, he had wandered with Marian, teaching her the lessons of wisdom conned from Nature's volume, and guiding her artist eye from one beautiful scene to another, knowing that soon those glowing landscapes would decorate the parlor at Hill Side. But never again would he wander there with her. Afar from those beautiful scenes his life must be passed, and well did he learn on that evening the life lesson that many learn sooner than he did—that the misery or happiness of life depends often on *one action*, a *thoughtless one*, perhaps, a single word uttered lightly, a thought scarcely breathed forth, but imprinting itself on the countenance—the mirror of the soul.

* * * * *

And soon after Marian Clyde, with a sad yet resigned heart bade a final adieu to her childhood's home, and with her mother retired to the sweet little village of A——, where she had secured many scholars in painting, an art to which for years, in her own sunny home she had applied herself with enthusiasm. Her father, who now was sleeping in the dust, had afforded her every advantage for acquiring proficiency in the study. Proud of her talent, he wished her to excel, not thinking that the time would come when she would be dependant on that accomplishment, for he thought, even when death was very near, that in two years she would be the wife of his ward, Ernest Mansfield, and he had obtained from him a promise to complete his college course before he should ask the hand of Marian, and it was this promise that kept Ernest from asking Marian to share his own beautiful home, a few miles from Hill Side.

Marian's home was humble, but very beautiful. The honeysuckle twined its sweet tendrils around the lattice by the door, and roses and lillies bloomed as brightly there as at Hill Side. The spring birds sang as sweetly as ever, and Marian could but feel the inspiration which Nature's fairy scenes gives to those who love her, and had not the memory of the past haunted her, she might have been happy but the past

O! Death in Life, the days that are no more!"

But Marian could not long sigh—

"O'er loss of days no more to be,
Of adieus changed to dreams and dreams to death,
And then Eternity,"

for life's cares were resting on her and she must work; nor—

"Pause not now
To mourn o'er broken dreams. Such grief is vain."

CHAPTER II.

Summer passed away with its glorious beauties and Autumn come and went, and dreary winter reigned stern and cold—wrapping his icy mantle around the dying year, he sung his mournful dirge. While the winter winds wailed around Marian's humble home, and still she toiled on in her studio. Warm-hearted friends encouraged her, and soon she found more real pleasure in being useful than in living for pleasure alone. One morning Marian sat in her room with one of her pupils. She was thinking of the joys of the "olden times" when Nellie said—

"Miss Marian, will you be at home on Saturday morning?"

"I guess so; why?"

"My cousin from M—— wishes, with your permission, to call on you at that time. He has heard so much of you, and your beautiful pictures he wishes to see you, and to examine your pictures. He has just returned from a visit to Europe, and he is so fond of music and painting. May he come?"

"Certainly, Nellie. What is his name?"

"Mr. Mansfield. Remember, Miss Marian, to-morrow at eleven o'clock we will come. Good bye," and her favorite scholar was gone.

Mrs. Clyde found Marian an hour after, sitting before her easel in the same attitude that Nellie had left her almost as unmovable, as unconscious, as the form she was tracing on the canvass. In that one hour she had lived over years of light and joy, and then succeeding months of darkness, till light was coming again.

"Why do I find you in tears, Marian? I had hoped you were becoming again my bright, joyful child."

"Mother, Ernest Mansfield is coming here to-morrow. Do you wonder I weep over the recollections of bye gone days? He will not let me find rest even here. He has all the advantages the world so much esteems, why does he seek the obscure retreat poverty has left me?"

"Perhaps he does not know that the Miss Clyde he is seeking is the Marian of other days. You know there are many of that name."

"How strangely suspicious I am growing. I imagined he was coming through curiosity to see how we are supporting the change from affluence to poverty; to try to perceive the difference in me since I became the poor artist instead of the artist-heiress but I will meet him calmly. I cannot forget that though we are to meet as strangers now, he was once the idol of my heart, and woman never looks indifferently on the man she has once loved, but I will try to *forget*; but will not the tears gather to my eyes as I hear his voice again? I do not love him. He has crushed to the

very dust that flower of confidence—his truth, his honor, all the generous principles I thought he possessed, all are gone! Yet I cannot look upon him coldly as I do others.”

A long time Marian Clyde sat there in the still twilight calm, till the twinkling stars shone forth in the blue sky like jewels, and then she retired to her room, free to commune with her own heart. Her thoughts were for no human eye to read—a sealed page to the world.

On the next morning no trace of emotion rested on her fair rounded cheek. She employed herself for some time in arranging their simple furniture in the most becoming style. Her splendid piano, which alone was left her from the wreck of her father's property, stood open in the small parlor, which answered the double purpose of sitting room and parlor. Around the walls were her beautiful landscape paintings, and a few portraits that she had painted of her early friends—those who used to gather around the old hearthstone at Hill Side—these she knew would speak to his heart of the “sunny past”—the golden hours of their young lives.

On a table lay a few volumes of poems. Flowers, beautiful and rare, the offerings of her pupils, filled the room with the sweetest perfume. Every thing was simple, but arranged with the exquisite taste which marks such minds as Marian Clyde's; and this little apartment gave an idea of home comfort of which few magnificent parlors can boast. Marian took unusual care in the selection of her attire. Her cheeks were pale, but her eye bright as in the past. When she knew he was there in her own humble home, the roses never were of a brighter red than her cheeks; but with the dignity of a queen, blended with the ease and grace which had so distinguished her in the homes of the great, she entered the room and received a formal introduction to Ernest. The color fled for one moment from his handsome face as he saw his friend, but soon they were conversing pleasantly, as if their hearts had never known a care. By his request she led him to her studio, and there he felt she had not applied herself in vain to the “art divine.”

“O! cousin Ernest,” whispered blue-eyed Nellie, “let Miss Marian paint your portrait for me, and you shall have a place in our best parlor.”

“Indeed, cousin, I fear Miss Marian will refuse; besides, I do not know that I wish to occupy a place in your best parlor. But ask Miss Marian.”

Marian did not wish to comply with any request that would place her for any time in the company of Ernest, yet she could not refuse without revealing the buried past.

So it was all arranged. The gentleman artist at A. drew the outlines of the picture, as he did for others, but it was for Marian's brush to produce the glowing colors on the canvass. The portrait progressed rapidly,

for she wished it done, so that this dream, this living for hours in his presence, who had once been so dear, might pass away. Sometimes he would call and spent an hour with her. They conversed long and earnestly, but it was only as strangers learn to speak. No allusion to the past was heard, no word uttered by which strangers could have known that they had ever met before. They spoke of Nature, her varied and beautiful works—of travels in foreign lands—of the glowing sunset scenes of Italy—the clear lakes of Switzerland—of every thing except themselves; and yet a strange earnest glance rested on Marian's face, as he said to her one day :

"Miss Clyde, are you happy? You seemed so to speak just now. Is it the love of this beautiful art which fills your soul with enthusiasm, and makes you forget the trials that gather around the children of earth?"

"Happy, Mr. Mansfield? In every house you know 'there is a skeleton,' an unearthly spectre that haunts the home of all. In every heart, beneath the joy that shines around, there is a sorrow. I am not an exception. Yet I have learned from care and sorrow, the vanity of earthly pleasures, and the exceeding rich reward there is in trusting our happiness to that Divine Providence, who guideth our feeble steps through life."

Ernest Mansfield drew nearer to Marian, and as Nellie left the room, he said :

"Miss Clyde—Marian—may I speak to you of the past?"

"Why trouble the waters of the mournful past, Mr. Mansfield? For years they have been resting peacefully. Why disturb them *now* Ernest?"

"That confidence may be restored to your heart, and joy to mine, Marian, as in the beautiful days of youth. Will you not forgive me for those cold and thoughtless words, repented of as soon as spoken? I little thought they would sever our hearts, Marian. And if suffering can atone for wrong, you are fearfully avenged. Let their memory, then, fade from your heart, and let my life of devotion repay you for their cruel sting. I came for this alone, to ask your pardon, and to implore you, by the memory of our early love, to be my bride."

"Ernest, cease. O! do not mention the blissful days of the past; they rend my heart. I cannot be your bride, Mr. Mansfield. I did love you; but can the warm breath of Spring reanimate the flower that is already faded and dying? Will it not lie all low with its mother earth? From the first love of an enthusiastic girl to the calm indifference of a wronged woman, I passed in that one moment, while you uttered those words which revealed the dread idea that you would be ashamed of your chosen one. Since then, Ernest, I have not suffered my heart to dwell on human love. You were the image of all good to me, and the cruel stroke which crushed in my heart the brightness of love, laid all enthusiasm and trust low in

the dust. Henceforth, then, alone I shall walk in my weary life-path, and you will find another bride. The world will honor you, and you may perhaps be happy."

Nellie Sawyer returned, and soon after, with her, Ernest left Marian's studio.

And Anna Clyde, in her sunny home in the South, received a letter from Marian; and though her heart was full of love and happiness, as she wandered through fairy scenes beside purling brooks and vine clad bowers, and listened to fond, loving words from a noble heart, she paused to shed a tear for the self-sacrificing sister she had left at home.

"Ernest is gone, sister. This day dream has faded away. I have just finished the last stroke. Anna, to-day he spoke of love—of his love—recalled the days of pleasure, when we were at Hill Side. Can it be that he really loved me? O! that I knew. You see that I am weak, when I yield to memory's power, but when I remember the scene in our old parlor, and when again in my imagination I hear his low earnest voice pronouncing cruel words—words which seemed to burn my heart, and make me forget every thing good and remember only evil and wicked things, I knew it could not be true love—such love as I had for him then—which would have prompted me to have blessed my fate, could I have followed him in adversity; if need be, to the far off western wilds, and there lived for him alone. For you sister Anna and our noble mother this life shall be passed, and for the sorrowing, who pass along with their hearts full of sadness amid the young and gay, like spectres white and ghostly amid the living; and when I fade from earth, a home in heaven, a grave at Hill Side, a tear from you and my mother, and a thought from Ernest, in his hours of sadness, is all that I ask."

And thus Marian's life-star set. No gleaming light from afar came to her as an earnest of peace and joy yet to come. The change was too sudden, the chill swept over her very heart-strings, and no ray of love could kindle there its holy flame. Yet she could not forget. Memory, faithful to her trust, *would* bring again the joys of the past—a flower that sprang along her pathway, scenting the evening gale—a sweet strain of music, heard long ago, then half-forgotten—a summer landscape, smiling in glorious beauty—all would bring to her weary heart, her youth, her love, her lonely, dreary life, and she would often sigh for the Lethean stream, that she might forget.

But should Marian Clyde die of grief? Around her on every side were the sick, the sorrowing—those who, like her, were dreaming "over broken vows"—the poor, with "their yoke and their song"—and the child of care who could not look, as Marian Clyde did, to an eternal rest "beyond the river." Should she not live for these?—to show that there is

an inner life that will make our actions pure and blessed—the life of the soul that will view death as only the Saturday night of life, ushering in the beautiful day dawn of everlasting bliss?

Years have passed by since then, circling years of changes to all. They have placed lines here and there on Marian's brow. Silver hairs intermingle with the jetty tresses that shade her intellectual face. Her sweet voice has lost some of its power, and it is now soft and low. Her step is not so light as when she wandered around Hill Side, and yet she is not old, for the life of the heart is not reckoned by months and years. The truly good never grow old, and in Marian's heart there is no decay of its best affections, no selfish shrinking back from duty or sympathy with the weak and suffering, but with her brightest and best hopes fixed on the "better land," with a heart whose winter came even while the spring flowers were blooming in freshness and beauty, she is walking calmly, faithfully her life path,

"Where there's want, or woe or suffering,
Soothing grief with words of love,
Where the sorrow-stricken languish,
Pointing to a seat above."

To those who know her, her life has been blessed. She has taught by example the useful lesson of a consecrated life—made sacred by self-denying efforts for the good of others.

Should Marian read these lines and remember sadly the beautiful days of her youth and love, the cloud that came in her early spring-time and hid the brightness of her young life, and made her succeeding years, compared with her first years, as only pale silvery moonlight in contrast with the noonday sun—she will pardon one who loves her well, and who has long looked to her as an example of all that is good and lovely, for having revealed a page of her heart's history, with the humble hope that some one will feel that there is a purity, a sacred influence in a life whose hope is in others, whose exertions look out from self to a needy world.

And Ernest Mansfield—did there come for him the dove of peace to nestle in his heart, saddened not by affliction or adversity, but by regret and self-reproach? When he went out from Marian Clyde's humble home, the world was before him. In its bustle and weary heart-aching honors he could find allurements from sorrow, and yet it *was not peace*. Where the false-hearted votaries of pleasure sing their siren songs, and Fashion holds her unsanctified revels, *there*, as the centre of the giddy circle he may be found, the sparkling jest the honeyed words falling from his lips. Yet never again will such pure pleasure fill his heart as when Marian's strong love was his, and she the "light of his eyes," living for him as she now does for others—the good, self-denying, noble Marian!

A GLANCE AT LOGIC.

FROM ICHABOD'S SCRAP BOOK.

HAVING been this night elected to the chair of "Criticism on Text-books," by the "W. P. D. Society," it becomes my urgent, though unpleasant, duty to expose some of the prime fallacies of a science by which thousands have been misled, who had hitherto escaped unhurt by the darts of sophistry. And for a full exposition, it is necessary to introduce that sad teacher—my own experience.

I remember well (and to my sorrow) when I formed the acquaintance of Logic, the polyglott lady; for never yet have I been able to learn what was her *native* tongue. It was a sultry afternoon in last July, after a big dinner, that I entered the bookstore and with a *nonchalance* asked for "Whateley's Treatise on Logic." Having procured it I returned to my room and read the title-page very knowingly, "Elements of Logic," &c., till my eye reached that "jaw-breaker" of the sixth line, when, scholar-like, I hauled down my "Webster;" but alas! the "metropolitana" was wanting, and I was left in doubt concerning the very first page of my new book. However, my knowledge of Greek was brought to bear upon the question, and my mind was soon satisfied that the STRANGER was composed of *metron*, a measure, and *polis*, or *politikos*, political, public; and by combination the meaning was public, i. e. common measure for the comprehension of the common people; and hence the book must be one of equal interest to all; yet I had my suspicions, for I had heard not a few anathemas pronounced on the "boring study" by my predecessors. Pleased with my etymological attainments, however, I turned to the "Introduction" and after reading a few lines, and overlooking a few *incomprehensibles*, I stretched my limbs on my "scaffold of delight," as usual, and gave a yawn of approval at my first attempt to humbug myself. I then examined the mysterious book minutely, well appreciated the thought became so interested that I fell asleep, hugging the dear source of my intellectual pleasure. Had my lot been that of a somnambulist, the world would not have lost the glowing, beautiful thoughts that ran through my mind, for they would have produced the best essay on Logic ever written or dreamed of; and Dr. Whateley may well mourn their loss! Summoned from my slumbers by the five o'clock bell, I hastened to recitation; finding that my speculations had been continued most too long, and calling myself a fool, all the way, for falling in *love* with such nonsense. (?) My loquaciousness on the subject induced Professor —— to call on me to see if, being in my *own* element, I had abandoned the *modesty* of giving

no reply to his questions. "A short horse is soon curried;" and a "*tol miter*" is more easily "rushed;" for I was completely nonplussed at the natural question, "Well, sir, what is logic?" With an imploring look, I gazed on the 1st miters, and at the same time muttered—"It is," *he* says, the elements of *Metro-encyclo-politana*;" a dozen groans drowned my *epexegetis*, while a "brother-tol," with an idiotic grin, hunched me in my side, asking where in the d—I got that long string of "tros," "eyclos" and "anas." My anger made me eloquent to no purpose, for a smile of the Professor persuaded me that my language was non-logical, absurd, fallacious, and most deplorably elliptical. He was sufficiently convinced of my ignorance to invite me to my seat; and after the "circus" was over, I bent my footsteps homeward, cogitating deeply the propriety of cutting short my new *acquaintance*, and retiring in seclusion; at least, from any thing like that curious text-book. The question was decided in favor of my *taste*; but like Alexis, the hero of our "French Novel," I intended at some future day to avail myself of an opportunity to prove "*que le noir est blanc*," or *anglice'*, that black is white. How my intention was fulfilled, can be leaped from

SCENE NO. II.

One evening (the 23d of August) as I was meditating on my idle course in college, my attention was called to a piece of verse entitled "Try, try again." Ambition, of a sudden, warmed my soul; and, determined on a change of life, I snatched from the shelf the volume that had last foiled my attempts to master it, opened it with a vengeance, and began to read what appeared to me the most high-falutin string of broken English ever written; (for it's Choctaw to any one who has'nt read the *prelude*). But to my agreeable surprise, on the next page was a poetical quotation; or, I fancied it thus, as I was nurtured by the Muses, and used to think at "prep" school that I had the "feu sacre" direct from heaven. However, Campbell had too truly said,

"'Tis Distance lends enchantment to the view ;"

for on closer inspection the jingle was found wanting, and there was even considerable doubt as to its being that most uninspiring of all productions, denominated by its authors *blank verse*—in fact it had too little sublimity for verse of any kind; but here it is—you may judge for yourself:

White is a color,
Black is a color; therefore
Black is white.

Next, the idea struck me (powerfully, too,) that it must be prose chopped off at each end, to humbug somebody; for I began to think 'twas "humbug all the way." But it was false certainly in the last line—and prose,

too—impossible! So, lastly, my conclusion was, that it must be one of the author's poor *attempts*, and a lie "by authority of the poets." On the next page, to my chagrin, there was some more of the same sort—*a la premiere*—and that was no poetry, no blank verse, and all independent, isolated lies! A wondering gaze at the name of the author, and a more wonderful opinion of his unparalleled thoughts, closed this interview with my intellectual *thaumatrope*. A few days after, the Professor thinking I had sufficiently recovered from my first logical error, kindly requested me to define "Aristotle's Dictum." If he had asked me how long it took the "old gentleman" to make whiskey punch, or say his prayers to Jupiter & Co., I could have come nearer at it, by arguing from the uniformity of human nature; but the "Dictum" was a fact too independent for my cause—and—effect turn of mind. *Silentia regnat!* Professor, thinking my powers of illustration were, perhaps, superior to my powers of definition, asked me to give an example of a syllogism. Making a random guess that it was something like that "curtailed prose," and elated at the idea of improving on my author, I threw my eyes upward, and quoted, in a theatrical tone—"He plucked a quill from the wing of an angel, dipped it in the hues of the rainbow, and wrote"—and here I was stopped by the cry, "O! thou born of the Muses, brush the wet off your head," emanating from a logger-headed *confrere*, and a smile of contempt from the astounded Professor. My wounded heart was somewhat healed by the idea of the awful impression I had certainly made as to my extensive information on general subjects, and especially as to my proficiency in remembering sublime expressions. A seat was my next resort, for I had entirely exhausted my supply of *syllogisms*, in the one memorable quotation, which I had learned from hearing my chum (who was in love) repeat it every time the moon shone out, or he received a letter from his "duck." I had now to choose the alternative of mastering the mysterious work, or risking the chances of Professor's recommending me for a bench lower in the *synagogue*. Now you must have guessed, by this time, that I was not the boy to mourn over the past, (for in *my* past, there was always something "pleasant," as well as "mournful to the soul,") or to injure my health by reading what was not especially appointed for my lessons.

When the day arrived for my next recitation on logic, I had learned enough, by intuition, to understand the purpose for which those nonsensical pieces of any-thing-else-than-poetry were intended. But as it happened that day, I had to prepare, among a dozen others, the ninety first page. Beginning there, I read on indifferently, till I came in contact with—

Light is contrary to darkness,
Feathers are light; therefore
Feathers are contrary to darkness.

It was a more than herculean task for my infantile *logical* mind to straighten this; but the last line was certainly untrue, for if you will come to my room any night at half-past ten, I will expose the fallacy by showing *them* quietly supporting my frame, fatigued by three hours of application to something *immaterial*, (no matter) in both senses of the word; and I take great pride in saying that my *premises*, or "what is laid down," is by no means *unduly* supported by my bed-tick, on four posts, although there is a continual metamorphosis going on in the part where the *strength lies*; and not unfrequently I have to introduce an "*argumentum ad hominem*" to my friends of the "genus bed-bug." Now, all know the persevering disposition of a "mite-man," especially on a warm evening; so after some desperate efforts, which were lamentably futile, to learn the *quo-modo* of the above syllogism, in the most reckless state of despair, I threw my Logic from my sight, and on the bed sat down. I now was at my last resort, (and one which can soothe all our cares,) so with all the *ennui* of an over-taxed mind, I resigned my frame to the arms of the grief-assuaging gentleman. My mental exertions, of course, brought on a fever; and logical visions came clustering 'round my pillow as thick as sugar plums did Christmas night, several years ago. You must allow me, however, to depict my dream in the last, and remarkable.

SCENE No. III.

Suddenly all around bore the aspect of a sick-room. I was the patient and was about to become. (I feared) the glorious cause of "a one day's snap" to my fellow-students; for the Doctor was there, writing ineffectual prescriptions in the form of syllogisms, and repeating after each one the trite expression, "now that's logic." In my imagination there was but one thing that could effect a cure, viz: the application of "Aristotle's Dictum" to a fallacy which lay in my "undistributed middle;" and the Doctor was very sorry to inform me that his last *one* had been used a few minutes previous in curing a case decidedly more dangerous than my own. (Yet, I now believe if he had made a substitute of a mustard plaster, he would have succeeded, although my night-supper was composed of only four plates of oysters and two of scrambled eggs, "whiskey affloating," *apropos*.) Attendance, however, was by no means wanting; for Professor ——— was there, to act as apothecary in mixing doses of "barbara," "celarent," &c., to give me temporal ease until the Doctor could have his other prescriptions filled. One after another was tried in vain, till the Doctor having determined to "kill or cure" ordered a gawky looking "Major-term on two sticks" to take the sarcasm from the middle of that "particular affirmative," cut off the predicate of a "universal negative," mix it with the fallacy of Hume's argument against miracles,

dissolve the whole in half a pint of sophistry, and hand it to Prof. ——— to be administered. The order was promptly obeyed, but when Professor ——— reached out his hand to take it, the impudent “term on two sticks” threw the dose in my face, and crying out “illicit process of the major!” I awoke from my revery, and discovered that the whole vision was produced by my chum’s reading his lesson “out loud,” and his throwing a glass of water in my face to stop the interruption of my incessant begging for the application of “Aristotle’s Dictum.”

My dream is finished. My tale is told. And what class I shall be in next session no one can tell; for I haven’t seen inside my Logic since, and as I never intend to look in one again, you must allow me to give you my deductions, by way of a

POST SCRIPT,

in which (they say) a woman’s mind is always expressed; and

In which, kind reader, I fear you’ll find
The false conclusions of a NON-LOGICAL mind;

viz: In the first place, that logic was made for the most credulous portion of the human race; secondly, that a man of good common sense had as well try to keep up the connection in a dictionary; thirdly, that “humbug” begins with its title page and extends as far as I have examined; and fourthly, that I will commit it to the flames the next punch-drinking, and declare myself one of those *cupidi rerum novarum*.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM ICHABOD, “P. C.”

Of the “W. P. D’s.”

OCTOBER 31, 1859.

FANATICISM.

BY REBTHEB.

FANATICISM is an evil most direful in its effects. With great propriety, and with still greater justice, it may be esteemed an immoral vice. The term, indicative of blind enthusiasm and excessive zeal, was formerly applied to those individuals, who, shutting themselves up in temples, thereby excluding all communication with the world, were guilty of the most immoderate excesses, contrary to reason and bordering on insanity. Indeed, so uncontrollable was their zeal, and so inordinate their phrenzy, that to inflict pain upon their bodies was considered no violation of the law of morality. So devoted were they to their religious infatuation that they even tore the flesh from their bodies, or cut themselves with knives, indulging in the wildest caprice, and performing the most antic gestures imaginable. Such is the reputed origin of this word, as ignominious perhaps in the *original* as that of traitor, or murderer, is at the present day, and, such as it *now* is deserves no better name than that of madness.

That fanaticism is an evil, the history of all ages prove; that its effects have been most disastrous, the dilapidated remnants of once flourishing States and Empires assert; and that its evils are prevalent and destructive, the gross excesses and maddening folly of the present day testify. He who is a fanatic, is blind to danger and open to attack. The space in which he acts is covered over the surface with roses of beautiful growth, but beneath the thorns and briars lie—the invective remonstrances of an aggravated public, who in vain attempt to check his mad career. Thoughtless, he travels the prairie-fields of enthusiasm, while the weeds of disaster close in his path, leaving no hope for return. He is confident of success, for in the broad expanse before him no obstacles appear to stop him in his course. He hastens, invigorated by expectation, blinded by imagination, and deluded by infatuation; but at the moment his capricious fancy seems to be converted into reality, the sun of disappointment looms before him to shame that heated glow of imagination, which his maddening phrenzy had fancied a “star of hope,” and force it to resume its primeval state—a flickering taper, soon to be extinguished in the whirlwinds of adversity.

Fanaticism, like the rushing mountain-torrent, overrunning every obstacle in its hurried course, rushing onward with resistless force, wasting at every step, and hastening every moment nearer the level plain, where its strength exhausted, unable to proceed further, it wastes itself away, exposed to the heating rays of the noon-day’s sun. The mind of the fanatic—

not frozen like the mountain torrent—is heated by the fervid glow of imagination, its properties fused, forming a fiery mass, more of madness than of reason, and possessing the power of *steam*, sends the enthusiast forth a travelling *locomotive*, with no prescribed railway, whereon to take his course, no monstrous claws in front to “clear the track,” no *brakes* to retard his downward flight! His harsh voice, his mighty lungs are amply sufficient to attract the attention of all who are concerned for their own safety. His clamorous voice is but a mighty whistle, which *blows* before the engine starts, which *blows* at every station, and which *blows* when it has reached its place of destination.

The world has already learned what Fanaticism is, and what are its connections. It is an evil prevalent with superstition and concomitant with infidelity. The illiterate, when once the fire of Fanaticism has entered their minds, fettered, as it were, by ligatures of madness, from which no exertion can free them, are but as raving maniacs, to whom the world seems but a prison, and all its virtues but iron grates wherewith to curb their passions. They know nothing of the standard of morality, so lost are they to reason. Joyful they wait the tide, and launching forth upon the broad and open seas of Fanaticism, their sails filled with favorable breezes, their imagination heightened almost to reality, they buffet the stormy waves, and move onward, cheered with glowing fancies of success, anticipating the rich reward they are destined never to receive.

Examples are not wanting in the catalogue of evils to testify the disastrous results of Fanaticism. Nothing is more destructive to a nation's honor than this accursed evil when exercised in behalf of religion. Had not Peter the Hermit been roused by a fanatic zeal, his imagination picturing to his mind the wrongs of the Christians and the possibility of gaining the Holy Sepulchre, the blood of millions might have been spared from mingling with that of the Moslem heroes, and the rest of Europe's pride and chivalry would never have been tarnished by saluting defeat from Saracenian arms upon the bloody plains of Palestine. But the enthusiastic zeal of *one* man roused to visionary dreams the host of Europe's warriors, and Fanaticism—wild and destructive Fanaticism—overspread the land, and desolated for two centuries the fairest pride of Christian heroism. The Hermit preached; Pope Urban exhorted; thousands assumed the cross; and while “*Deus vult!*” rent the sky, immortal warriors gathered around the standard reared for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre. Indulgencies were granted, bulls were issued, proclaiming a general crusade, and calling upon the chivalric spirit of the land to rise in vindication of the honor of the Saviour. Eight hundred thousand warriors responded to the call, and Godfrey, the gallant duke of Lorraine, under the favorable auspices of devoted zeal in his Christian followers,

planted the banner of the cross upon the hard-earned battlements of Jerusalem, while, the war cry of the Saracens, once driven from its walls, the chants of the Christian soldiers reverberated through the lofty arches of the sacred temple! Their object was accomplished!—Jerusalem was taken!—the Holy Sepulchre redeemed! The news of such signal success was most propitious in the eyes of the world. They considered it as a divine interposition of Providence in their behalf. Their fondest hopes were realized, and with this signal success before their eyes, the flames of Fanaticism burned brighter and higher. But the vindictive hoard of Saladin recaptured the Holy City, and the hand of the Mussulman again decked the mighty temple—again he visited the sacred sepulchre. Again and again the mustering hosts of Europe battled for the city; but Moslem arms were triumphant in the end, and the crusading spirit, hovering for two hundred years around the sacred plains of Palestine, and lingering with fond devotion around the Holy Sepulchre, finally died away, like the low mutterings of distant thunder, in the opening light of the fifteenth century. The Crescent continued to wave in triumph on the walls of Jerusalem, and the banner of the cross found repose beneath the genial influence of the dawning Reformation. Such were the effects of exorbitant, religious Fanaticism. Millions of lives were lost, both Christian and Mahomedan; science and learning were stopped, and superstition engendered.

The Reformation opened a new scene for the display of Fanaticism. Superstition, envy, malice, were again infused into the hearts of the public, and the thunders of the Vatican rolled, too much resembling the thunders of heaven, over the unoffending hearts of the innocent Reformers. Religious zeal was kindled with political enthusiasm, and what was first a seeming vindication of the Church, became a tantalizing, tyrannical oppression. The spirit of persecution, engendered at Rome, spread, like wild-fire, over the delectable gardens of Christendom, and desolated the brightest spots within their rosy beds of loveliness. But there was a zeal in the breast of the Reformers as strong, and purer, than that of their persecutors. It was like the Greek fire of old—steady and inextinguishable. It could not be quenched until the body itself was consumed, and like a flickering torch, when the last spark has died away, and a curling smoke rises into the air, the spirit, that moved the inmost feelings of the soul, took its flight to the glories of a heavenly home. The heart grows faint at the name of Inquisition and its bloody deeds of persecution. What tongue can relate, what pen can describe, the horrible deeds of that pernicious tribunal? Clothed in the mantle of fanatic zeal, and shrouded beneath the veil of superstition, it infused its destructive influence into the minds of an unfeeling populace, and instilled its

direful poison into the perverted hearts of royalty. The Spanish Inquisition will ever be a stigma upon that unhappy people, and will ever be brought forward as a warning against the exercise of Fanaticism in religion. The Pope of Rome ordered, the prelates preached, the multitude supported, the nobility encouraged, and royalty sanctioned, the execution of this dread tribunal. The name of St. Dominic should ever be remembered in connection with the formation of the Ancient Inquisition, and that of Thomas de Torquemada, the cruel-hearted minister, with the inhuman executions practised in the Modern tribunal.

Political Fanaticism is a raging madness which haunts the deluded minds of infatuated demagogues; or the enthusiastic zeal cherished in the nefarious factions of an uncompromising populace. Like a fierce *Sirocco* it overswept the revolutionary fields of France, and left a lasting stain upon the hearts of its countrymen. The Jacobins and the Girondists carried its flaming brands to the highest point of cruelty, and royal blood flowed freely from the scaffold. Innocence and beauty, wickedness and vice, alike perished by the guillotine, and every species of excellence and virtue fell beneath the tyrannical axe of the stern executioner. All law was subservient to power; and the despotic, tyrannizing hand of Robespierre reared the standard of immorality, and a band of infidels, atheists and *fanatics* flocked to its support, while the Bourbons retired, driven from the stage of action by the cruel hand of lawlessness.

The fiery enthusiasm of the Iconoclasts of Belgium caused irreparable loss to the churches of Antwerp, and the performance of acts most criminal in the eyes of the law, and sacrilegious in the sight of God. Nothing was spared, no not even the sacred painting of the magnificent cathedral, nor its great organ, the pride and boast of the inhabitants. But the fiery tempest rolled on—the uncontrollable band of the “*Gueux*” of the Netherlands—and when the clouds of Fanaticism passed by, it left behind innumerable proofs of its presence—the dilapidated remnants of isolated churches and the mighty ruins of ecclesiastical property.

But to enumerate the many evils of political fanaticism, would be but to prepare a catalogue of gross excesses, murder, rapine and crime. It unequivocally accompanies revolutions, and not unfrequently engenders rebellions. Men, so prone to yield obedience to their passions, too often suffer themselves to be enticed into this evil, and once beyond the bounds of conservatism, the most earnest endeavors to retrieve their fallen reputation is totally useless. Like gallant barks, they can traverse with safety the smooth waters of the gulf, but allured with the hope of enjoying more genial breezes upon the open sea, and of riding at ease upon its waves, they launch forth with throbbing hearts and high aspirations. But the

winds of disaster beat against their ill-set sails, and they are soon swallowed up in the whirlpools of destruction.

That Fanaticism is an evil, prevalent in our own land, no one can deny. Its blasting influence has spread itself over the country, and the zeal of partizan warfare and silly demagogues fast looming up from the political horizon, has infatuated the minds of many. Party spirit, itself productive of the most disastrous evils, sways the public mind, and drowns the better feeling of conservatism. Political organizations, by their baneful infections, poison the very air of freedom, and corrupt the inmost heart of national liberty.

Fanaticism! how great, how disastrous have been thy evils! Thy name is written in letters of blood on the souls of your votaries, and inscribed in marks of pitchy blackness on the characters of demoniac madmen! Insanity is stamped upon thy brow, and beneath the folds of thy mantle are crouched those vile corruptions, which make this prototype of heaven an archetype of hell! Thy "guiding star" is madness, and the shrine at which your votaries worship is base depravity.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE.

THE sun was casting its last, lingering rays around the place where lay the dying warrior, as if loth to leave in the dark hour of death one whose life had been so bright and glorious. Around were gathered his friends. Those who had shared with him his joys and sorrows were collected to see him meet his last enemy, and pass from earth to heaven.

Robert Bruce, whose name is the watchword of those who fight for freedom, and whose memory kindles new hope in the breasts of the down-trodden and oppressed, was fighting his last battle—his battle with the King of Terrors. But what was death to him? Was it a bloody spectre, the avenger of an ill-spent life? Did he come with brandished spear and threatening aspect? No! he came rather as a welcome messenger from heaven to clip the cord that bound him to his sorrows. He came to whisper in his ear those words which make the dying pillow soft: "well done thou good and faithful servant!" He came to bear his disengaged spirit to the home of the patriot. Ah Death? thou mayst be terrible to him before whom thou bringest the misdeeds of a long life—thou mayest be terrible to him who recognizes in thee the officer who is to drag him unpre-

pared before the throne of an angry God—to one who has lived a slave and died a slave; but when thou comest to the hero's couch—when thou comest to him who has fought for, and obtained, his country's liberty, thou art not terrible. See the calmness which sits enthroned upon that brow! Canst thou look upon that scene, and say that Death is terrible?

For a while the flame brightens up. 'Tis the last flicker of that light which must soon go out forever. He raised his head from his pillow and said: Come hither, Douglas; thou hast ever been my truest, warmest friend. When hunted by the blood-hounds of the oppressor—when my life was endangered at every step—when my country had given up her towns and cities to be plundered—when desolation and destruction stalked though our land, like two mighty giants, destroying everything that came within their reach—when a solitary outcast, I wandered through the wilds of Scotland, with no sound to fall upon my ear save the sigh of the breezes as they swept through the forest, and the loud war of the waves as they dashed and broke against the rocky shore, thou wert my faithful friend and useful counsellor. When in the fierce battle, amid the shrieks of the dying thousands, and the din of clashing claymores, my bravest soldiers failed, thou wert ever the readiest to support the charge, and rush into the thickest of the fight. And when thine own strong arm had scattered the dark clouds which threatened to overwhelm in one common ruin Scotland and myself, I found thee still by my side, ready to shield me from the oft too ruinous effects of prosperity. But, I grow faint. I must hasten on. I have to commit to thee a trust still dearer than thou hast ever yet borne—upon it the peace of my dying hour depends. 'Tis in thy power to pluck from my pillow the only thorn which torments my dying head—to ease my conscience of the only load which presses upon it. Thou knowest the blackness of the crime which I committed in slaying the Red Comyn in the church at Dumfries. That sin I intended to atone for by a holy crusade, but alas! that hope is gone. Take, then, my heart, bind it around thy neck, and carry it to the Holy Land. Do this and thou wilt prove thyself a friend in the darkest hour—even the hour of death.

With these words died the Bruce of Bannockburn—the hero, the statesman, the patriot, the defender of Scotland and the scourge of England. The eyes of the stern warrior who beheld that scene were dimmed with tears, and every house in Scotland, like the scroll of the prophet Ezekiel, was filled with “lamentation, and mourning, and woe.” He died and yet he did not die. Like the beautiful tree whose leaves, even after it has withered enrich the soil on which it grew, the influence of his name still enriches the human heart, and supports and fosters the flower of liberty, whose odor is sweet and healthful to the oppressed, but deadly poison to the tyrant. The castle in which he died has long since become the habi-

tation of bats and owls. Time, with his effacing finger, has not left a single material monument to tell us of the greatness of Bruce, but his name, his actions, his glory form a monument whose base is as broad as civilization, and whose proud top Time cannot bring down. Built upon solid worth, there let it stand, that when Liberty is driven from every other habitation she may perch upon its top and mock at her foes. His reputation is ever increasing—still let it increase as long as there is a place in the temple of the human heart dedicated to those who live and die in their country's service.

ENVY.

WHEN we look abroad and see the bickerings and strifes which are continually maring man's happiness here on earth, we are forced to conclude that there is an impure fountain within, whence flow these bitter waters. Nor do we need any further proof of the melancholy fact taught us in the Oracles of Sacred Truth, that man is a fallen and corrupt creature. Although we may be left in the dark with regard to the way in which he became corrupt—revelation alone can teach us this—yet it is not the less true that such is the case.

The inquisitive mind is anxious to know what makes these things so—why man, Ishmael-like, is ever running counter to, and maring, the peace and happiness of his neighbor.

“So they will on some plan unite,
By which to vex him and to spite.”

We know that every effect is the result of some cause, or, it may be, of a combination of causes. Hence, we conclude that effects so fraught with evil as these of which we complain, must have a corresponding malignant cause, deeply seated in the human heart.

Among the many causes which tend to produce unhappiness and misery in the world, we think Envy occupies a very prominent position. What we mean by Envy, is near about summed up in this definition of the word: “A sensation of uneasiness and disquiet, arising from the advantages which others are supposed to have above us, accompanied with malignity towards those who possess them.” This, undoubtedly, is justly styled one of the blackest passions that can find a lodging place within the human heart.

“Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.”

It is, we think, the bone of contention among men. It, in a majority of cases, gives rise to those withering looks, harsh words, and unkind acts, which often pierce the generous soul with keener agony than the shaft of glittering steel hurled with Herculean strength, and whose wound would seem a pleasure. Every one feels its direful effects, either within himself, as the plague of his own heart, or as "a troubler of the camp," both in sacred and secular matters.

We are not inclined to laud with fulsome flattery the imaginary happiness of those who have preceded us, and say that they felt none of these evils of which we complain; for in so doing, we would be stifling the honest convictions of our own minds, and would be making statements which neither history nor experience would corroborate. Ever since man has felt the influence of Pride, Ambition, and Love—ever since there has been a variety of talents and mental accomplishments, and different degrees of comeliness in personal appearance among men—ever since some have been born in affluence and dandled in the lap of ease, and others have been nursed in the scantiness of poverty within the mud-reared walls of an humble cottage—ever since there has been such a thing as the realization of hopes and disappointments met—just so long has man felt the baneful influence of Envy. If it did not disturb the quiet repose of Adam and Eve, reclining beneath the verdant bowers of the yet unforfeited Paradise," regaling themselves with pleasures which knew no alloy, they felt its painful effects soon after Heaven's law had been infringed, and man was no longer innocent. What could have marred the perfect harmony of feeling and sentiment which must have reigned supreme within the hallowed precincts of the family circle of our first parents? Could any thing except direful Envy have moved Cain to shed his brother's blood? Surely not. Nothing except that accursed and fiendish feeling which, when it cannot rise and soar to the realms of unalloyed bliss, would drag down and bury in the depths of perdition those that are enjoying the pleasures which they are not able to reach.

"Bare envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

Envy even entered the courts of high Heaven, and stirred up Satan and his coadjutors to set at naught the laws of their Maker. Yes, it was that Envy which—

"All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds never conquered, but in death."

It was Envy that moved Joseph's brethren to sell him as a slave to foreign merchants, and to present to their aged father his "coat of many colors" stained with crimson gore, and exultingly exclaim: "This we have found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." Not only this,

but they remained unconcerned, if not delighted, when they saw hoary hairs bowed with grief and sorrow for a much loved child. It was this direful passion that made the blinded Jews crucify the Prince of Peace, and willingly entail upon themselves and their children the accursed fruits of this inconceivably wicked and heinous act: the evil consequences of which they have felt, and are still suffering, so that they have become a by-word among all people.

But let us not confine the existence of this evil to the ancients alone. Wherever we turn our eyes, they can easily detect some of its evil workings. Turn to Queen Elizabeth. We think Envy manifested itself in the otherwise amiable character of "good Queen Bess," in all her dealings with the gifted, though unfortunate Mary, "Queen of Scots." Elizabeth certainly envied her. The sufferings of this unfortunate woman, her long and gloomy confinement, and her melancholy fate, would even yet, were not her name associated with Roman Catholicism, against which men born and educated in Protestant countries have such a strong prejudice, awaken our sympathies and dispose us to judge charitably of the errors of innocence, and lead us to detest, from the inmost depths of our hearts, that vile and loathsome passion which was the prime agent in producing her miseries. Our own country has been made to mourn beneath its blighting touch. It makes the name of Aaron Burr, who would have been an ornament to any age or country, to be loathed by the pious and the good. When he could not be the ruler of his, he would have been her destroyer. He, Samson-like, would have laid his unhallowed hands upon the pillars of the sacred temple of freedom, and, with one mighty effort, would have buried all beneath its ruins. Burr's happiness and usefulness were marred by this unholy passion, even with that Envy which is as cruel as the grave. Nothing except that malignant passion, "which grows pale and sickens, even if a friend prevails, which merit and success pursues with hate, and damns the worth it cannot imitate," could have made him seek to imbrue his hands in the blood of the lamented Hamilton—one of America's most gifted sons. Well might America clothe herself in the habiliments of woe, and exclaim with the ancient bard: "How are the mighty fallen!" Yes, weep over the untimely grave of her gifted son, and feel

"Pangs more corrosive and sever,
More fierce, more pregnant and intense,
Than ever hostile sword or spear
Wak'd in the breast of innocence."

It is useless to multiply examples. From what we have already said, Envy must appear to be an evil, and an evil continually. It is an unnatural feeling, more cruel than the ferocious spirit of the wild beast that

roams over the burning plains of Africa. It even fixes a stain upon the character of the savage, much more upon those claiming to be civilized, and especially upon those who profess to be under the benign influences of the Gospel. Then let every one eschew this odious disposition, crush it in its incipient stages, and free himself from this merciless passion, which will prey upon his vitals until they are consumed, and contaminate the very breath he breathes, and render him odious and loathsome to himself and to all connected with him.

SELF-RELIANCE.

THE office of self-reliance are too much underated and neglected. Indeed in its exercise consists the last development of the human mind. Unfortunately, all our social relations, especially the present system of education have a tendency to check its action. It is true that in the beginning of our knowledge we must found upon faith, but when we arrive at a certain point, we are able and ought to overlook the process. But this is a task which few are willing and competent to undertake. There is something so unsatisfying in this prying into things which only brings unrest and disquiet. It is no easy matter to tumble down about our ears that respectable edifice which our respected ancestors have so graciously erected in our behalf. It must be done, however, if we have to re-construct it upon exactly the original pattern, or if, which sometimes happens, we have to let in the light to the dark holes of the owls and the bats, root out the places where they make their homes, tear away the rotten foundations and re build the whole with new timber.

Truth is a unit, what is true to me must be true to you, for we all are enlightened by the same universal reason. But you will not know it to be truth until your own soul is warmed by the light which reveals its existence, not until the crucible has been heated in the fire of your individual consciousness, will the gold appear.

This, all are prepared to admit as very true and very trite. But let us, for curiosity, examine and see how many of the opinions have been subjected to this test. I am afraid we should find them number much less than we had anticipated. To be perceived, the truth must be present, as such, to each individual. It must be, as an external object is to the eye, and its consciousness must be as clear as that of visual perception. I mean that, in the last analysis, we must rely wholly upon self. I wish to be understood. I do not mean that we may not be aided *ab extra*, but

that there is but one consciousness in which representatives appear to the individual, and upon its falsity or fidelity must our knowledge stand or fall. It must always be our point of departure and our chart by the way.

I said it was the condition of all knowledge, and the fact can be made out, I think, without danger of losing ourselves in empty speculation. Observe, then, that there is an inner light, call it what you please, which reveals to us certain original principles from which, as from fountains, flow all our knowledge. Upon these are based the discursions of the understanding, and of course their results. It is not for us to penetrate their depths—not for us to fathom the mystery of Thought and Being. That these principles exist, and what they are, there is only one book reveals, and that is the book of consciousness. That they are true, each one must receive in faith for himself. There is only one witness in the cause. This one cannot testify on mere hearsay. It behooves us to interrogate long and well, and ponder the responses in the depths of our intellectual beings, for no ordinary issue is at stake. It is illogical, and the vicious circle of those who rely upon the truthfulness of God for the veracity of their faculties is easily seen, since they are compelled to arrive at God by means of the very faculties which are themselves called in question. To know the things that are without, we must know those that are within, and we may here see how the primal source of Theology and of Philosophy considered in their relation to us springs within ourselves.

Observe, too, that to these first principles are related as effect to cause, all the remainder of our knowledge, and that the conclusions which we reach and the laws which bind them to the premises, we must find and feel them to be true in our own experience. All that another can do for you is to present new matter to the mind; so much of this as you recognize to be true you may appropriate, but no more, it is not truth to you. If it be really truth to another, and is not to you, it is because consciousness has not been prolonged into reflection; it never may be, and so one may be ignorant of the loftiest truths which command our attention. Indeed but few can, and here consists the distinction between the wise and the unwise—the philosopher and the man of common sense. But here as we see, this difference is merely one of degree, the nature of the knowledge is the same in both. The profound reflection of the one, is nothing more than a more earnest and intense gaze into the same consciousness which appears only superficially to the other. There is no alternative. It is impossible to escape the limits of our own, subjectively.

But self-reliance is not only the condition, but its exercise affords the only criterion of our knowledge. There is a great deal in the remark that "man is a bundle of habits." If we call the multitude of our opinions to pass in strict review before us, we should not be astonished to find how

few, how very few are the results of independent reflection. The relations of mankind are such that a few must do the thinking for the mass, and that in the kingdom of mind, too, the body of the subjects must be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Zoraster, Plato and Aristotle are not yet dispossessed of their empire, nor will they ever be, for while their errors will die, their truths, which are your truths and my truths, will remain. The appeal is made to the individual. Weary nights of toil were consumed by men of genius before the Pythagman proportion was demonstrated: but given the demonstration, and the school-boy sees that it must be so. See here the same distinctions before referred to between the great and the ordinary man. Take Luther, Kant, Bacon, Calvin and others, and see how the track which they pointed out has been pursued by the thousands of their respective schools, and how few there are who dare to diverge from the beaten way! How simple progress is transmuted into the idea of excellence! But the influences of the fathers of schools is not the most direct or powerful. The little innocent dawning upon its mother's knee is beginning to receive those impressions which are to be continued and engraved upon the plastic mind of its childhood, which strengthen with its strength and ripen into maturity with its manhood. We know how delightful are the associations that cluster round the names of home and mother. There is something inexpressibly sweet in the recollection of the church where we used to go on the beautiful Sabbath morning to school, and the grave yard upon which we looked with such childish awe; in the little joys and sorrows of our infancy. These scenes supply inspiration to the school-boy, and grace the declamation of the collegian. But with these recollections are interwoven the opinions and prejudices, partly true and partly false, which have moulded our intellectual life. The task of discrimination is no grateful one. The hand with which the intellect must grasp, tear and guide aright the feelings which cling so lovingly to the object of the affections as to obscure its view, must be a ruthless one, and who would not forget the pain? History has shown us how few they are who do not, how few they are who effect "That mind and soul according well, may make one music as before."

From the constitution of society we gravitate towards a common centre. Unconsciously, we fall in with and partake of the spirit of the age. And history fully confirms the testimony of our own experience. See a thousand different customs of as many different countries. The innumerable creeds, moral, religious and political, which have from time to time appeared upon the theatre of our globe and maintained their places with various success—the natural sympathy of our race—the manners and

fashions of social life—the multiform phases in different time, countries, and circumstances and in different periods of life.

I shall not attempt to strengthen the argument by quoting the authority of those who have studied humanity and watched its revolutions, that man is almost entirely the creature of custom, we know that it is true, we feel that it is true. How then, in this unusual hub-bub, in this seething cauldron of opinion, in this tempest of dust and trash, are we to separate the real from the unreal, the true from the false? See the problem of human life! Before going into battle it is well to look to our armor. So before entering the arena of the strife of opinions, we should cast about us, see how far we may advance with impunity, or if compelled to retreat, find some sure resting place, some basis of operations from which we may survey the field and mature our plans for future action. The result of our reflection, I think, will be that if we would be victorious in the life-contest, we must rely upon the intuitions of reason and the exercise of the understanding regulated by the laws of a sound logic. Let us consult our friends, learn from our superiors, and store our minds with the treasures of the past; but we shall find that our friends disagree, that our superiors are often unable to satisfy us, and that history, too, often has a tendency to drive us to skepticism. True we are weak. Newton was but a child picking up grains of sand by the shores of the ocean. But let us not degrade our reason, it is all we have. If we conclude that reason is weak is it not by means of self that we do so. If there be a God it speaks his voice.

The accurate observer will see in all this nothing to foster human pride. He will find that the beginning of knowledge is humility, that the poet is right when he says:

“We have but faith, we cannot know,
Our knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness, let it grow.”

I close. If these few crude reflections have led any one to scrutinize more closely the offices of self-reliance, or may provoke criticism and further investigation, I am content.

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR SUCCESS.—With this number of the Magazine we give you a Mezzotint Steel Engraving of Judge NASH, together with a memoir of that distinguished Chief Justice by the Hon. John H. Bryan. Not wishing to seem self-conceited or puffed by the success of our own energies, nor invoking one sentence of approval from you, kind reader, you will pardon us for dwelling a moment on the *past* condition of our University Exponent, and the comparative merits of the *present*. Eight years have passed away since this periodical began to contribute its mite to the cabinet of literature, and kindle the spark of rising genius by telling the joys and woes, the thoughts and beau-ideals that fill the “intellectual store-house” of each newly fledged author. Some volumes succeeded, and, *unlike* the one conducted by our immediate predecessors, gained the smile of approval. But more than once have the voices of the envious and bigoted threatened to bury it in oblivion—more than once have the disloyal columns of newspapers in this State, deaf to every feeling of sympathy, pandered to the discouraging remarks of our enemies. Calculated, as they were, to hush the first aspirations of youth, and leave them mortified at the reception their laudable ambition had met with. But through all the perils we are happy to say that there still survives a medium (though savored by the wisdom of older heads,) through which the young can make known the fruits of learning acquired by the midnight lamp.

It was with much fear and misgiving that we put on the “editorial robe,” five months ago. Our immediate predecessors had failed to be punctual, and, in fact, they issued only about half the required and promised numbers. Yes, it was with fear that we entered upon our duties. Visions of College criticism and the still more powerful ones of our exchanges came flitting by, while we almost anticipated such public displeasure as to drive us to the necessity of abandoning the publication. But with our first issue we received such encouragement, not only from the two Societies, not only from the immediate support of our fellow students, not only from the learned men of the State, but also from the talented men and the “press” of other States—from the Potomac to the Colorado. Such has been our success, and it caused us to conclude that the old maxim, “where there is a will there is a way,” was true, and “Hope the charmer lingered behind.”

Whether we deserve the encouragement and compliments given us by our exchanges, or whether (and it is very probable,) they were the offerings of a generous spirit, we feel bound to say that our gratitude is wholly inadequate to the services they have rendered us.

In regard to our improvement, we give you *sixteen pages more* than any college monthly now published in the United States. Ours is also the only college monthly in the United States, if not the only Magazine south of Philadelphia that gives Mezzotint Steel Engravings, or illustrations of any kind.

College voices or College enemies, we hope, will never again chant the would-be funeral hymns of the *University Magazine*. No—we are now realizing our most sanguine expectations; beyond this what could we wish? The “kind word” has been spoken, the approving smile of veterans has lightened our task, the contributions of the learned has adorned our pages, the levity of youth has given them a reception. No longer do we hear the anathemas of “sublime failure” greeting us from every window, from the noisy room of the “Freshman,” to the sanctum of the “Senior.”

We have been eminently successful in obtaining publishers. Those now in our employ are industrious, punctual, and strictly faithful in the discharge of their duties.

VACATION.—With this number of our Magazine, our Editorial duties for the year will cease. Vacation with all its charms and fascinations is now before us. Students and Professors are now relieved for six weeks of their weighty responsibilities and arduous labors.

The occasion fills us with emotions of pleasure and pain. It is certainly a sacred pleasure, to return to that happy and quiet abode where our infancy, with its pure innocence, was passed; to return to those dear parents, whose tender and fond affection supplied all our boyish desires; to meet again in sweet and hallowed embrace, those dear sisters and brothers who were the kind and disinterested partakers of all our early pleasures and amusements; to stand again beneath that noble and majestic tree, where in early days we played the game of ball, and frightened from its protective bowers the twittering songster, with prolonged laughs of glee; to wander again along the banks of some favorite stream, where in boyhood days we gathered magnolias, or captured the unsuspecting fishes.

But, fellow-student, think a moment. Have you done your duty here? Remember that

“Time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.”

And have you been “destroying time?” If so, will not the remorse of the murder detract much from the pleasures of your vacation? Think well of the value of time, which in its unerring course, bears us on to manhood. We are not instructing or advising, but we are *thinking* aloud. We are thinking of the importance of preparing for the journey of life. Seniors, this is our last college vacation; when another session shall have passed away, we will bid farewell to these

“Wood-crested hills, and verdant vales among,
To North Carolina’s learned retreat,
Where arts and letters and the poet’s song
Adorn with majesty the Muse’s seat.”

And as we extend that farewell to our *Alma Mater*, can we say to her, and with truth utter the sentence—

“To merit more than fame thy sons aspire
In useful arts and happiness to live;

The trembling soldiers forthwith turned their backs,
Looked up the street, and soon were "making tracks."
No boldness aided in the swift retreat—
The longest legs were sure to be most fleet.
The drummer, like a hero, led the van,
And proudly shouted: "Catch me, if you can."
The fifeman ceased to blow his martial strains,
Prepared to use his feet, instead of brains,
Within his pocket quickly hid his fife,
And ran, to catch the drummer, for dear life,
Each private hero with a noble zeal,
Essayed to touch the flying fifeman's heel;
While all along the field, look where you pleased,
Some fell whom fear, and some whom laughter, seized.
Disastrous war! Shall I recount the spoil
Left to reward the victors for their toil?
The double barrelled gun, the paper mask—
I can no further go—too hard the task.
But one defeat can never quell the brave,
They scattered for a moment, as a wave
Which rocks oppose—the rattle of the drum
Bade each man to his station back to come.
The crowd assembled, thus their captain spake:
"My soldiers, we must keep the town awake;
Must give the hostile Faculty no peace,
Till they have promised from pursuit to cease;
Must drown them with a tide of noises—fifeman,
Blow our dear 'Yankee Doodle' for your life, man."
He scarce had ceased, when from the crowd there came
A Senior in the Faculty's dread name;
Majestic strode he to th' expectant foe,
And frowned a withering frown, but 'twas "no go."
The crowd stood still, not one had melted down
Beneath that Senior's awful, melting frown.
"I frown in vain," he cried; "but I'll begin
Another stratagem—I'll try a grin."
Tumultuous shouting from the soldiers burst;
To grin no longer that brave Senior durst.
The rats awakened from their sleep peeped out,
And asked each other, "What's the row about?"
One cunning ratling shouted 'mid the din:
"They're students, fellows; poke your noses in."
Now roused to energy, the fifeman played,
The drummer rattled on, still undismayed;
The captain on his horse rode up and down,
And acted well the part of Captain Brown;
Each private soldier shook his loaded gun,
Prepared to fight, or readier still to run;
While one brave orator assumed a stump,
And dared the soldiers to attack the pump.
Then each man girded up his dreadful might,
And forward rushed to join the bloodless fight.
But ah! misfortune oft attends the great!
The drummer beat his drum at furious rate,
Inspired with ardor, when whom should he see
Standing before him, but the Faculty.
Too late to run, the day again was lost,
But this time at a far more fearful cost—

One darted to the captain and cried: "Sir,
We're lost, we're lost—the drum's a prisoner."
I shudder while I put it in my verse,
The foeman came, and sternly cried—"Disperse."

The tumult ended, and my story ends;
But I must give a warning to you, friends.
I learned with grief that some of you had thrown,
And injured a Professor with a stone;
If any did it purposely, he's base,
And should in shame forever hide his face.
I love enjoyment, and I favor fun,
But when it turns to rudeness, I am done;
Be mirthful if you will, but ne'er neglect
To treat old age, at least, with some respect.

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER PITCHER TO REV. A. M. SHIPP, D. D.—The students of the University have presented to Dr. Shipp a beautiful silver pitcher, as "a token of esteem," and we are pleased to publish the following correspondence between the committee and Dr. Shipp:

N. C. UNIVERSITY, Oct. 29, 1859.

REV. A. M. SHIPP—*Dear Sir:* Your friends here though regretting your departure, are consoled by the thought that you have only transferred your virtues to a wider theatre of usefulness. They will not soon forget you, for affection and respect paint bright pictures upon the tablet of youthful memory. Wishing you success and happiness in your new home, they beg the acceptance of the accompanying pitcher as a slight token of esteem.

Respectfully,

W. H. BORDEN,
E. E. WRIGHT,
J. T. DOUGLAS,
J. HILL PATTERSON,
RICH'D SMITH,

} Committee.

WOFFORD COLLEGE, S. C., Nov. 7, 1859.

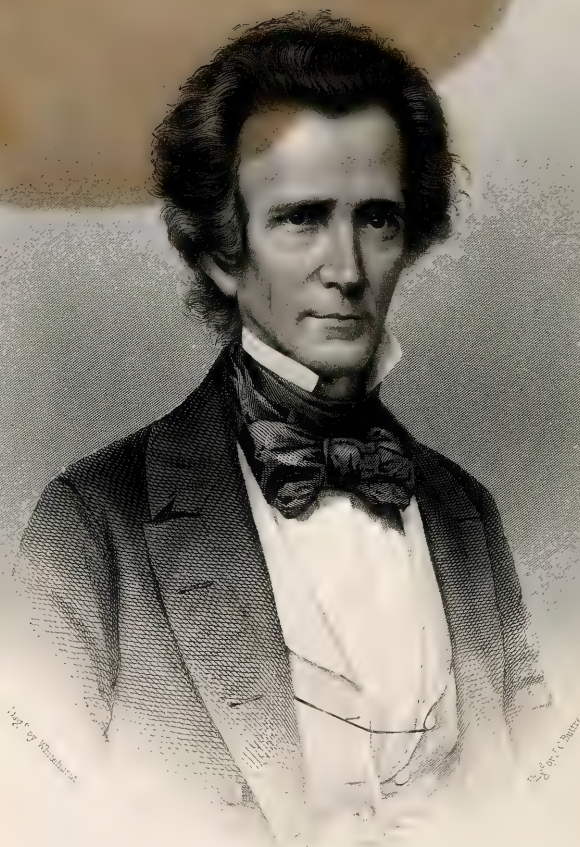
GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 29th ult., was this morning received with the accompanying elegant present from my "friends at the University of North Carolina."

I am deeply affected by this "token of esteem," and regret my inability to give expression to my feelings in "a word fitly spoken, like apples of gold in pictures of silver." I reciprocate most cordially the sentiments of "affection and respect" expressed in the letter and manifested by the rich token. It shall be cherished as a refreshing memento of most pleasant associations with "friends at the University," from whom during the whole period of my connection with the Institution, I always received polite and gratefully remembered exhibitions of kindness and regard. My liveliest sympathies are with young men, whose thorough education and sound morality form the only solid basis for the security and prosperity of our country, and for the young men of the University, I shall never cease to entreat the happiness of those who "find wisdom and get understanding—the merchandize of which is better than the merchandize of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold."

With sentiments of gratitude, I am yours &c.,

A. M. SHIPP.

To Messrs. Borden, Wright, Patterson, Smith and Douglass, Committee.



J. C. Dobbin

OF THE U. S. ARMY
SECRETARY OF THE U. S. ARMY

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

Vol. 9.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

No. 6.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE JAMES C. DOBBIN.

BY JAMES BANKS, ESQ.

THE late Hon. JAMES C. DOBBIN, the eldest child of John M. and Ahness C. Dobbin, was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in the year 1814, and was called after his maternal grandfather, James Cochrane, who represented the Orange District in Congress, during the war of 1812.

His father, John M. Dobbin, was a merchant in Fayetteville for a period of thirty years, and died in 1837 deeply lamented.

At an early age James C. Dobbin was sent to school in his native town, where he rapidly acquired the rudiments of a classical education. He was afterwards sent to the school of Mr. Wm. J. Bingham, in Hillsboro', by whom he was prepared for College. In 1828 he entered the Freshman Class of the University of North Carolina.

While at the University he was distinguished for a prompt and faithful discharge of every duty imposed upon him, as also for a ready and cheerful observance of all the rules and regulations of the institution.

Though much the youngest member of his class, he, during his whole collegiate course, was among the foremost in that honorable field of rivalry, and graduated with high distinction in 1832, in the same class with Hon. Thomas L. Clingman, John H. Haughton, Thomas S. Ashe, and other, now distinguished, gentlemen.

Mr. Dobbin, while at College, was an universal favorite with the students and faculty, and his amiable character and gentlemanly deportment so won upon the affections of the venerable President, Dr. Caldwell, that

he has been heard to say in the bosom of his family, "it would gladden his heart to be the father of such a son as James C. Dobbin."

Mr. Dobbin commenced the study of the law in the office of the late Hon. Robert Strange, at that time one of the Judges of the Superior Courts of North Carolina, and under his guidance devoted two and one half years to the *mastery* of that science which has been denominated "the perfection of reason."

During a portion of the time that Mr. D. read law with Judge Strange he was an inmate of his house and member of his family, and thus possessed the advantage of the Judge's oral instruction, and also laid the foundation of that reciprocal esteem and affection which ever remained firm and unalterable, and made them fond companions and bosom friends during life.

Mr. Dobbin was called to the bar in 1835, and having taken an office in Fayetteville he devoted himself assiduously to the strict and energetic pursuit of his profession. Whether clients called or not he was, during business hours, always *in* his office, and this remarkable regularity was in some measure the foundation of his professional success.

He did not, as too many young lawyers do, select a large circuit in the outset, but wisely husbanded his time and energies for a faithful discharge of chamber practice, and in attendance upon the County and Superior Courts of Cumberland, Sampson and Robeson. His theory was, "let a man build up a reputation at home—let it radiate and precede him rather than that he should precede it." By acting upon this theory every extension of his circuit more resembled a triumph than an effort to success.

The first capital case in which he appeared was where a negro was indicted in the Superior Court of Cumberland, in 1837, for the killing of another negro. He had the honor to be associated in the defence with the Hon. Robert Strange, who had just been elected to the Senate of the United States, and had resigned his seat upon the Bench. In the management of the case Mr. Dobbin displayed great ingenuity, and in his arguments to the jury gave evidence of those peculiar talents that afterwards ranked him among the most successful criminal advocates in North Carolina.

We know of no lawyer's history more encouraging and instructive to the young members of the profession than that of Mr. Dobbin. No accidental circumstance occurred by which he seized on fame by a single effort. No one case can be cited as that which made the man. His practice and reputation daily increased by his faithful discharge of duty. "He was content to labor and to wait," and not ashamed to learn from Toomer, Eccles, Strange and Henry, who were the leaders of the Fayetteville bar at the time, but with whom he was so shortly to contend.

He was frequently desired to represent his native county, Cumberland,

in the State Legislature, but this he invariably declined, alleging that he was happy and contented in the discharge of his professional duties, and experienced more real joy in the bosom of his family than he could ever expect from the excitement of political life.

In the year 1845, he was nominated by the Democratic party as a candidate to represent them in Congress from the Raleigh District. This nomination was unsolicited and unexpected. Considering his youth, his previously retired life, the District and the able men who therein resided, it was an extremely flattering testimonial of that high esteem in which he was held, and after some hesitation he accepted the nomination and entered upon the campaign.

His competitor was his old class mate, John H. Haughton, Esq., an able and talented Whig. Mr. Dobbin was elected by a majority of two thousand votes, though in the previous campaign his democratic predecessor had beaten his whig rival only about three hundred votes.

At the commencement of the Twenty-Ninth Congress Mr. Dobbin was present and had the honor to be placed upon the Committee of Contested Elections, and took an active part in all their deliberations and reports.

In the contested election from Florida, between Cabell and Brockenbrough, Mr. Dobbin was of opinion that Cabell was not entitled to his seat, and so voted.

In the New Jersey contested election between, Runk and Farlee, he was chairman of the majority committee, and submitted their report. In this case he was active and zealous, and labored to have the matter determined at an early day. For, having satisfied himself that nineteen of the students at the College of New Jersey had a right to vote, he was anxious that justice should be done, and that by declaring that Farlee, democrat, was not entitled to his seat but, that Runk, the whig member, was. A majority of the House finally sustained his view of the case.

Upon the Oregon Question, Mr. Dobbin spoke. He thought the time for "masterly inactivity" had passed, and that a notice to terminate the joint tenancy should be served upon Great Britain.

On the Public Land Bill, then before Congress, he delivered an able and eloquent speech. He rose above party trammels and said, "I am opposed to the policy of *ceding these lands to the States in which they lie*;" that neither justice or any other consideration required it, and appealed to gentlemen to strike that feature from the bill.

In this speech he advocated the repeal of the tariff of 1842, and after an elaborate argument intended to show that it taxed every other branch of industry for the sole purpose for enriching the manufacturer, he proceeded to enforce his positions by a reference to the conduct of England, in the following beautiful and characteristic remarks:

"Mr. Chairman—It has fallen to our lot to become actors on the theatre of public life at a most remarkable era in the history of the world. The human mind evincing its mighty and mysterious capabilities is achieving triumphs at once wonderful and sublime. The elements of nature are playthings for it to sport with. Earth, ocean, air, lightning, yield subservient in the hands of genius to minister to the wants, the purposes, the pleasures of man. Science is fast developing to the meanest capacity the hidden secrets of nature, hitherto unexplored in the researches of philosophy. Education is exerting its mild and refining influence, to elevate and bless the people. The control of electricity is astonishing the world. The power of steam is annihilating distance, and making remote cities and towns and strangers at once neighbors and friends. Amid these mighty movements in the fields of science, literature and philosophy, the liberal spirit of a free government, in its steady and onward progress, is beginning to accomplish much for the amelioration of the condition of the human family, so long the hope of the statesman and philanthropist. The illiberal maxims of bad government, too long supported for false reverence for their antiquity, are beginning to give place to enlightened suggestions of experience. England, the birth-place, is proposing to become the grave of commercial restriction. In that land, whose political doctrines are so often the theme of our denunciation and satire, with all the artillery of landed aristocracy, associated wealth, and party vindictiveness levelled at him, there has appeared a learned, a leading Premier, Sir Robert Peel, who, blending in his character much of the philanthropy of Burke, the bold and matchless eloquence of Chatham, and the patriotism of Hampden, has had the moral courage and magnanimity to proclaim that he can no longer resist the convictions of experience and observation, and that the system of commercial restriction and high protection is wrong, oppressive and should be abandoned. Already, sir, has much been done—already has the British tariff, so long pleaded as the excuse for ours, been radically reformed and in obedience to the persevering demand of an outraged people, we hope that the next gale that crosses the Atlantic will come laden with the tidings of a still greater triumph in the repeal of the corn laws, so oppressive to Englishmen, and injurious to Americans.

"And shall we not reciprocate this liberal spirit? Shall republican America, so boastful of her greatness and freedom, be outstripped in her career in this cause of human rights by monarchical England? No sir, I do not, cannot, and will not believe it. I have an abiding, unshaken, faith in the ultimate triumph of so righteous a cause.

"Mr. Chairman, we may surpass the nations of the earth in science, in arms and in arts; the genius of our people may attract the admiration of mankind—may cause 'beauty and symmetry to live on canvas'—may

almost make the marble from the quarry to 'breathe and speak'—may charm the world with elegant attainments in poetry and learning, but much, very much, will be unaccomplished; the beauty of our political escutcheon will still be marred, while Commerce is trammelled, and Agriculture and trade depressed by bad legislation."

At the close of the session he returned to Fayetteville, and prosecuted his legal pursuits with energy and zeal.

On the meeting of Congress he was again in attendance, and on the "Three Million Bill" he delivered an admirable speech, which in its range embraced the "Mexican War," "Wilmot Proviso," and "Extension of Slave Territory," that attracted the attention of the whole country and gave rank to Mr. Dobbin among the ablest debaters in Congress. This speech, which was much praised at the time as an able and thorough vindication of Southern rights upon constitutional grounds, was published in full in the *Congressional Globe*, and to this the reader is referred for specimens of his power of argumentation, as well as for his graceful and peculiar charm of elocution.

Having served out the term for which he was elected, Mr. Dobbin declined to be a candidate again, and betook himself closely to his profession. His efforts in Congress gave very general satisfaction to his friends and to his constituents, and once more at the bar he added to his former success.

In the Legislature of North Carolina for the session of 1848-'9, Mr. Dobbin occupied a deservedly high position. He was placed upon the judiciary committee, and took a prominent part in all its deliberations.

At this session the philanthropist, Miss Dix, memorialized the Legislature to erect an Asylum for the Insane. The memorial was referred to a select committee, of which John W. Ellis (now Governor of North Carolina,) was chairman, and through him a bill was reported, favorable to the prayer of the memorialist. In the mean time Governor Ellis was elected to the Bench, and having resigned his seat in the Legislature, the Hon. Kenneth Rayner moved that the bill introduced by Mr. Ellis be taken up, and that one hundred thousand dollars be appropriated to its erection. This motion Mr. Rayner advocated in a speech of great power, eloquence and beauty, but it was negatived by a vote, ayes 44, noes 66, under circumstances which induced the belief that the bill could not pass.

The amiable and beloved wife of Mr. Dobbin had, a day or two before Mr. Rayner spoke, been committed to her mother earth, and he was not in attendance upon the house. Miss Dix, anxious for the fate of the bill and having confidence in Mr. Dobbin's influence and power before the Legislature, had him waited upon, and reminded of his wife's request that he would advocate and support the measure. The appeal could not be withstood, and he promised to try on the coming day.

When the House met Mr. Dobbin was present. The bill had been reconsidered, and was then pending on a motion to appropriate \$5,000. Mr. Dobbin proposed a substitute and suggested a plan by which, in four years, the State could raise \$85,000, and in advocating this measure he delivered, in the language of the *Raleigh Register*, "one of the most touchingly beautiful efforts," ever heard in the Legislature of the State. The bill was passed, almost unanimously.

While we refrain from eulogy, (because of biography,) let us say that *this*, if no other effort, should place Mr. Dobbin in the heart of all good men, as one who appreciated intellect, and felt deeply for those who by misfortune, accident, chance, or otherwise had lost it. "He prizes life, who knows its value—he prizes intellect, who from experience and the workings of intellect, has made its power known." These were truisms with Mr. Dobbin. The best monument for any man is that which commemorates his good deeds. The "Dix Asylum" is Mr. Dobbin's monument! That, if nothing else, shows him to be the patriot and philanthropist.

He was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, in 1852—was the leader of the North Carolina delegation, and after the nomination of Mr. Buchanan had been given up as beyond hope, he made a most gallant effort in behalf of General Pierce, which was followed soon by his adoption as the choice of all the contending parties in that body.

He was elected to the Legislature in that year for the last time—was nominated by the Democratic party, in caucus, for the United States Senate, but not receiving two votes in open session, from Democratic members, his friends had not the numerical force to elect him, and the State from that time until 1854 was represented in the Senate by the Hon. George E. Badger.

In the year 1852, Mr. Dobbin was the State Elector of the Democratic party and attended several meetings to address the people. After the election, he received an invitation from General Pierce to become a member of his Cabinet, and after the inauguration on the fourth of March 1853, he was chosen by the President for the Navy Department. From that time forward to the coming in of Mr. Buchanan, the history of Mr. Dobbin, as a public man, is the history of the Navy itself. How he bore himself "in his great office," is spoken "trumpet-tongued" throughout the land. Of his energy, his readiness, his decision, his incorruptible integrity, his influence, his administrative capacity, his suggestiveness of mind, his unrivalled success, there are witnesses on sea and land.

None was more beloved than he, whether he sat in office disposing or withholding patronage, or in the domestic and social circle, joyously participating in the pleasures of life. He was firm in his purposes, decided

in all his convictions of duty, and exact in execution, however painful; yet those who may have fallen under the condemnation of his judgment or his official policy are ready to acknowledge that he was upright in all his aims nor "set down aught in malice."

Broken in health, he retired from public service with President Pierce, came home to receive the joyous welcome of the State—to be fanned once more by the breezes that he loved—to repose for a time in the sacred retirement of his own chamber, and there to die!

WAR OF THE REGULATION.

(*Part II.*—1769.)

BY HON. DAVID L. SWAIN.

Of the series of facts relied upon in the Declaration of Independence to show that the direct object of the English government was to establish an absolute tyranny over the American colonies, the first in order and importance are: the refusal of assent to the most wholesome and necessary laws; the refusal of permission to pass laws of pressing importance unless suspended in their operation; the refusal to pass laws for the accommodation of large districts of country, unless the right of representation were relinquished; the culling together of legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from their records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with royal measures; the dissolving representative houses repeatedly for opposing, with manly firmness, invasions on the rights of the people; and the refusal, for a long time after such dissolution, to cause others to be elected—the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

Tyranny not unfrequently exhibits itself in the most hateful forms in the remotest provinces of an empire. History, ancient and modern, abounds in proofs and illustrations. Prerogative powers were carried with a higher hand in the American colonies than in the mother country, and in no one of them were they asserted so frequently or exercised so oppressively as in North Carolina.

Anterior to the accession of Governor Dobbs, Assemblies were ordinarily biennial and held a single session. He called an Assembly which met

for the first time on the 12th of December, 1754, and began its ninth and last session five years thereafter—20th of November, 1759.

His last Assembly commenced its first session on the 30th of January, 1764. Governor Tryon, as we have seen, met this body at the opening of the third session in Wilmington, on the 3d of May, 1765. Fifteen days thereafter, he avenged the contumacy of the town of Wilmington, and the representatives of the people, by proroguing the session to New-Berne, where the members were directed by proclamation to report themselves, on the 12th of March of the following year, 1766. The excitement created by the Stamp Act increasing, instead of abating, on the 21st of December—six months before the appointed day of meeting—the prorogued Assembly was dissolved. The public records, though the Legislature never met at Wilmington again, were not removed to New-Berne until five years thereafter.

He called a new Assembly to convene at New-Berne on the 22d of April, 1766, but two months in anticipation of the time of meeting, prorogued the session to the 30th of October, and afterwards to the 3d of November. We have referred to the repose secured by this eighteen months' suspension of legislative power, consequent upon the dissolution of the Assembly, "for opposing, with manly firmness, invasions on the rights of the people." The extraordinary ascendancy which he so soon acquired over this, *his first Assembly*, which met him under circumstances calculated to produce the deepest irritation, cannot have escaped the attention of the reader.

He met this body for the third and last time on the 7th of November, 1763. The proclamation announcing the repeal of the Stamp Act bore date, it will be remembered, on the 26th of June, 1766. In the same month of the following year—1767—the bill passed Parliament to levy duties on tea, glass, paper, painters' colors, &c., imported into the colonies. Other enactments to coerce collections followed in quick succession. These new schemes of taxation were regarded as direct assaults upon civil liberty. Discontent, deeper and more general than that produced by the Stamp Act, prevailed throughout the continent, and the southern and northern districts of the province were again united upon a common issue, in opposition to the government. The Governor encouraged by previous success, no doubt, supposed at the beginning of the session that his hold on this well tried body was too strong to be broken by what he hoped, and had reason to hope, would prove to be a mere temporary ebullition of popular feeling. It was soon apparent, however, that notwithstanding their personal devotion the representatives sympathized deeply with their constituents, and that general distrust prevailed of what had so long and so fondly been termed and considered the home government.

One of the earliest measures of the session, nevertheless, was to erect a new county west of Mecklenburg, which, in compliment to the Governor, was called Tryon. The mountain at the terminus of the southern boundary line, run during the preceding summer, had received his name, and his correspondence with the Secretary of State does not leave us to infer, merely from his peculiar cast of character, the double gratification with which he received this closing evidence of affection and respect. It is rather surprising that he should have permitted even high considerations of State policy to separate him from a body which he had so frequently moulded to his will.

The famous circular of the 11th of February, addressed by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, to the Legislatures of the several Provinces, however, had been placed before them by Mr. Speaker Harvey, and, as in the instance of the Stamp Act, the Governor had no disposition to indulge premature discussion on exciting topics. On the 5th of December he prorogued the session to the 31st of May, 1769, and on the 29th of April, announced a second prorogation to the 15th of June. On the 6th of May, forty days anterior to the appointed time of meeting, he informed the Council "that several members of the House of Assembly were absent or dead," and suggested "*that under the present circumstances of the country, it might be expedient to dissolve the present Assembly.*"

Greatly to the gratification of the Regulators a proclamation was forthwith published announcing the dissolution of the General Assembly, and writs issued to the several counties for the election of new members, returnable at New-Berne.

At Hillsborough, on the 3d of October in the preceding year, at the close of his first campaign against the Regulators and six months previous to the election of members to the new Assembly, the Governor announced by proclamation that in several parts of the Province, particularly in the counties of Orange, Anson, Rowan, and Johnston, "divers dissolute, outrageous and disorderly persons" had attempted to deter the civil magistrates from the execution of their duty, and committed many acts of violence under the influence of wicked and designing men; that the greater number of the insurgents had laid down their arms and implored clemency, others had been legally convicted of their crimes, and a still greater number through fear of punishment had absconded, to the great injury of their families, and that, therefore, in compassion to the misguided multitude, he had determined to extend to all of them His Majesty's most gracious pardon, with the exception of James Hunter, Ninian Hamilton, Peter Craven, Isaac Jackson, Herman Husband, Mathew Hamilton, William Payne, Ninian Bell Hamilton, Malachi Fyke, William Moffit, John O'Neal, Christopher Nation and Solomon Gross.

To one of these outlawed and exiled men it is now proper to direct more particular attention, and endeavor to ascertain his true character. Caruthers' estimate, founded upon the traditions, current in the country at the period of his researches, and Tryon's maledictions in official documents, have been carefully collated in the preceding narrative. It is our purpose now to offer evidence in relation to him gleaned from contemporaneous publications and unpublished historical documents, which have hitherto escaped observation.

It will probably never be ascertained where and by whom Husband's "Impartial Relation" was printed, or who was the author of the "Fan for Fanning." With the exception of Judge Moore's *brochure* in opposition to the Stamp Act, they are the only ante-revolutionary political pamphlets which have come down to our times.

The "Fan for Fanning" exhibits strong internal evidence that the author was by birth a New England man. It was printed at Boston in 1771. Shubal Stearns, to whom reference has been made as the founder of the Baptist Church at Sandy Creek, and of whom we will have occasion to speak more fully hereafter, was a native of Boston. Daniel Marshall, his brother-in-law and his able and faithful assistant in the ministry, was born in Connecticut. They were doubtless leaders of the religionists referred to by Governor Tryon, in 1765, as "a sect who call themselves New Lights, (not of the flock of Mr. Whitefield,) but Superior Lights from New England," and, in 1769, in representing the difficulties encountered by Mr. Fiske, "his parish, I am told, is full of Quakers and Ana-Baptists—the first no friends, and the latter avowed enemies, to the mother church."

The author of the "Fan for Fanning," whether a citizen of Boston or Sandy Creek, adopts Husband's narrative throughout, and in addition to the leading facts in the "Impartial Relation," supplies personal incidents which must have been derived from familiar and intimate association with the author. In relation to the book and the writer, he states, "I have in my hands an account of all the affairs in Orange county in which place the Regulation has made the most noise. It was written by one who speaks thus of himself, viz: 'The truth of the whole cannot be denied, but if it should, this I am sure of, that I never can be convicted, in myself, wilfully and knowingly, either of having concealed a truth or of setting forth an untruth; and, likewise, that I have been so well acquainted with the whole affair, that I think no man in the Province could give a better (that is, a more authentic,) relation of the matter.'"

After this emphatic endorsement of the "Impartial Relation," he makes the following statement in connection with the personal history of the author, and his claims to respect and confidence:

"It is often a question with readers, who is the author? For answer in the present instance, I can inform them that the author above quoted, was esteemed a good, sensible and honest man in the place of his nativity. One anecdote of his life will give the reader an idea of the man. He is the eldest son of a reputable farmer, who died suddenly, possessed of a large landed interest, and without leaving a will; which interest, by the laws of the Province in which he had lived, fell to the eldest son, our author, who was, at the time of his father's death, in North Carolina, where he had, with much industry and care, made a good settlement for himself and family. Upon the death of the father, the rest of the children sent for their elder brother to come and take possession of, and settle their father's effects. He came, and finding that his father had made no will, said: 'It could never have been the intention of my father, that I should have all his landed estate.' Therefore, he sold the whole estate, save a small farm or tract, of about 200 acres, which his brothers and sisters desired him to keep, and made due distribution of all the monies arising from sale of said lands, to the great satisfaction of his brothers and sisters. This shows that he was a *just* man; and one that loved virtue more than riches. I am the more pleased with this part of our author's character, as a similar conduct in the character of the great Philosopher, Doctor Francis Hutcheson, Professor in the University of Glasgow, is much magnified, and pointed out as a remarkable and almost singular instance of disinterestedness."

From this account by the personal friend and admirer of Husband, we may turn to autobiographical notices of his history exhibited incidentally in his own "Impartial Relation." We present, them, with such changes of phraseology and transposition of paragraphs as are necessary to unity and compactness of narration:

"What a weak religion must it be that needs anything to support it, but what proceeds from voluntary consent and good will! It is strange that the Christian religion cannot maintain its ground by the same means that it gained it."

"I was educated myself in the principles of the Church of England, and have duly examined most other sects and cannot say that any of them is sounder or freer from error in their principles than she. But this maintaining of the clergy by establishment, suppose it don't corrupt a true minister, yet it is the very course that makes ordinary, wicked, lazy men creep into orders purely for a livelihood, or office of profit to get gain in an easy and lazy way."

"It is said that the Governor represented us as a faction of Quakers and Baptists who aimed to upset the Church of England, &c. This caused us to view ourselves, when we found our body to consist promi-

cuously of all sects, and the men we put most trust in were of the Church of England communion. The formality of subscribing articles or swearing had never been in use since the Governor's secretary met us, and to prevent mobs and riots was our chief study as they were the only things that we found our enemies could get any advantage against us in, and what we believed they endeavored to drive the populace to."

Both Husband and the author of the "Fan for Fanning" state expressly that neither Husband nor the citizens of Sandy Creek concurred in, or had any knowledge until some time after the meeting, of the resolutions adopted by the inhabitants of the west side of Haw River on the 22d of March, 1768. They insist moreover that the measures proposed by that meeting were considered rash and unlawful. They took pains to convince them of the danger of their course, without stifling their zeal for reform, and succeeded in inducing both settlements to unite in the formation of the Association of the 4th of April, 1768, when the whole body of reformers organized under the name of Regulators. A reference to these articles will show that they entered into an Association "for regulating public grievances and abuses of power in the following particulars:"

1. To pay no unlawful taxes, "unless we cannot help it or are forced."
2. To pay no officer unlawful fees, "unless we are obliged to it, and then to show our dislike and bear open testimony against it."
3. To assemble as often as convenient "to consult our representatives," to choose suitable men for burgesses and vestrymen, "to petition the Houses of Assembly, Governor, Council, King and Parliament for redress of grievances."
4. To contribute the sum required for the necessary expenses of the association, "according to our abilities," and, 5thly, "That in case of difference in judgment we will submit to the judgment of the majority of us."

The most searching scrutiny will fail to detect the semblance of sedition or treason in this platform. Nay, more, it is impossible to examine it carefully in connection with the history of the times without being impressed with the patience, prudence and forbearance of these oppressed and persecuted men. Even the resolutions of the 22d of March, against which Husband and the followers of Shubal Stearns felt themselves called upon to protest, and which were subsequently denounced by the Sandy Creek Baptist Association, were not more violent than sentiments avowed and resolutions adopted by political meetings of the present day, in every section of the country, and on every side of every political question.

Notwithstanding his disavowal of all connection with the Haw River meeting, Husband was indicted as having been one of the rioters, assembled on that occasion. His trial took place at March Term, 1769, of Orange Superior Court. On the 25th of April, Governor Tryon informs the Earl of Hillsborough that "Herman Husband who was, and is still,

believed to have been at the bottom of the late disturbances took his trial at the Superior Court and was acquitted for want of proof." The circumstances connected with his arrest and repeated imprisonment, on this charge are given in the language of the cotemporaneous author to whom we have referred as the friend and associate of the prisoner:

"On the morning of the second day of May, 1768, about twelve men all armed with guns and pistols, entered the house of Mr. Herman Husband, through the back door. One of them immediately laid hold of said Husband, saying, 'you are the King's prisoner!' For what? asked Husband. 'On suspicion of being concerned in the Mob,' replied the captor; and immediately hurried him off, not suffering him to take leave of his family. In travelling a little distance from Husband's house they fell in with Fanning, who was waiting for them, who treated the prisoner with contemptuous ridicule. Thus escorted they arrived at Hillsboro', where Husband, and Butler, whom we have mentioned before, were put into a fort, mounted with swivel guns, under a strong guard. From this place of confinement, after a few hours, Husband was taken before a magistrate, who charged him as follows, viz: '*Somebody* hath informed against you, that there is cause of suspicion, of your having a hand in the mob.' Husband denied the charge; then Col. Fanning being called, and sworn, said 'that he (Fanning) formerly received a paper, summoning him to appear at a mill, and he *thought* it was Husband's hand writing.' 'And further, that he had received a paper from the mob which referred to that paper.' Thomas Hogan was then sworn who said, that Husband had confessed that he had been at some meetings of the mob. Upon this, he was committed close prisoner to the common jail; where he continued till about midnight, when he was taken out, and tied with hands behind his back, and set on horseback, and tied with feet under the body of the horse, and led away, with design, as they said, who were the ministers of this cruel treatment, to hang him, without judge or jury. Husband, alarmed at this, desired to see Col. Fanning; Fanning came, asked wherefore he had been sent for; Husband answered, 'if you will release me and set me free, I will promise not to concern myself any more, whether you take too large fees or not.' Upon which, Fanning says you must promise 'never to give your opinion of the laws, never to assemble yourself among the people, never to show any jealousies of the officer's taking extraordinary fees, and if ever you hear any speaking disrespectfully of the officers, or hinting jealousies respecting their fees, you will reprove and caution them, that you will tell the people you are satisfied all taxes are agreeable to law, that you will do everything in your power to moderate and pacify the people.' All which Husband promised; alleging in his own favour that *Duress* excused him from obligation."

The Governor, at the time he announced the dissolution of the Assembly—6th of May—directed the election of members to a new one, to meet in New-Berne on the 5th of October. Shortly before the election, the Regulators published an address to the citizens of the Province, which in many respects contrasts favorably with productions emanating from the political conventions of modern times. We give the concluding paragraphs as indicative of the character of the author and the voters whose suffrages such sentiments and opinions were expected to command. After an enumeration of the grievances under which the Province had so long labored, the address proceeds as follows:

“But you will say, what is the remedy against this malignant disease? I will venture to prescribe a sovereign one if duly applied; that is, as you have now a fit opportunity, choose for your Representatives or Burgesses such men as have given you the strongest reason to believe they are truly honest—such as are disinterested, public spirited, who will not allow their private advantage once to stand in competition with the public good. You grant the prescription is sovereign: but how shall you obtain such? I answer: Let your judgment be formed on their past conduct; let them be such as have been unblamable in life, independent in their fortunes, without expectations from others; let them be such as enjoy no places of benefit under the government; such as do not depend upon favour for their living, nor derive profit or advantage from the intricate perplexity of the law.

“In short, let them be men whose private interest neither doth nor can clash with the interest or special good of their country. Are you not sensible, brethren, that we have too long groaned in secret under the weight of these crushing mischiefs? How long will ye in this servile manner subject yourselves to slavery? Now shew yourselves to be free men, and for once assert your liberty and maintain your rights. This, this election let us exert ourselves, and show, that we will not through fear, favour or affection, bow and subject ourselves to those who, under the mask of friendship, have long drawn calamities upon us. Should we now through fear or favour act as we have done, contrary to duty and interest; so far as we do this, we contribute to all the mischief consequent upon it. Where then is that moving principle, self-preservation? Will you, can you, voluntarily submit yourselves to ignominy and want? These will aggrandize themselves and swim in opulence. Have they not monopolized your properties; and what is wanting but time to draw from you the last farthing? Who that has the spirit of a man could endure this? Who that has the least spark of love to his country or to himself would bear the delusion? In a special manner then, let us, at this election rouse all our powers to act like free public spirited men, knowing that he that betrays the cause now betrays his country, and must sink in the general ruin.”

The result of the election was the return of more than thirty new members. The House was an able one. Robert Howe, of Brunswick, Sam'l Johnston, of Chowan, Thomas Person, of Granville, Abram Alexander and Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg, Herman Husband, of Orange, John Ashe and James Moore, of New Hanover, John Harvey, of Perquimans, Griffith Rutherford, and Matthew Locke, of Rowan, Maurice Moore, from the town of Brunswick, Richard Caswell, of New-Berne, and Cornelius Harnett, of Wilmington, are all familiar names to the student of revolutionary history. The House of Commons, as at present constituted, consists of one hundred and twenty, instead of eighty members, as in 1769, but does any one remember to have seen in this branch of the General Assembly, in modern times, fourteen members of greater practical wisdom, purer patriotism or higher civil and military renown?

The Assembly met at New-Berne, on the 23d of October. John Harvey, on motion of Richard Caswell, was unanimously appointed Speaker.

The Governor probably met the present Assembly under the hope and expectation that by gentleness and forbearance he would soften and allay the prejudices and apprehensions with respect to the recent measures of Parliament, in relation to taxation, which he knew pervaded every portion of the Province. However this may have been, he soon found that the opposition to the government was universal and invincible. The representatives of the southern district were no less unanimously opposed to the new imposition upon commerce than they were to the Stamp Act. A majority of the members, from the Granville Patent, to the common cause added new issues of a more imposing character. With them the rallying cry was not merely resistance to taxation, but, for the first time in our history, they were prepared to assert the principles of religious as well as civil liberty.

The Governor's speech at the opening of the session, after proper references to the various subjects of ordinary legislation which would require their attention, concludes with stating that he was authorized to assure them that the King's ministers had at no time entertained a design to propose to Parliament the imposition of further taxes on the colonies for the purpose of raising a revenue, and that it was their intention to recommend the repeal of the obnoxious duties on glass, paper and colors, as having been imposed in violation of the principles of commerce.

The temper of the House is very clearly indicated in the reply. They remark that the information he has been pleased to afford them of the intention of the King's ministers was very grateful to them, and would be much more so when they should find these designs carried into execution, even upon the consideration that the duties designed to be repealed were imposed contrary to the true principles of commerce.

On the 9th day of the session—2d of November—the Speaker placed before the House a communication from the House of Burgesses of Virginia, dated on the 9th of May. The character of the discussion which ensued may be inferred from the resolutions adopted, and the subsequent correspondence with the Governor. Having no immediate access to the unpublished journal of that session, we present the summary account of it given by Martin :

The house came to a unanimous resolution, that the sole right of imposing taxes on the inhabitants of the province, was, and had ever been, legally and constitutionally vested in the house of assembly, lawfully covenanted according to the ancient and established practice, with the consent of the council and the king, or his governor; that it was the undoubted privilege of the inhabitants of the province, to petition the king for the redress of grievances, and it was lawful and expedient, to procure the concurrence of the other colonies, in dutiful addresses, praying the royal interposition, in favor of the violated rights of America; and that all trials for treason, misprision of it, felony or any other crime, committed in the colony, by any person residing in it, ought, of right, to be in one of the king's courts, held there according to its fixed and known rules of proceeding; and that seizing any inhabitant on suspicion of any crime committed in the province, to be sent beyond sea for trial, was highly derogatory to the rights of the British subjects, as thereby, the inestimable privilege of being tried by a jury of the vicinage, as well as the liberty of summoning and producing witnesses, at the trial, was taken away from the party accused.

An address was prepared for the king. It began with assurances that his subjects, in North Carolina, were distinguished by their loyalty and firm attachment to him and his ancestors, were far from countenancing treasons, and ready at any time to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in defence of his person and government. It expressed the deepest concern, and heartfelt grief of the house, that their loyalty had been traduced, and those measures which a just regard for the British constitution made necessary duties, had been misrepresented, as rebellious attacks on his government.

The house next observed, that, when they considered, that, by the established laws and constitution of the colony, the most ample provision was made, for apprehending and punishing any person who should dare to engage in any treasonable practice, or disturb the tranquility of government, they could not, without horror, think of the new, unusual, illegal and unconstitutional mode, recommended to the king, of seizing and carrying beyond the sea, the inhabitants of America, suspected of any crime, to be tried in any manner contrary to the ancient and long established course of proceeding; they pitied the deplorable situation of an American,

who, having incurred the displeasure of any person in power, might be dragged from his native home and his dearest domestic connexions, thrown into a prison, not to await his trial before a judge or a jury, from a knowledge of whom, he might be encouraged to hope for speedy justice; but to exchange his imprisonment in his own country, for fetters among strangers, conveyed to a distant land, where no friend nor relative would alleviate his distresses or minister to his necessities, and where no witness could be found to testify his innocence, shunned by the respectable and honest, and consigned to the society and converse of the wretched and abandoned, he could only pray them to end his misery with his life.

Truly alarmed at the fatal tendency of these pernicious councils, and with hearts filled with anguish, by invasions so ingenious of their dearest privileges, the house prostrated themselves at the foot of the throne, beseeching the king, as their sovereign and father, to avert, from his faithful and loyal subjects, the miseries which must necessarily be the consequences of such measures.

The address concluded, by expressing the firm confidence of the house, in the royal wisdom and goodness, and assurances that the daily prayers of his people in the province, were addressed to the Almighty; that he might, long and prosperously, reign over Great Britain and his other dominions; and that, after death, he might taste the fullest fruition of eternal bliss; and that one of his descendants might wield the sceptre over the extended British empire, till time should be no more.

The Governor informed the house by message that some of the resolves on their journals, after the assurances he had given them in his speech, had sapped the foundation of confidence and gratitude, torn up by the root every sanguine hope he had entertained to render the province any further service, if he had rendered it any, and made it his indispensable duty to put an end to the session.

The house replied that his assurances at the opening of the session, of the repeal of certain acts, so contrary to the interests both of Great Britain and America, had the repeal of them been in his power, would have been a certainty, upon which the house could not but have relied, without indeed sapping the foundation of confidence and gratitude, and justly forfeiting all title to his future favor and services; but as those assurances were in consequence of expectation formed on the intentions of ministers to recommend such repeals to Parliament, who might not be in place at the next meeting of that body, the house could not but think it a duty they indispensably owed to their constituents, to express their disapprobation of acts and measures, in their apprehension, grievous and unconstitutional. To this motive alone, they begged him to impute these resolves and not to a loss of confidence in him, or a want of a very grateful remem-

brance of the signal services he had rendered to the province; and they took this opportunity of declaring to the world that the benefit which had accrued to the province from his administration had excited in their bosoms the warmest sensations of gratitude, and would deservedly obtain for him the blessings of posterity.

The Governor answered he was sorry to observe the house had founded their late conduct on a jealousy of the intention of the ministers, who might not be in office at the next meeting of Parliament. He assured them he had received the sentiment which he had communicated as the voice of the crown, and did not believe a change in the ministry would produce any in the measures adopted by the king's present servants.

The characteristic letter from Governor Tryon to the Earl of Hillsborough, dated 22d of November, 1769, will illustrate with sufficient clearness the brief but proud history of the fifteen days during which his arbitrary spirit brooked and tolerated the utterance of liberal principles. The petition of the citizens of Tryon, found among the papers of the late Waightstill Avery, and endorsed in his well-known hand writing, and of the citizens of Rowan and Orange, presented by Herman Husband, as well as the letter of Governor Tryon, referred to above are now published for the first time. They exhibit the expanding causes of dissension, and the new issues between the people and the government, in a very different light from that ordinarily reflected upon them by the most accurate of our historians :

BRUNSWICK, 22d November, 1769.

I am to inform your Lordship by a vessel that sails to-morrow from this river for Hull, that I opened the General Assembly of this province on Monday the 23d of October, and that on Thursday, the second of this month, the House of Assembly, without the least previous knowledge of their intention being communicated to me, unanimously adopted and entered upon their journal some resolves, with an address to his Majesty, similar to what was framed by the House of Burgesses of Virginia, in May last.

As the address of the Assembly in answer to my speech had been prepared some days before this transaction, and only waited till my health would permit me to receive it; I sent to the House on Friday the 3d of November, to present their address to which I made a reply. Saturday, the 4th, I ordered the clerk of the House of Assembly, to wait on me with the votes of that House, where finding the above-mentioned resolves and address entered their upon journals, about noon the same day I sent for the immediate attendance of the House, and expressed to them my sentiments of their conduct, but postponed the dissolution of the Assembly.

till Monday, as I understood they had a bill preparing for the appointment of an agent agreeable to the form prescribed by his Majesty.

On Monday morning, the 6th, the House of Assembly sent me a message, a copy of which I enclose, together with my answer. At three I went to the Council Chamber, and sent to require the immediate attendance of the House, when, in a speech, I dissolved the General Assembly, after passing a bill for the appointment of Mr. Henry Eustace McCulloch agent for this province for two years, with three other bills.

By the advice of His Majesty's Council writs for a new election are not to issue till the first of February next, the elections to be made the 12th of March, and the Assembly to meet at New-Berne the first week in May, before which period, I much wish to be honored with his Majesty's further commands, and to hear of the repeal of those acts of Parliament laying duties on paper, glass and colors in America.

This province appears to be in a stricter union with Virginia than with any other colony, and I believe will steadily pursue the public conduct of that colony.

I arrived here last Monday, leaving my secretary at New-Berne to collect the journals of the House of Assembly and other public papers, in order that they may be transmitted as early as possible to your Lordship's office. This is my apology for sending your Lordship at this time printed copies of the principal transactions of the last Assembly.

I beg leave here to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordships letters up to No. 25 inclusive. I have endeavored to comply with the directions contained in them.

I am, my Lord, with much respect and real esteem, your Lordship most obedient, &c.

WILLIAM TRYON.

PETITION FROM THE CITIZENS OF TRYON COUNTY.

To His Excellency William Tryon, Governor and Commander in Chief in and over this His Majesty's Province of North Carolina; the Honorable His Majesty's Council; and gentlemen of the General Assembly of this Province:

The petition of the inhabitants of Tryon county, being of the Presbyterian denomination, humbly sheweth that we your petitioners humbly conceive that we have been much aggrieved for some years last past by an act concerning marriages.

1. By the preamble wherein it is set forth that the ministers of our profession not considering themselves included and restrained by the laws theretofore made and provided, did fraudulently and unlawfully celebrate

marriage without license or publication of banns. This charge we do aver is wrongfully thrown upon us. We are sorry that a report so scandalous to us and injurious to that reputation we desire always to maintain has ever once been believed. The practice had not then, nor at any other time before obtained among us. The constitution of our church requires thrice publication of banns, in common with our brethren of the church of England; and if any minister presumes to join persons in wedlock without license or publication of banns he brings himself under the penalty of a total suspension from his office by the rules of our church.

2. By the eighth and ninth sections of this act our ministers are forbid to marry with rightful publication of banns—a privilege which a million of our fellow professors in America now enjoy, whose ancestors have enjoyed ever since they settled on this continent; neither was it ever taken from any dissenters in America until it was taken from us by this act of which we now complain. We pray and beseech you, therefore, to restore us back to the enjoyment of this privilege, in common with our neighboring provinces. Let us not, we intreat, be the only persons to whom it is denied. Our hopes, trust and confidence is that in your wisdom, after due consideration had, you will alter the several clauses complained of, and permit our clergy to celebrate marriage, with publication of banns, and your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray.

PETITION FROM ORANGE AND ROWAN COUNTIES.

To his Excellency William Tryon, Esq., Captain General, Governor, and Commander in Chief in and over the Province of North Carolina; To the Honorable the members of His Majesty's Council; Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

The humble petition of us inhabitants of Orange and Rowan counties, true and faithful subjects of His Majesty King George III, sheweth:

That we your petitioners do now and long have labored under many and heavy exactions, oppressions and enormities, committed on us by Court officers in every station—the source of which our said calamity we impute to the countenance and protection they receive from such of our lawyers and clerks as have obtained seats in the House of Representatives, and who, intent on making their own fortunes, are blind to, and solely regardless of their country's interest, are ever planning such schemes, or projecting such laws, as may best effect their wicked purposes; (witness the summons and petitions act, calculated purely to enrich themselves and creatures, at the expense of the poor and industrious peasant, besides a certain air of confidence, a being part of the Legislature, gives these gentlemen to the perpetration of every kind of enormity, within reach of their respective offices;) and seeing numbers either from interested views, for the sake of treats, or from some other sordid motive, are still so in-

fatuated and will be as to vote for these gentleman whereby to advance them to that important trust, though themselves and family sink as a consequence, and seing those inconsiderate wretches involve your poor petitioners, together with thousands of other honest, industrious families in the common destruction; we therefore humbly implore your Excellency, your honors and your worships, in the most supplicating manner, to consider of and pass an act to prevent, and effectually restrain, all and every lawyer and clerk whatsoever from offering themselves as candidates at any future election of Delegates within the Province, and in case any such should be chosen the choice shall be utterly void in the same manner as the law now allows in case of sheriffs being elected.

And may it please you to consider of and pass an act whereby to allow clerks of the court and crown, &c., certain yearly stated salaries instead of perquisites, making it highly penal for any clerk to demand, or even to receive, directly or indirectly, any fee, gift or reward, under color of his office, any other than his certain stated salary, and in order to raise the said salary, may it please you to lay a certain fine of so much in the pound on every action brought to trial, with half so much on such as are compromised before issue joined, as to you in your great wisdom shall seem meet, which said fines shall be collected at the same time and in the same manner with all other taxes.

And may it please you to consider of and pass an act effectually to restrain lawyers from demanding, or even receiving, any other or greater fee or reward than is now established by the laws of this Province, with only half so much for all such actions as shall be compromised before trial. And as we humbly conceive the fees now allowed by law are highly sufficient, and that any other or greater fee were oppression and cruelty, and can serve no other purpose than to enrich one part of his Majesty's subjects and beggar the other, we therefore beseech you to make such severe act, in order to restrain such open violation of the laws as to you in your great wisdom shall seem meet.

And seeing the now acting clerks have, notwithstanding their many enormities, so fortified themselves against all the laws now in force, as to render themselves invulnerable to prosecutions, partly from their own superior cunning and partly from our invincible ignorance: we humbly beseech you to take the same under your serious consideration, and for our relief to pass an act to cashier all the now acting clerks, and fill their places with gentlemen of probity and integrity; and may it please you to insert some clause in said act, prohibiting judges, lawyers or sheriffs from fingering any of their fees, directly or indirectly, until the cause, suit or action, on the which the said fee is due be brought to a final determination, and that all obligations for more than the legal fee to be void in law;

this measure will, we hope, effectually prevent those odious delays in justice so destructive, yet fatally common among us.

And may it please you to grant us a repeal of the act prohibiting dissenting ministers from marrying according to the decretals, rites and ceremonies of their respective churches—a privilege they are debarred of in no other part of his Majesty's dominions, and as we humbly conceive, a privilege they stand entitled to by the Act of Toleration; and in, fine, a privilege granted even to the very Catholics in Ireland, and the Protestants in France.

And may it please you to consider of and pass an act to divide the several counties within this Province into proper districts, appointing a collector in each to raise and collect the several taxes laid and to be laid by law, who shall be accountable and make all returns to a county officer to be nominated for that purpose, and who shall settle and account annually with the Assembly. This method will, we humbly conceive, effectually prevent the sheriffs from robbing and plundering the country, and spending their ill-got gains in riot, purchasing estate, or bearing off the same into other Provinces, as they frequently do, to our unspeakable prejudice, who are obliged to make good the deficiency.

And may it please you to consider of and pass an act to tax every one in proportion to his estate, for however equitable the law as it now stands may appear to the inhabitants of the maritime parts of the Province, where estates consist chiefly in slaves, yet to us, in the frontier, where very few are possessed of slaves, though their estates are in proportion in many instances, as of one thousand to one, for all to pay equal, is with submission, very grievous and oppressive.

We beseech you to consider of a repeal of the summons and petition act—an act replete with misery and ruin to the lowest class of people throughout the Province; and may it please you to pass in lieu thereof an act to empower a single magistrate to try and determine as high as five or six pounds, without appeal, assisted by a jury of six men, if demanded by either of the contending parties.

We further beseech you to consider of and pass an act to make inspector's notes on unperishable commodities, of the produce of this Province, a lawful tender, at stated prices, in all payments throughout the Province, as such tenders, we humbly conceive, will not in any shape, interfere with his Majesty's instructions, or with an act of Parliament, prohibiting any further emissions of paper currency in any of his Majesty's colonies or plantations in America.

And may it please you to grant us a division of the county; great inconveniences as well as expense, attend our distance from the courts of justice; and we humbly conceive such division cannot be prejudicial to

any number of persons whatever, and if obtained through your candor would confer the highest benefit on your poor petitioners.

We beseech you to consider of some proper staple or staples of the manufacture or produce of the country, to answer foreign demands; would not (with submission) potash be a fine article to answer the British markets? and, in a country abounding in wood, the very ashes now thrown away might, with encouragement, (if manufactured) be a saving of some thousands per annum to the Province, and render voyages to Riga, Narva, and Dantzick, from Great Britain for that useful commodity needless.

And seeing the state of the sinking fund is a mystery that exercises the ablest heads among us, and according to the best calculation hitherto made £27,000 (besides what is now afloat,) was collected from the Province at the payment of the tax for the year 1767, more than has ever been emitted; and as we humbly conceive the said sums are now in the hands of the treasurer, sheriffs, and other officers, to the great prejudice of the country of whom those sums are re-demanded: We therefore humbly implore you to make diligent inquiries into the several departments and inform yourselves justly of the sums raised, by whom, and to what uses applied; as also enquire strictly into the sums remitted from England, the quantity and disbursement of the same; in like manner inform yourselves how Starkey's notes have been disposed of, and whether the Province has been charged therewith in common with other emissions, which we should not, as his Majesty never assented to the act for striking said notes.

Lastly, we humbly implore you to have your yeas and nays inserted in the journals of your House and copies of such journals, transmitted along with the copies of the acts to every Justice that by this means we may have an opportunity to distinguish our friends from our foes among you, and to act accordingly at any future choice. And by granting us these just, wholesome and necessary laws, you will heal the bleeding wounds of the Province—will conciliate the minds of your poor petitioners, to every just measure of government, will make the laws what the constitution ever designed they should be, our protection and not our bane, and will cause joy, gladness, glee, and prosperity diffusively to spread themselves through every quarter of this extensive Province, from Virginia to the South and from the western hills to the Atlantic ocean. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

Some of the grievances complained of and remedies proposed by these rustic reformers, at their first enunciation are well calculated to produce a smile, if not to provoke ridicule. More deliberate consideration in connection with contemporaneous history may give rise to very different emotions. The careful reader will be surprised to find the extent to which the seemingly crude theories of these backwoods philosophers influenced

our subsequent legislation and impressed themselves on our organic laws. Various provisions in the constitution of 1776 cannot be clearly comprehended without accurate acquaintance with this portion of our history. We will have occasion to refer to the adoption of these principles as they present themselves from time to time. At present, we will content ourselves with a brief reference to the propositions to render lawyers ineligible to the Legislature and to restrain judges, lawyers and sheriffs from illegal collection of fees. These are probably without a parallel in English or American history except in the code of Jack Cade, and yet the causes which gave rise to them may well suggest the enquiry whether there may not have been more justification for the course of that summary statesman than we would infer from the Shakesperian chronicle.

As a general rule the history of civilization the world over shews that lawyers have been the earliest and most earnest advocates of civil liberty. That there are some exceptions may be reasonably inferred from the following statements:

Governor Dobbs entered upon the duties of his office in the autumn of 1754. He was an Irishman, had been a member of the Irish Parliament, was a man of letters, generous impulses, and very moderate abilities. He brought with him a number of his relations and countrymen, who came with high hopes and expectations of official promotion, and lucrative employment. The community were not long in arriving at the conclusion that the modest adventurers succeeded at least in proportion to their merits. He gave offices to as many as could be provided for in that way and when nothing better could be done, license to practice law, without previous study, was a common boon. In 1760, we find the Assembly complaining of his granting licenses to ignorant applicants for the sum of four pistoles, and of the evils arising from the erroneous decisions of *lay Judges*. They referred, among other instances, to the fact that corporal punishment had been inflicted by one of them, the nephew of the Governor, on an innocent person, without a trial by jury, contrary to law and in violation of the great charter of English liberties.

The present Assembly was dissolved too suddenly to admit of the discussion of any one of the measures of reform proposed by the Regulators. We copy from the records of the succeeding Assembly the resolution and report adopted on the 3d of January, 1771, at which time, as it will be seen hereafter, Col. Fanning having deposed Herman Husband, had thrown himself at the head of the Reformers. The judges had apologized for his extortions and it was meet and proper that he should in turn justify the peculations of the Chief Justice.

"Order of the day, the act for regulating officers' fees, passed in the year 1748. *Resolved* that the fee of 3s. to the Chief Justice for every writ,

and the fee of 2*d.* for docketing the said writ, the fee of 2*s.* for a venire in every cause, the fee of 1*s.* for every subpoena, the fee of 6*d.* for every rule and order, not actually made and entered, the fee of 2*s.* for every execution, the fee of 2*s.* 8*d.* for every bill of cost, the fee of 3*s.* 8*d.* for every original attachment (unless the Chief Justice signs it himself,) and the fee of 3*s.* 8*d.* for every sciere facias are abrogated and obsolete.

The House considering "the several fees taxed for the Chief Justice on services formerly literally performed, but by the changes gradually wrought through a considerable lapse of time by different laws respecting the mode of issuing process and regulating the mode of proceeding become disused and obsolete though constantly and uniformly charged by all his predecessors."

"*Resolved*, That this House have a high and just sense of the integrity and probity of the present Chief Justice (Mr. Howards') official conduct and deportment, and that for the reasons aforesaid, he stands in the opinion of the members of this House, acquitted from every the least imputation of fraud or injustice for the receipt of any fees by him for any of the services referred to in the report of the committee."

In the present as in the previous chapter, we have preferred that the actors on both sides shall, where practicable, relate their own story in their own language, rather than substitute glosses or paraphrases of our own. We esteem ourselves fortunate in thus far having had at our command authentic documents, in relation to all the leading facts connected with this hitherto obscure era in our annals.

THE PSALMS.

An Extract from an Address on Hebrew Poetry, delivered by ROBERT P. DICK, ESQ., before the "Fayetteville Female High School," July 6th, 1859.

THERE is no poetry like the Psalms. They have a living beauty and depth of pathos which can never be excelled, and will always wake the highest and holiest harmonies of the human heart. They indeed are immortal! The Iliad and Odyssey, the Æneid and Odes of Horace, the Divina Commedia and Paradise Lost, are as immortal as human language, but when *they* perish, the Psalms will be sung by the angels in Paradise, for they are the songs of God.

For more than a thousand years they were the joy of Zion—the glory of Jerusalem; and how grandly did they rise in the magnificent temple service to the sound of the psaltery and harp, swept by the hands of Korah's tuneful sons. They fired the genius of the ancient prophets as they poured forth their sublime rhapsodies to rebellious Israel and disobedient Judah. They gladdened the solitude of the simple Hebrew shepherd as he lead his flocks through "the green pastures and beside the still waters" of his Heaven blest home, and the dark eyed daughters of Zion knew no sweeter minstrelsy than that which the Royal Minstrel sung. They called up sweet memories and bright hopes in the sad hearts of the captive Israelite, as weeping he sat by the dark waters of Babel and tuned his plaintive harp to sing one of the loved songs of his fatherland.

When the great Macedonian Conqueror came sweeping like a besom of destruction over the decaying empires of the East, these sacred songs were soon translated into the beautifully poetic language of Greece, and were scattered like precious gems over all the nations of the Orient. They were the admiration of the disbelieving Gentile, and roused the patriotic pride of the exiled Jew in the land of the Ptolemies, among the classic groves of Greece, and amid the proud palaces of the seven-hilled city of the Tiber.

The Psalms often engaged the thoughts of Christ and his Apostles as they held holy converse in the wilderness and on the mountains of Judea, and while wandering through the blooming and fruitful valley of the Jordan, and while resting upon the calm bosom of Gennesaret, as it slept beneath the star-lit skies of Galilee. They were the cradle songs which soothed the infant church of Christ; they were the vesper hymns of the pious Waldenses in the quiet vales of the beautiful Piedmont; they kindled the enthusiasm of the chivalric Crusader as he pressed forward amid the arrows of the pestilence and the storm of battle, to the rescue of the

Holy Land; they were the war-notes of the bold Reformer, while he roused Europe from her spiritual lethargy and defied the pealing thunders of the Vatican; in wild and thrilling cadence, they echoed from the glens and caverns of Scotland, where the stern covenanter, fearing nought but God, was preparing to die for the freedom of his faith; they were the farewell strains of the Pilgrim Fathers, as they left their kindred and country, and in holy rapture they rose amid the whistling gale from the deck of the *Mayflower* as she breasted the billows of the stormy Atlantic, and they broke the stillness of the American wilderness and hallowed the land of our fathers. Like the choiring of the cherubim, they floated along the bloody Ganges, and triumphantly did they swell from trusting hearts which quailed not at the martyr's cry of agony, and the Sepoy's vengeful shout.

The Psalms have been heard amid the icy palaces of the frozen North, where the aurora borealis is gleaming; in the far distant isles of the Southern seas, where the ever-green woodlands bud and blossom beneath the pathway of the sun; like angel visitants, with glad music on their wings, they have entered the stately homes of the great, and the humble cottages of the poor, and illumined with heavenly radiance the fading eye of the dying saint; they have nerved the heart of the suffering captive hero in his lonely dungeon, and sustained the fainting martyr at the fiery stake.

The Psalms have been translated into more than a hundred different languages—they have added glory and beauty to all Christian literature, and they are the pure and holy fountains from which the great bards of modern times have drunk their waters of inspiration which has made them immortal, and given to their genius the magic touch that thrills with ecstasy the mystic strings of the human heart.

Wherever the foot of civilized man has trod, these olden songs have gone with their consolation and joy, and although they have passed thro' the revolutions and changes of more than three thousand years, they have the same vitality and freshness now as when they first gushed from the fervid hearts of the old Hebrew bards among the beautiful hills and valleys of the Promised Land.

Thanks be unto Him who rules the destinies of the world, that the time will come when these songs of Zion shall be heard in every land, and every tongue shall sing their praises unto Israel's God.

FAREWELL TO ALMA MATER.*

An Epistle to Mr. ———, Senior Sophister,

BY TALBOT BRAINS, A. B.

DEAR D——, (your foreign name my verse defies,)
 In melancholy mood your Talbot writes;
 Would he could cry, as one before him cries,
 His pen obedient, as his heart indites;
 But now his gloom no muse propitious lights;
 His Pegasus of late, the sorry nag,
 Has got so restive in his humble flights,
 That often for a rhyme he now must lag,
 And spite of whip and spur still falter will and flag.

Yet onward still the jaded steed I urge,
 And pen reluctant in bad ink *immerse*,
 If that's the proper word, if not *immerge*,
 For I must—humph! there is no rhyme but *curse*,
 Bid ALMA MATER long adieu in verse;
 Which verses, when in private you have read,
 Sit on West-Building steps and loud rehearse;
 Proclaim in tones enough to rouse the dead
 From Carolina's soil, that TALBOT BRAINS hath fled.

Then let T—— O—— cry, with rueful brow,
 And eye upturn'd and fist upon his breast,
 Ye who have tears prepare to shed them now!
 Lo! mighty BRAINS, by direful Fate's behest
 Impell'd, now sorrowing seeks the distant West;
 Oh Grief! perhaps e'en now he just attains
 The summit high of Alleghany's crest,
 And casts a last look on his native plains!
 Alas! and art thou gone, oh TALBOT, TALBOT BRAINS.

No more alas! he breathes Boeotian air,
 He journeys swiftly toward the valley broad,
 Primeval wooded, through whose bosom fair
 The Sire of Rivers rolls his mighty flood
 In majesty along; whose virgin sod,
 Yet unprofaned, enshrines no human clay,
 Save of a race unknown, that whilom trod
 The earth they now compose—and past away,
 Leaving no monument their name or deeds to say.

The same cold silence that dwells in their tombs,
 Broods with dark pinion o'er their untold tale;
 No ray historic its mute page illumines;
 And ne'er shall mortal vision pierce the veil
 Of mystery, which in oblivion pale,

* We are indebted to a distinguished scholar of this State for the privilege of publishing the following poem. It was written in 1831 by the late PHILLIP W. ALSTON, then of Edenton, and has never been published before.

Forever wraps their origin and date ;
 Fancy shrinks mute—e'en must conjecture fail,
 Powerless its misty shroud to penetrate,
 To trace an outline dim of their mysterious fate.

We know indeed they *fought*—no other trace
 Exists—but signs of slaughter still remain ;
 Needless disclosure ! when, where breathed the race,
 Where Man ne'er sought to kill his fellow-man ?
 The remnants of no temple strew the plain,
 But ruins still exist, for War designed !
 This people then inherited, 'tis plain,
 The brute propensities of all their kind,
 But left to future days no monument of mind.

They lived ; they fought ; they died ; we know no more ;
 Ask we, *Whence came they ? Whither have they fled ?*
Sprang they from exiles of the Syrian shore ?
Or from the Cambrian band that Madoc led ?
What Poets starved—what mighty Warriors bled ?
What were their deeds in arts or arms ? Alas !
 We know their living only by their dead ;
 And they are mute as the sepulchral grass
 Born of their clay—to which it soon again must pass.

Grave lesson to the worshipers of Fame !
 Approach—and in their fate behold your own !
 Their heroes fought for an eternal name,
 Their poets wrote for readers yet unborn ;
 And yet their battles and their rhymes unknown,
 Must sleep for aye in cold Oblivion's cell :
 Their names, their people, e'en their language gone,
 No lone memento has escaped to tell
 What tuneful brethren sung, what warriors nobly fell.

Ay ! and the far-off epoch I foresee,
 Which, distant though it be, must yet arrive,
 When mighty Bacon shall forgotten be,
 And Locke's and Newton's names shall cease to live ;
 When Grattan's, Washington's shall not survive ;
 When Shakspeare's, Spenser's, Milton's—all that give
 Glory to empires, lustre to their age,
 Byron's, e'en TALBOT'S last and greatest personage.

Yes, each and all must perish : for of rhyme
 And reason all the changes have been rung ;
 Unless another leaf is turn'd by time,
 Life will be but a tame, dull farce ere long ;
 Those folks foregone have wrought us grievous wrong,
 For, doing all, they left us nought to do ;
 Pass some few years, in science or in song ;
 Beneath the sun there can be nothing new—
 And men will pray for more dark ages to ensue.

Indeed it would be well, ('twere easy shown,)
 If, save the Scriptures, all our books were burn'd ;
 All instruments were into *Ætna* thrown,

And everything forgot that e'er was learned;
 Man to his goal of ignorance return'd,
 Another race of knowledge then would rush on;
 Each son of science with fair wreath adorn'd,
 As on he trudged another's heels would crush on,
 And "coruscations" bright strike forth at each "concussion."

This point I would dilate on; but I find
 To suit the important topic that I lack words;
 You may look wise, and talk of "march of mind,"
 Soon must it march, in Irish fashion, backwards;
 This "march of mind," &c., are the crack-words
 Of th' age; from every tyro's mouth they're bandied;
 Scarcely I find a rhyme, although I rack words
 To patch one up; and here I'm fairly stranded;
 But at the stanza's end at length I'm safely landed.

Hum! Where am I?—Pray pardon the digression;
 A rhyme refractory too often forces
 Me in a train of thinking, whose expression
 Abstracts me from the subject. Rhymes of verses
 The rudders are, by which thoughts steer their courses
 (So Butler says,) thus oft I must be guided
 Into digression, till a thought divorces
 Me from its yoke, which through my cranium slid,
 (Don't mind the rhyme,) and brings us where we turn aside did.

But let us to the point. Ere he forsakes
 The country of his ancestors, and seeks
 The land of steamboats and of rattlesnakes;
 In doleful dumps the tearful TALBOT wrecks
 His thought into expression and now speaks
 A final farewell to the seat of knowledge.
 He wishes he was there; though the last weeks
 He frankly must confess he spent at College
 From him for all its pleasures took away the whole edge.

Tough Alexandrine that! but I am ill able
 Just now to stop my Pegasus and mend it;
 In spite of supernumerary syllable,
 When I begin a stanza, I must end it;
 If 'tis too bad, to Billy C—— send it,
 And he will have it polished in a minute;
 I was too sleepy last night when I penned it
 To see the harsh cacophony within it,
 And hate to change my *rhyme-word* when I once begin it.

"The point!" you say; well, let us to the point,
 But with my verses don't get in a rage;
 With my poor muse, the "times are out of joint,"
 And the same subject long she can't engage,
 But seeks variety on every page;
 I ne'er pored much o'er nonsense mathematic,
 Which "disciplines the mind," says every sage,
 Reflect, she never had the bliss ecstatic,
 Of conning problems when my muse becomes erratic.

If he who ever doats on sines and angles,
 Can therefore be a practical logician,
 Then too can he, in county court who wrangles
 Purge, bleed and blister well as a physician;
 Were I a dab at cuts and thrusts Horatian,
 I'd do 't myself; but I can only wish an-
 Other Erasmus, glory of his age,
 Would drive these mathematic Vandals off the stage.

I know that mathematic lore's the mother
 Of many noble interesting Facts;
 Let's learn the facts—but why our cranium bother
 With all the processes of y plus x ,
 That any head but Newton's must perplex,
 By which were gotten those conclusions great?
 A knowledge of the process who exacts
 By which were cooked the things we like to eat?
 An illustration Mr. ——— cannot beat.

True, we have cooks; so let us have philosophers,
 But cook nor chemist e'er should thrust his glasses
 And pots in every luckless face whose nose offers;
 Faugh! as athwart my recollection passes
 The odorous thought of Mr. M——'s gases,
 My hand instinctive leaps to my proboscis,
 And ready finger on each nostril places,
 Till every avenue to smell it closes,
 So mindful of its fate of old my wounded nose is.

"The point!" again you say; well, to the point.
 Please say for me, dear D——, if you can venture,
 In longer words than Johnson ever coined,
 And stentorophonic more than e'er was Stentor,
 FAREWELL TO ALMA MATER, (it don't enter
 Into my head to think you can refuse it.)
 Inform her dear old ladyship, I sent her
 (Put specs upon her nose, and she'll peruse it.)
 A long adieu in verse, ere to the West I mosey'd.

Not without some few cardial qualms, I find;
 For who to cold forgetfulness a prey,
 The country of his fathers e'er resigned,
 To distant realms pursued his weary way,
 (This line at least I do not steal from Gray.)
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind-a?
 Therefore, when I at length my wanderings stay,
 To her my muse long elegies will whine-a,
 Full thousand miles away from poor degraded Carolina.

Degraded Carolina!—why degraded?
 I have a notion here to make a speech;
 But my poor Pegasus is now so jaded,
 He scorns the spur and kicks up at the switch;
Purpureum pannum therefore here I'll stitch,
 (Horace, ahem! don't you admire my Latin?)
 A ray of an immortal poem, which

You heard, but sure you know what room you sat in,
And which I here insert because it comes pat in.

Sprung from the seeds dropped on a desert coast,
From the wide branches of the parent tree ;
(Children in a far wilderness exposed,
Who grew to adolescence, and then broke
With youthful vigor the parental yoke ;—
Star, in a constellation of the free,
It shone as proudly as its peers—and spoke
Promise, that in a bright maturity
Not least among the throng in splendor it should be.

Like Lucifer it fell not—nor did *lose*
A single beam ; yet in that cluster fair
That lights the occident, not as it rose
Shines Carolina's emblematic star ;
Nay, younger luminaries now there are
That since have ranged them in the glorious throng,
Which put to shame, with a more gaudy glare,
Their older sister—and we fear ere long
She'll take a lower place her brighter peers among.

To make the contrast worse—a neighbor gleams,
Mars of the system—with a fierce red light,
Causing her northern namesake's milder beams,
T' appear more dull, and languid to the sight.
But why, oh Muse ! appeareth thus less bright
The Carolinian star ? Why in the crown
That gems the sable brow of *Æthiop* night,
Obscure have its coruscations grown ?
(From regions high, where too aspiring thou hast flown,

My Pegasus descend !) Why hath our State
Among her sisters ta'en a lower place ?
Because it hath been her peculiar fate
To stick stock-still, while they pursue the race.
Her charioteers—they grin a sad grimace,
And with a lowly genuflexion kneel,
And call on Hercules, with sorrowing face ;
Deeply each seems the sad mishap to feel,
But mark—not one doth put his shoulder to the wheel.

The people's slaves, the rulers of the State,
Expend their time in vain garrulity,
Or make gigantic efforts—to abate
A sixpence of a Judge's salary ;
While Education and Improvement lie
Sleeping upon the table—(oh ! they scout
Expensive projects,) with contention high
They prate of Sheriffs, or of *bank-bills* spout,
Till BANK BILLS fill their pockets, drawn the people's out.

Soundly they sleep—no cabalistic word,
No voice can rouse them from their lethargy,
Nor break the opiate spell. Has none been heard ?

One, as a trumpet shrill, was lifted high ;
 From classic bow'rs it came—the thrilling cry,
Improvement!—passed the whole wide country round,
 And as its powerful accents thundered by,
 Among the western hills loud echoes found,
 And Currituck's far shore was startled at the sound.

Th' effect? The ignorant were sore amazed,
 And greatly wondered what he would be at;
 Some called him *Southern Clinton*—many praised,
 One dubbed him *clerical aristocrat*;
 (Now who it was I don't pretend to state,
 But certainly 'twas from the tongue of Spite ;*)
 It seemed a great sensation to create,
 And, it was hoped, a spirit would excite
 Such plans to execute as prompted him to write.

And that was all—he only caused to smoke,
 The moist materials which he breathed upon ;
 No noble flame arose. In vain he spoke,
 The matter ended just where it begun.
 To build his wall, Amphion caused to run
 The rocks!—but not thus Carlton with his rod ;
 Enchanted with his minstrely, each stone
 Leaped upon end, and wondering listener stood—
 He ceased—and back again it fell, a senseless clod.

These lines irrelevant—whether you squandered
 Your precious time on, or skipped fairly o'er them,
 I care not—but my muse enough has wandered,
 And I return to what I said before them.
 For my digressions, much do I deplore them ;
 But now no more your patience I'll abuse,
 So on your memory's tablet do not score them.
 Lachrymal globules from my peepers ooze,
 As now to each and all I tender my adieus.

The Faculty—for 'twould be very rude
 To pass their worships by in silence chill ;
 Grateful I am for every grain of good
 I got from them—and pardon pounds of ill ;
 The learning which they labored to instil,
 Of what is useful I got *quantum suff.*,
 'Of t'other sort, a little was a fill ;
 I had of musty mathematic stuff,
 More than sufficient—(vide Blair)—I had *enough*.

To Mr. H—— extend my best respects ;
 I would essay my compliments to wrench
 Into his language—but my muse reflects
 She writes dog-English better than dog-French :
 Of Spanish, I am ign'rant as a bench,
 Acquaintance with it I shall ne'er renew an ;
 Against its guttural my teeth I clench,
 E'er since I tried to cough "*Don Jorge Juan*,"
 Which effort nearly proved my vocal organ's ruin.

* Qu. Speight?

Perhaps, dear D——, my style don't suit leave-taking,
 'But yet,' though *unmæstose* my words may be,
 As tuneful misses squall, "my heart is breaking;"
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
 (Goldsmith) my heart will fondly turn to thee;
 Write, write, dear D——, and when you write direct
 To Randolph, Tipton county, Tennessee,
 For there to cease my roving I expect
 Next May, if boilers are not burst, and steamboats wreck'd.

T—— O—— —! now in fancy fast I have him
 Transfixing Science with his bloody bayonet;
 As *meat-axe* looking fierce. The theme I gave him
 Wrote he on it, and what then did he say on it?
 I know he must have cast of light a ray on it;
 That termination vile! 'Tis truly sweet
 To think that now no more I have to play on it;
 And now this stanza, how shall I complete,
 And give the last long line its quota due of feet?

Your class—to *Raleigh, Turkey, Poet, Moses,*
 Put pretty parson *Powell*, portly *Pitchford*,
 Whose name euphonious no rhyme discloses,
 Save cognomen of *Raleigh-tailor, Litchford*;
 None perfect more I find, although I itch for 't,
 His very name has got me in a hobble,
 And well his hairy hide deserves a switch for 't;
 But now my promontory eight I double,
 And weather into port, but not without much trouble.

And now of all my friends the list I'd call,
 And all a-piece a stanza would present 'em,
 But I must bid them farewell—one and all;
 I hope the general *vale* I have sent 'em
 Will answer just as well, as "*argumentum*
Ad hominem," for every individual.
 My rhymes are now too long; I'll not extend 'em,
 But of an useless plague at once to rid you all.
 I lump you, great and small, and long good-bye I bid you all.

Farewell! A word that must be, and hath been;
 A sound which makes us linger—yet—FAREWELL!
 Ye who these harum-scarum lines have seen,
 (They're TALBOT's last,) if on your spirits dwell
 A lingering thought of him—if on ye swell
 A single recollection—he attains
 The summit of his wishes. Oh! to tell
 You all good bye, him to the core it pains!
 But it must be—so all good-bye! goth

TALBOT BRAINS.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

FROM the beginning of post-diluvian history till now, language and arms have shared the dominion of the world. Scarcely had the mass of mankind settled down after the confusion at Babel, than their petty communities began to prey upon each other, for the acquisition of territory and riches; and in a short time kingdoms began to extend their boundaries far and wide; and wealth, luxury, and ease begat in their possessors a desire for the cultivation of mind. It would be an exceedingly interesting study to follow the history of language, written and spoken, from the first rude picture-writing, and the scarcely less skillful onomatopœia, unintelligible except by the gestures of the narrator, to the formation of letters representing the sounds of the human voice, and the rapid growth of national vocabularies. But passing over the period in which this important change was effected, as well as the many hypotheses to account for the origin of language, let us transport ourselves farther down the pathway of centuries, till history assumes the place of fable, and uncertainty merges into truth. The success in conquest and colonization that had early attended the efforts of the Greeks, and the consequent increase in luxury and leisure, afforded them ample opportunities to add to their warlike reputation the nobler fame of excelling in the arts of peace; they resolved to push their conquests into the dominion of mind, and earn there laurels that would be at once a blessing and a boast to all posterity. It would be useless to tell of their achievements; how, under the masterly management of Grecian writers, the rude dialects were moulded into a graceful language, as a mass of marble is transformed into a beautiful statue under the skilful hands of the artist; and how, when Grecian prowess could offer no obstacle to the superior fortune and arms of Rome, her divine philosophy and wealth of letters made her yet the mistress of mind, as she had once been supreme in arms.

The same phenomena may be observed in the history of Rome. A few centuries of warlike activity resulted in the possession of a boundless empire; then the usual concomitants of greatness began to appear, and scarcely had the voice of Cato, the Censor, recommending the expulsion of the Greek philosophers from Rome, ceased to echo along the forum, than wealthy senators began to patronize learning and art, and the lore of Greece was transferred to the capital of its conquerors. And when subsequent degeneracy had opened her gates to the Barbarians, and Rome could no longer *dictate* laws, she *gave* them as a priceless inheritance to her foes, to whom she likewise imparted her religion and her culture.

This religion and culture fell upon unfruitful ground, which had to be irrigated and enriched by the blood of many battle fields, before it was ready to yield a plentiful harvest. The seeds were scattered throughout the whole of Europe; but it was reserved for Germany, which had earliest come in contact with Roman arms and arts, to bear fruit the soonest, and to initiate the measures that were to reform the world. The art of printing, invented by Guttenberg, of Mentz, about 1434, was shortly followed by the discovery of the true planetary system, by Copernicus; while at the same time Luther was thundering against the strongholds of Popery; and a few years subsequently, Kepler discovered the laws of the planetary movements. It is true that in England, previously to the time of the Reformation, Wyckliffe had fearlessly combatted the doctrine of popish supremacy, insofmuch that he has been called "the Morning Star of the Reformation;" but he only served to announce the present coming of Luther's sun in all its mid-day splendor; and Schwartz, of Cologne, contests with Roger Bacon the invention of gun-powder.

This much had the German mind, peculiarly adapted to close application, delicate experiments, and careful inductions, worked out for the benefit of humanity; hitherto their investigations had been confined to the more immediately practical departments of human science, but now, while in England, Lord Bacon was propagating doctrines destined to revolutionize philosophy, and Shakspeare was laying the foundations of his immortality, Grotius, on the continent, pushed his inquiries into the theory of International Law, and composed a treatise, which was to be the reference-book of all coming times. And while the strains of Milton were yet echoing along the English shore, and the Cartesian philosophy was paramount in the dominion of mind, Leibnitz, the contemporary and compeer of Locke and Newton, arose in Germany, and built up a system of philosophy, which yet shares with Kant the possession of German belief.

Thus far have we observed the two important, yet distinct, eras in scientific history of Germany. The alchemysts had long set before the world the example of experimenting, and the thinkers of Germany, turning their investigations to sober pursuits, were enabled to invent printing and gun-powder. Luther devoted his attention to religion, and introduced the grand experiment of the Reformation. By this time study had prepared the mind for deeper researches and more subtle inductions; and therefore came the doctrines of Copernicus, succeeded by Kepler, and then by the more refined reasoning of Grotius, and the delicate arguments of Leibnitz.

To enumerate all the benefits that have accrued, and shall yet accrue, to the world by virtue these labors would be impossible. But a few centuries have elapsed since they began to be useful; and yet the great mass of

mankind have advanced farther in science and all the arts of living, than they did in the thousands of preceding years. The inventions and theories promulgated by these master minds were calculated to benefit, not a single State, but the whole family of nations; they were not to be confined to a single great nation, which would be glory enough for most men, but they were to increase the circle of their influence for the regeneration of the world. Many persons seem to me to have mistaken the cause for the effect, when they attribute the invention of printing to the sudden revival of intelligence throughout Europe; and build up grand theories about the elasticity of the human mind, to account for the marvellous changes then effected. But it seems evident to me that the invention of printing was the prime cause of the revival of intelligence. For many years the human mind had slumbered in ignorance; the wealthiest libraries could afford to buy but comparatively few manuscripts; and the Romish priests made use of their learning only to cherish the ignorance and superstition of the laity, as is well illustrated by the doctrine of many of the successors to the Chair of St. Peter, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." Whatever good influences the Crusades may have exerted by introducing Europeans to the civilization of the Eastern nations, it is historically true that no sensible improvement was made till the art of printing was promulgated, and men had an opportunity of comparing the thoughts of their fellows with their own, and freedom was given for the development of mind. If this theory be true, then the world is indebted to Germany for its civilization, and the experimenters of the fifteenth century are entitled to the lasting gratitude of mankind.

It would be a task of but little difficulty to write many pages of the effects in the other departments in which Germany took the lead; of the greatly increased accuracy of astronomical knowledge, resulting from the investigations of Copernicus and Kepler, who had the satisfaction of not only freeing Science of a theory radically false, but of also discovering the true one. Of the Reformation I cannot speak—it embraces many books within itself; and of scarcely less importance were the labors of Grotius, in establishing and defining the principles, taught by the Bible, which should govern nations in their intercourse. Mental Philosophy and Mathematics, hand in hand, rose to almost their present perfection under the fostering care of Leibnitz, for whom it is sufficient to say that he was in advance of Newton even in discovering the *Infinitesimal Calculus*; and that Sir William Hamilton, the King of Mental Philosophers, has adopted many of his ideas.

We have now come to the third, and last, period in the scientific, or rather, artistic, history of Germany, when poetry and the plastic arts were so successfully cultivated. But in order to understand the subject thor-

oughly, it will be necessary to notice the course of national affairs for a century or two anterior. From the time when Charles V. was elected Emperor of Germany, the nation had been in almost continual warfare. The five successive wars waged by Charles against his rival Francis I., of France, had scarcely ceased to devastate the country, and distract the national mind, when the quarrels between the Protestants and Papists opened a new field for bloodshed. Early in the next century, the Evangelical Union, headed successively by Frederic, Elector Palatine, Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, and Conde and Turenne, carried on the Thirty Years War against the Catholic League, commanded by Maximilian and Tilly, and afterwards by Tilly and Wallenstein. Peace had not been long declared between the belligerents, when a new quarrel in behalf of the Dutch gave rise to a new war with France, which was terminated by the peace of Nimeguen. The League of Augsburg occasioned a second war which ended in the peace of Ryswick in 1697.

But Leopold was doomed to yet a third encounter with France upon the tented field. The rival claims of Phillip V., grandson of Louis XIV., of France, and the heir by testament of Charles II. to the throne of Spain; and of Archduke Charles, son of Leopold—gave rise to the war of the Spanish Succession, in which Marlborough, and Prince Eugene gained their immortal laurels; and which, Marlborough being withdrawn from the command, in consequence of factions at home, resulted in the discomfiture of the allies, and the triumph of Louis XIV., by the Peace of Utrecht, which secured the succession to the Bourbons. Thus, for nearly two centuries the Germans had been associated with the French, either in the capacity of enemies, or of allies; and the consequence was that the French influence greatly predominated throughout Germany. The French language had become fashionable and French writers popular. Poems and novels were written, theatres conducted, and in fact, all the arts of life managed *a la France*. So far was this carried, so far did the Germans lose their nationality, and become the mental bond-slaves of France, that Pere Bourhours, above a century ago, asked: *Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?* Meaning, doubtless, that they had lost the spirit of enterprise, and the desire for the leadership in every useful art that had so distingushed their fathers. But, now French Literature began to be really worthy of study. While Louis XIV and his generals were everywhere extending the military rule of France, another body of men were engaged in works that were to endure when the oft-contested boundaries of the kingdom should be changed, and were to immortalize the age and the name of Louis, when his military glory would be forgotten. Corneille led the van, followed in quick succession by La Fontaine, Moliere, Bossuet, Racine, Fenelon, Boileau, Rollin, and several other

famous writers, who added not a little to the dominion and popularity of the French language.

Under such instructors German literature did not languish; nor did there result, as might probably have been expected, a long continued imitation of the French. Fired with the thought of making for Germany a Literature of her own, Lessing began the struggle, in company with Mendelssohn and Nicolai. In the space of a few years, other writers came to their assistance. Men of giant minds were born; and their exertions have thrown a yet additional lustre around the German name. Charles, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, at the suggestion of his mother, conceived the idea of making his little capital the literary metropolis of Germany—I had almost said, of the world. Wieland was there already; Goethe was soon called, and after him came Herder and Schiller. The German stage, which had thus far been a bad imitation of the French, was established on a footing of its own. Lessing's "Laocoon" had done much towards the formation of a correct taste, not in poetry only, but in painting and sculpture. The genius of Goethe and Schiller reformed the taste of the nation, and carried poetry to an unprecedented excellence—so much so, that Goethe's name has been placed by admiring critics in that niche of fame, formerly appropriated to Homer and Shakspeare, as the only three men to whom the word, GENIUS has ever been applicable.

Lessing may be looked upon as the Reformer of the German literature, in the same sense that Wickliffe was a reformer of morals, but it was reserved for Goethe to perfect the revolution in letters, as for Luther in morals. Goethe's works have exercised a controlling influence over the literary taste of Germany, as it is yet destined to affect the world; and to give to the language he wrote in that ascendancy which France has lost, mainly through his instrumentality. The German language must become in a great measure classical; simply because it was the language of Goethe and Schiller. The English language, hallowed by the writings of Shakspeare and Milton, and spreading over a vast continent, can never be wholly forgotten; but a languor has overspread the minds of its writers—and England prides herself upon the remembrance of her former glory; America is satisfied with claiming a distant descent from Shakspeare's countrymen; while Germany is yet pushing her researches into every department of Science, and winning for herself a classic renown. The best scholars in the world are natives of Germany; and it is sufficient to name Humboldt and Liebig, to make good her claim to a pre-eminence in the pursuits of Physical Science. The English, until late years, were too proud to acknowledge that greatness could exist anywhere, save in England; and their descendants in America, cherishing the same spirit, are well, though not very classically characterized by Mr. Halliburton, in

his "Clock-maker," who puts into the mouth of a Yankee the words: "The British are the greatest nation on airth, and we can whip the British." Perhaps no Englishman has done more towards opening the eyes of his countrymen to the true merits of Germany, than Mr. Carlyle; whose admirable criticisms on the German writers are well worth the study of any man. Now, however, the claims of Germany to superiority are beginning to be admitted on all sides; men are opening their eyes, and wondering why they did not perceive it before; and I venture to predict that the time is soon coming when a thorough acquaintance with its literature, will be indispensably requisite to a finished education.

The spoken language of Germany, although it possesses not the richly flowing sounds characteristic of the Southern dialects of Europe, is yet far from being destitute of beauties. Unlike the French, each syllable is pronounced; and a few simple rules once thoroughly learnt, make us masters of the pronunciation. Nor are the words themselves destitute of expressiveness. Uncouth as they appear to the eye, with their oft-recurring consonants, they issue from the lips of a native with the richness and force that almost emulate the Greek. And like the Greek, too, the German language is eminently fitted for compounding words, expressing all the meaning, and doubling the force of a lengthy circumlocution.

This is not the place to give a detailed account of the grammar of the language, and I shall finish this article as soon as possible; satisfied if the subject attract the attention of others more able to discuss it at large. There can surely be no necessity to invite attention to a literature so famous as the German. The mere enumeration of German writers who have obtained a wide celebrity, and have enriched the world-literature with many precious thoughts, would startle the thoughtless. And it becomes the duty of educated men at least not to permit so much wisdom, and feeling, and truth, to moulder unnoticed upon long-neglected shelves; for wisdom, and feeling, and truth, belong to no single nation, but to the world—to humanity; and they who do not improve the opportunity for learning, are guilty of a waste the most criminal before the eye of Heaven.

A LESSON FROM THE POET.

BY LAWRENCE LEE, ESQ.

"MALO me Galatea petit."—VIRGIL.

"Galatea seeks me for harm."—LEE.

THE truth of the proposition that times change and men change with them I shall not have the hardihood to call in question. But this I know, that, however times change and men change, women change not. We learn from the poet that eighteen hundred years ago the fair nymphs who bloomed like water-lilies along the banks of the woody Mincius, not content with the humble style of "the sought," aspired to the more lofty title of the "seeker." A slight observation has convinced me that the ambitious spirit of these early maids still lives among their sisters of more modern date. But should they be blamed for it? It were surely a hard thing for an apple to ripen and blush unseen, and at last fall to the ground untasted. How much harder for a luscious lassie to dry up on the stem, unplucked—pining in virgin loneliness, ever waiting, ever looking and longing in vain! Few know the bitter heart-history of the spinster—how the memory of rejected offers will steal in upon her moments of merriment like a spectre at a feast; how fearfully she greets that unwelcome intruder, the first gray hair; how day after day with anxious hope she asks her mirror if *that* really is a wrinkle, and when in spite of her struggles the truth *will* come, how she convulsively clasps her hands over her aching heart and submits in silent sorrow to her inevitable fate. When thus disappointed, her charms thus slighted, does she wrap herself up in a mantle of indifference and selfishly attend to her own business? No, God bless her! With a soul as comprehensive as the affairs of her neighbors, and a tongue ever active in the cause of others she lives a model of generosity and disinterested benevolence. Does Mr. Smith disagree with Mrs. Smith? She smelleth it afar off. With a scent for family differences as keen as a fortune-hunter's for an heiress, she hasteth to the scene of strife. You surely would not expect her after learning the particulars to gloat over them in secret like a miser over his money-bags. No, her treasures are free to all. She generously shares the news with all the neighborhood—mingles with it from heart overflowing with kindness, some drops of compassion for one of the parties, "Poor Mr. Smith! Well, I knew how it would turn out when he married that hateful thing. I always said so." And as she rises to take her leave, "Now, Mrs. Jones, you musn't say a word about this. It was told me as a profound secret." Off she goes on her mission of mercy, strewing thornless roses along her path-

way, followed by the blessings of the unfortunate and the prayers of the pious. And, when her day's work is finished, she seeks her couch with a "still and quiet conscience," and soon a peaceful smile playing over those angular features, she sinks into a slumber as calm and sweet as an infant's dream of Heaven. O thou Dorcas of women! Thou who goest about doing good! Though others slight and ungratefully revile thee, this poor pen shall ever be raised in thy defence and the breast of Lawrence Lee ever throb with sympathy for thy woes.

Though she thus unselfishly labors for the diffusion of knowledge, and performs without reward the work of a newspaper, her friends are few, and her enemies many and cruel. At every banquet she is the skeleton, and people seem to consider her only a scarecrow exhibited by the Creator to frighten young folks from the perilous paths of celibacy. At her appearance, young girls are awed into blank propriety, conversation suddenly lags, and the weather becomes a most interesting topic. But when her lank form is out of sight, and she goes to bestow the blessings of her presence elsewhere, a pressure is removed from the hearts and tongues of all. Every maiden, like a beautiful serpent, spouts forth her venom till the reputation of poor Miss Spinster is deplorably tarnished.

What wonder, then, if scared by the cruel fate of the old maid, young ladies *are* disposed to rush somewhat tumultuously into the ranks of matrimony? What wonder, if, on seeing a nice young man, a dozen of them *do* cry out "I'm going—going. Who bids? Who bids for me?" What wonder if pale cheeks *are* daubed with paint and crooked, fish-hook forms, baited with the gew-gaws of fashion, in the fond hope of enticing some gudgeon! It is quite natural. Indeed so generally have people acknowledged the propriety of this course, that they have set aside one year in four for the exhibition of these innocent and amusing practices. During leap-year young men are considered lawful prey, and young ladies may quite becomingly imitate the example of an early favorite of their sex, and "go about like a roaring lion seeking whom they may devour." And I venture to assert that before the end of this year, the chamber of every village belle will be found decked with the trophies of a hundred victories—bunches of bleeding hearts, adorning the walls like strings of red pepper hanging about the door of a country cabin. Of this, though one of the sufferers, I shall not complain. Let them ease their game. But the misfortune is, that not only do they seek the hearts of unsuspected swains, but, as Damætas says, "they seek them for *harm*." Many another simpleton might well take up the same lamentation. He who lay sweetly dreaming of an earthly Paradise, and listening to strains of heavenly music, as the hand of some angel swept over his *heart*-strings is roused by another sort of a song, and a far different tune, as the same

fairy fingers dance lightly about his *purse*-strings, and give forth a rich metallic-sounding melody. He fancied, perhaps, that, like a real poetic maiden, she could "live on the light of one sweet smile from him." But alas! he soon finds out that she has the most prosaic sort of an appetite for pork and greens, beef-steak and biscuit, and other vulgar things. Did he think that she was clothed with innocence and beauty! By the light of an account at the dry-goods store, he discovers the inutility of these unsubstantial fabrics. But when, to add insult to injury, a little cherub appears upon the scene, when the poor man makes the astounding discovery that baby-shoes actually do not actually grow on trees, when his sleep is haunted with dreams of a dirty face, catnip tea, Hive Syrup, wailings and cutting of teeth, he can but groan from the depths of his troubled soul "*malo MALO me Galatea petit.*" Look at this picture, ye butterflies! Ye, whose crinoline outspans the reach of your minds! Look at this picture and tell me: Did she not seek him for harm?

With some of our modern specimens before him, in more than one sense, might Byron have uttered his passionate exclamation:

"Alas the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a *fearful* thing."

So fearful indeed that prudent parents always caution their sons against it, considering it as a thing like fire-arms, to be handled by those only who have reached years of discretion. But of what avail is this good advice? Adam meddled with this "fearful thing" when he was very young, and his descendants seem to have their hearts fully set in them to pursue the same course; and often, I fear, with the same result.

If, then, this is the case, it is evident that any hope of lasting reformation in the morals of our youth must be founded on an improvement in the maidens of the land. Talk of Temperance Societies and Christian Associations for the benefit of young men! Strike at the root of the matter. Reform young ladies. Store their minds with knowledge and make them entertaining companions for men of sense, and gambling houses and drinking saloons will soon be numbered among the barbarous relics of a past age. For would a young man frequent such places, if he could enjoy the society of a virtuous and intelligent lady—that "*nigro simillima cycno?*" If so, then the sooner he drinks himself to death, the better for himself and the rest of the world. Oh that some benefactor of his race would introduce an improved breed of women! In this age of advancement, when everybody is getting patents for improvements in stoves and machinery, from pop-guns and coffee-pots, to cotton-gins and Sharpe's rifles,—when one hears on all sides of improved breeds of cattle and hogs, why should women alone remain unchanged—ornaments in the parlor, scarecrows in the family sitting-room—lovely forms made

up of cotton, tight-lacing and crinoline—idle angels, whose whole history might be written in “They were born, they ate, they dressed, and they died”—saintly beings who pore over the last novel, and lift their little hands in pious horror at the enormities of young men, their dissipation, their waste of time, their aimless existence. Blessed! yea, thrice blessed, would he be who could effect a reformation here; efface from the character of woman the stain left upon it by the early intimacy of their great ancestress with the Evil One, make her what she ought to be—what her outward loveliness betokens her to be—what poets have feigned her—the centre of sweet and holy influences, the meek sharer of prosperity, the gentle soother of misfortune, a star of hope to the downcast and sorrowing. Louder acclamations would greet such a benefactor than ever thrilled upon the ear of a conqueror; and when Death came, his parting spirit lingering to survey its work, might catch up the triumphant strain of the Roman bard—

“*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*”

NUTS FOR THE MATHEMATICIANS.

“SOME who have been over much accustomed to mathematical studies will only listen to one who demonstrates like a mathematician.”—*Aristotle*.

“Do mathemats awaken the judgment, the reasoning faculty, and the understanding in general to an all-sided activity? No. Mathematics tend necessarily to introduce that numb rigidity into our intellectual life which, pressing obstinately straight onward to the end in view, takes no heed or account of the means by which on different subjects it must be differently attained.”—*Bernhardi*, (the great authority on education in Germany.) Von Cwoeiller, who has long presided over the Royal Institute of studies at Munich and has had a wide experience—this distinguished philosopher says:

“By mathematics the powers of thought are less stirred up in their inner essence than drilled to outward order and severity, and consequently manifest their education more by a certain formal precision than through their fertility and depth. This truth is confirmed by the experience of our institution. The best of our former real scholars when brought into collision with the *Latin scholars* could in general hardly compete with the most middling of these—not merely in neatness of language, but in everything which demanded a more developed faculty of thought.”

"They—mathematics—remain on the surface of things, without *determining the higher faculties to activity.*"—*Prof. Khumpp.*

Hear the great Goethe: "The cultivation afforded by mathematics is in the highest degree *one-sided* and contracted."

"*J'ai toujours remarque que la geometrie laisse l'esprit ou elle le trouve.*"—*Voltaire.*

Franklin says of mathematicians, "he found them insupportable from their *trifling* and *captious* spirit."

D'Alembert, the mathematician and encomast of the science, "cannot deny the charge that they freeze and parch the mind."

Descartes was convinced they are absolutely pernicious, as a means of internal culture. His biographer over and over tells this of him in the strongest language. "He had long been convinced of the *small* utility of mathematics, especially when studied on their own account, and not applied to other things. There was nothing, in truth, which appeared to him more *futile* than to occupy ourselves with simple numbers and imaginary figures, as if it were proper to confine ourselves to these *trifles* (*bagatelles*) without carrying our view beyond. This even seemed to him something *worse than useless.* His maxim was that such application insensibly disaccustomed us to the use of our reason, and made us run the danger of losing the path which it traces."

This greatest mathematician of his age, says, in a letter written 1630, "that he had renounced the study of mathematics for many years, and that he was anxious not to lose any more of his time in the barren operations of geometry and arithmetic—studies which never lead to anything *important.*" He thought astronomy even a loss of time, "and for the rest of mathematics, he had renounced them as of *no use* for the conduct of life and solace of mankind."

"No one almost seems to have applied himself intently to this science, who did not attain in it any proficiency he pleased."—*Cicero.*

"Mathematics are the study of a *sluggish* intellect."—*Pliny.*

"The routine of demonstration the *easiest* exercise of reason."—*Warburton.*

"Those who neglect philosophy for mathematics take the maid instead of the mistress."—*Hipponicus*, a mathematical genius and general block-head, of whom his pupil *Æcesilaus* said "his science flowed in his mouth when he was yawning," is the representative of a numerous class.

"The mathematician is either a beggar, a dunce or a visionary," was long an adage in the European schools.

"Dull as a mathematician" has obtained proverbial currency in the most mathematical nation in Europe.

"A dull and patient intellect," says the most learned of men, Joseph

Scaligee, "such should be your geometers. A great genius cannot be a great mathematician."

"The rudest scholars are competent to mathematical learning although unable to attain to any knowledge of the other sciences."—*Roger Bacon*.

"Bayle, the logician confessed he could never understand the first problem of Euclid."—*Le Clerc*.

"Wolf, the great philosopher, was destitute of all mathematical capacity."

That 'miracle of universal genius,' Pascal, says: "It is *rare* that mathematicians are *observant*, or that observant minds are mathematical. Mere mathematicians, provided everything be not well explained to them by definition and principle, are *false* and *insupportable*, for they are correct *only* upon notorious principles."

Berkely—a mathematician too—says: "Tedious calculations in algebra and fluxions is not the likeliest method to improve the mind."

So says S'Gravesande, D'Alembert, and Lichtenberg. See if there has not been verified in experience what this last mentioned celebrated Professor asserts: "He who is styled a mathematician very frequently succeeds in passing for a deep thinker, although under that name are included the veriest dunder-heads in existence, incapable of any business whatever which requires *reflection* since this cannot be immediately performed by the *easy* process of connecting symbols which is more the product of routine than thought."

So Dugald Stewart, the testimonies of Ludovicus Vives, "It is certain that the abstrusest mathematics do not much conduce, to say nothing worse of them, to the acquisition of right reasoning."—*Sorbiere*.

"It incapacitates the minds for reasoning at large, and especially in the search of moral truth."—*Warburton*.

Thus, also, Bnddeus, Barbegrac, Basedow, Walpole, Kirwan, Lee, Stael, Salat, Gundling, Ler, John Gregory, Monbodds, Kaut, Jacobi, Fries, Die Hamel, Sir Isaac Newton, Vico and Thiersch, one and all in language, more or less marked, entertained these same views in relation to mathematics. Could a complete catalogue of all the great men who held the same be presented, it might induce some who glory in mathematics *alone* to admit that *perhaps* there was something else worthy of our attention. I go on to give still more authority.

"When I understood the principles, I relinquished the pursuit of mathematics, nor can I lament that I desisted before my mind was hardened by the habit of *rigid demonstration*, so destructive of the finer feelings of *moral evidence*, which must however determine the actions and opinions of our lives."—*Gibbon*.

"Mathematical science does *not* bestow wisdom—by the ancients it was

made the discipline of boys—when raised to an object of exclusive study it affords the greatest occasions of philosophical error. To this Aristotle bears evidence.”—*Prince of Mirandola*.

“Mathematicians are also infested with an overweening *presumption* or incurable *arrogance*.”—*Poiret*.

“It is to the philosopher the mathematician must look for the establishment and vindication of his very first principles. The whole science is contained in its *data*. Its procedure is merely *explicative*. We always *depart from the definitive*. In philosophy with the *definitive we usually end*. It knows nothing of causes, only that a thing is not *why* it is. It contemplates the general in the individual. The intellect is relieved from all efforts by symbols. We are thus disqualified for common reasoning; nay, disposed to the alternative of blind *credulity*, or irrational *skepticism*. Their study educates to no sagacity in detecting and avoiding the fallacies which originate in the thought itself of the reasoner. To minds of any talent they are only difficult because they are too easy. Its language, precise and adequate, nay, absolutely convertible with mathematical thought, can afford us no example of those fallacies which so easily arise from the ambiguities of ordinary language. It affords us no assistance in conquering the difficulties or in avoiding dangers which we encounter in the great field of *probabilities*, wherein we live and move. It is therefore not a logical exercise.”—*Sir William Hamilton*.

This last quotation is made from the philosopher of the nineteenth century, from whom also the foregoing quotations have been gleaned. He is a masterly writer. He adorns all that he touches, and my wish is that some of those at least who peruse these reflections, may be induced to refer to him where the question receives the degree of attention that it merits at the hands of one, than whom there is none better able to do it justice. I make one further remark.

At too many institutions in our country does mathematics usurp too large an empire. Its champions have been constantly pressing its claims until its encroachments have done away with much that should have remained. Where is philosophy in our Colleges and Universities? Alas! These positive philosophers have vexed it sorely and it has retreated far enough away. It is the habit of many to affect contempt for philosophy—the queen of science. Well, it sometimes happens that men despise what they do not understand, and regard as worthless, all material not contained in their mental shop. But let that go. Mathematics I say has encroached too far, and she must and will—when better views of education obtain—be dispossessed. The obstructions raised by an attachment to old prejudices, ignorant fears for religion and the State, and society cannot stay the tide that is setting in from all directions. Nor will the belly-

argument, that philosophy puts nothing in the pocket, always prevail. Man finds he cannot live by bread alone—he has a soul as well as viscera. But it is no part of my design, Messrs. Editors, to discuss this point, so I will close, being amply satisfied, if I can direct the attention of your interesting class of readers to a question of some importance to them, and impress upon their minds what is universally admitted in theory, and, unhappily, so often lost sight of in practice, that we must decide every question according to the dictates of *reason*, and not according to *authority*.

AD LIBITUM.

A PARODY

On "the Meeting of the Waters."

BY W. S. PARK.

There is not in the wide world a maiden so sweet
 As the girl in whose heart virtue makes her retreat;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere her beautiful image shall fade from my heart.

Yet, it is not the charm of her beautiful face,
 Her light airy form or her fairy-like grace;
 'Tis not that her voice through my soul sends a thrill,
 Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis her kindness of heart that has made her so dear,
 And the sweet smile of friendship she gives when I'm near;
 For she knows how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet maiden of — how calm could I rove
 Thro' this joyless world, if but blest with thy love;
 And the storms that we meet in this cold world would cease,
 If our two loving hearts were united in peace.

WHELPLEY'S COMPEND.

We have lately finished reading a volume with the above title. It contains four hundred pages, devoted in equal parts to Ancient and Modern History.

Especially is it devoted to those land-marks which naturally suggest themselves to the student of history, when he looks down the vista of the past, and there beholds on either side the wreck of empires and the almost invisible remains of republics.

The purpose of Mr. Whelpley seems to have been not to burden the youthful memory with an insipid enumeration of barren facts; but rather to train the young to *think*, by assisting them in the difficult task of accounting for the origin of those causes which appear most prominent in rearing empires in one age, and likewise in demolishing the same fabrics in a succeeding century. Thus, he has clothed historical investigation with additional interest and value, by comparing positive with negative influences. He is perspicuous and brief in expression, resembling in the latter respect the clear, chaste style of Thucydides. He is, perhaps, superior to that author, for he does not allow his love of brevity to betray him into extreme anacoluthons, which, too often, obscure the context and render uncertain the idea intended by his model.

This work, though written only about forty-five years ago, abounds in examples which tend to establish the stubborn fact, that language is constantly undergoing those changes, to which even nature is subject. This is apparent not only in the spelling and meaning of words, but also in the grammatical structure of sentences. Instances of the latter are however so rare, as scarcely to deserve notice in a criticism.

The former are more numerous; for instance, he says: "The national debt of Great Britain is a matter of *admiration*;" meaning, as is evident from the context, that the national debt is to be wondered at. We do not remember to have met with that word thus used, in any late author. In spelling, too, he strongly savors of antiquity; Labradore, appall, œconomy, risque and shew may be cited as examples of this peculiarity. If he can be charged with faultiness in these particulars—on the other hand, his strength of arrangement, appropriate similes, logical reasoning and commendable impartiality as a chronicler of the course of empire, must ever give his work a prominent place in the libraries of all scholars.

But to the young more especially it commends itself; for, in a few, concise but attractive pages, it paints an elegant panorama of earth, vividly depicting scenes which happened six thousand years ago.

True, it may be urged that the "*multum in parvo*" only gives a superficial idea of the beauties and value history. To Mr. Whelpley, however, this cannot be applied, for his is really a philosophical history. He endeavors to incite his readers to deep investigation, by recommending a perusal of various standard authors.

His similes are so striking that we cannot forbear copying two of them. Speaking of the Middle Ages, he says: "As the traveller who passes the night in wandering through lonely solitudes and frightful mountains, till, at break of day, he finds himself in a delightful country, surrounded with the beauties of nature and art; so it is with the historian who passes through the dark and barbarous ages which lie betwixt us and the prosperous times of the Roman empire." He ends his book with another significant and impressive one: "The historian," says he, "however long he walk under the laurel and olive, must at length repose under the cypress shade."

The "course of empire in its westward flight," he would represent by a line drawn through Assyria, Syria, Persia, Greece, Carthage, Rome, Constantinople, Turkey, Germany and France. He would now, doubtless, extend it through England, into the United States and there fasten its end with a golden staple.

In conclusion, we would say that Mr. Whelpley has delineated the great line of history. Beginning with the infancy of our race, he has exhibited the world overspread with people, branched into numerous nations and languages.

He may be compared to a faithful explorer of the Mississippi, who, beginning at the far distant sources of "the Father of Waters," has rapidly but carefully descended to its mouth; and, in his downward course, he has not failed to ascertain amid what mountain peaks its various branches rise. Nor has Mr. Whelpley stopped here; but, as the scientific explorer analyses the turbid waters of the Gulf, so does he venture to lift the veil of futurity, amid the revolutions and counter-revolutions of his own day.

As the comparatively short telescope enables the astronomer to pierce the regions of space, and there to view wonders, so Whelpley's Compend enables the student of history to penetrate the darkest ages of the past, and there to behold man as he was when first created.

It therefore commends itself not only to him who intends to pursue a regular course of reading, but also to him who has not leisure for much reading. And, finally, to the well read historian, for to him it may serve as a remembrancer.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WIRT BY J. P. KENNEDY.

BIOGRAPHY is generally spoken of as the lightest form of history; and it may also be justly called the most instructive form. In order to establish this assertion we must inquire, why do we read history? The most natural answer is, to learn from the experience of others; to deduce from the thoughts and actions of the great, the influential characters who have played important parts on the world's stage, lessons for our own guidance; to watch how master minds have shaped the destiny of man, how genius directed by benevolence has brought the human race from a state of barbarity to one of civilization. These are the prime motives which urge us to study history. Now let us see if biography does not give all this instruction besides other of equal importance. The life of a great man is a history of the time in which he lived, at least as much of it as relates to his own country. Around his name are centred the leading topics of his day. Who would wish for a better history of the American Revolution than is contained in Irving's *Life of Washington*? What more prominent object than Washington can be taken around which to cluster the leading features in that great scene? Certainly none. The same is the case with Napoleon during that struggle which shook Europe from the beginning of the French Revolution to the banishment to St. Helena. He was the central point around which the scattered clouds collected before they spent their fury—he the spirit that raised the storm and directed it to suit his purposes. The same may be said of all other great men, for they are always the prime movers of every act that finds a place in history. History, then, has no advantage over biography, as far as important facts are concerned, and it falls far short of it in the matter of telling us what great men thought on general subjects. For instance if there be no religious excitement in the time of a great man, history does not record his opinions on that subject. Who by reading an account of Adams' or Jefferson's administration can tell anything about their religious opinions? And yet it is by means uninteresting or unimportant to know what such minds thought on such a momentous subject. Biography, and especially biographies written of late years, wherein letters are freely quoted and conversations to some extent recorded, enter into things and give minute accounts of the opinions and feelings of their subjects. In reading of great men in histories you seem to be contemplating the skeleton of some wondrous animal whose type earth has lost; but biography clothes these bones with flesh and muscles, adds the sparkling eye, the intellectual countenance and places the man before

you in all the freshness and vigor of life. Such is biography in general.

The one we have before us may justly be called a good one as far as clearness of style and vividness in portraying character are concerned. Written by one of Wirt's particular friends—by one who was admitted into all the pleasures of his fireside—by one who had enjoyed his wit and been instructed by his conversations, it is perhaps too partial; at least one might suppose so, if the letters quoted did not bear ample testimony to every good quality which is attributed to him. We are loth to admit that any man comes near perfection. Human nature is such that its natural envy of, and hatred to, the morally beautiful deepen into a black stain every slight blemish that can be found upon the character of a good man. We shall not affirm, then, that Wirt was a perfect man, but we can affirm unless we are deceived by the letters which he wrote to his bosom friends, nay to the wife of his bosom, that a more generous heart or a loftier mind is seldom found among men. As a scholar, America has produced but few men who laboring under the same disadvantages, the same poverty in youth, and pressure of business in manhood, that can compare with him. He read Latin with great ease, and the quotations he often made in his speeches as well as in his friendly letters show a taste and an appreciation which would by no means disgrace any professor in our colleges. Nor did he neglect the physical sciences. Several letters in the "*British Spy*" indicate the deep interest he took in geological speculations; and the tact displayed in the discussion of the probable manner in which the Western Continent was formed speaks well for the acuteness of his reasoning on such subjects. His style as a writer, all must admire. The ease, the grace, the fluency with which he wrote, approaches Goldsmith's style, and doubtless, with the same amount of cultivation he would not have been far behind that master of the English language. This want of cultivation is shown by the too great floridity of his style. He himself was aware of this fault and strove hard to correct it, and in a great measure succeeded.

His letters are written in a lively, witty, playful style—those of his old age being tinctured by an attractive solemnity and fervent piety, which seemed to grow upon him as he drew near his grave. But it is chiefly as a Lawyer that Mr. Wirt's name will be handed down to posterity. We think from the account given by Mr. Kennedy that his early intellectual training was not such as would most likely insure success in law. Until he was twenty years old, his reading had been very desultory. He had read scarcely anything that goes toward establishing those habits of close mental application so necessary to every one who is to grapple with the difficulties of law. He had, it appears to us, reared the superstructure and adorned it with every grace; but the foundation was of sand, and

one of stone must be slipped under. Who, but a master builder, could have effected this without marring the beauty of what he had already built? And yet Wirt did it. Twenty more years found him almost at the head of his profession, the successful rival of Pinckney. Twenty years of laborious study enabled him to compete with the best. He could then, to use his favorite figure, not only hurl the polished dart of Apollo, but also wield the heavy club of Hercules. His argument against Burr during his practice at Richmond, though inferior to some of his later efforts, particularly that in favor of Judge Peck, will compare favorably with any American forensic effort. And the beauty of rhetoric, richness of style and luxuriance of imagination, displayed in his description of Blannerhassett's island, are sufficient to place him in the first rank of eloquent men. Mr. Wirt always deplored that disposition he had to leave the course of his argument and indulge in poetical fancies; but he seems never to have gotten entirely over it, for to the very last of his life he always found, on his entrance into the court-room, crowds of ladies who listened with eager attention to his whole argument, however abstruse the question might be. This certainly was a high compliment to his rhetorical powers, but he considered it by no means complimentary to his reasoning. Chief Justice Marshall was his beau-ideal of a lawyer. To be able, like him, to see to the bottom of the most difficult, to analyze the most subtle and unravel the most intricate question, was his greatest ambition. And in view of the position he held at his death, who can doubt that, with a proper training in his youth, he would have equaled if not surpassed that great man?

Although politics and law are so closely blended in this country, Wirt, one of the best of lawyers, was no politician. We mean no disparagement to politicians of the present day when we say that Wirt was too honest for a politician.

He knew not how to court the favor of the people. Those who knew him well loved him; those who knew him not respected him as a sensible man and as good citizen. But in the days when Jackson and Clay were opponents, the only time that Wirt would suffer his name to come before the people, no man held office or stood a chance of holding office who did not strenuously uphold either the tenets of the Democratic or those of the National Republican (whig) party. About this time it was that the great excitement against the Masons prevailed on account of the alleged murder of Morgan. The convention of the Anti-Masonic party met at Baltimore, and nominated William Wirt for President of the United States. He urged them not to do it, declaring that he had no desire to be President, even if there was any chance of his election. But they persisted in it, claiming the right to nominate any citizen they please.

Wirt accepted the nomination and was beaten. Here we see the picture of a patriot not what is generally called a politician. Unwilling unless needed to bear the inconveniences and harrassing troubles of public life, he acquiesced and came before the people when requested by a respectable body of his fellow-citizens; but when it was decided that he was not the choice of the nation, he quietly sank back into the bosom of his family, glad to be free from a burden so disagreeable to him. Wirt loved home too well to be a politician. The sweet company of his immediate friends had for him too many charms to be cast aside for such laurels. Not that he was devoid of ambition. By no means. He was full of it. But he cared not for that ephemeral popularity which springs up in one political campaign and disappears as soon. His first ambition was to have his name ranked with those of Coke, Littleton and Marshall; his next, to leave behind him some literary work of merit. These two objects ever came in conflict. His name ranks high among jurists, but falls far short of his aim. As the author of the *Life of Patrick Henry*, the *British Spy*, and the *Old Bachelor*, he has obtained an enviable literary reputation to be sure, but by no means the highest. This teaches the necessity of having a fixed object in life and not be wavering between two. If Wirt had been pecuniarily able, it is very likely he would never have studied law at all, but applied himself exclusively to letters. Since he was forced to practice law, it would have been much better for his fame if he had bent all his energies upon it.

In all the relations of social life Mr. Wirt bore as good a character as even the "Father of his Country." As a husband and a father his tenderness has never been surpassed. In the midst of friends who doted on him, possessing a wife whose intellectual attainments made her a fit companion even for *him*, and whose qualities of heart drew to her the love of all who knew her, and in his old age surrounded by a large family of children, any one or whom was sufficient to make a parent's heart swell with pride, Mr. Wirt cared for nothing in comparison with their happiness. He died enjoying all the blessings which a life of usefulness and virtue could procure.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—Almost all illustrations of passing time represent the year that is just going away, as an old man, sad, dejected, his hoary locks tossed about by the cold December wind, uncared for, unnoticed, nearing the grave; while crowds of glad welcomers press around the New Year, each one eager to give the first embrace to the babe, as he lies smiling in the innocence of infancy; each one ready to imprint a kiss upon his laughing lips; to place the chaplet upon his brow; to fill his lap with flowers.

Not so do we. Not thus will we suffer thee to leave us, dear old Fifty-Nine! Not thus, in sadness, shalt thou seek thy grave! Thou hast brought us many happy hours; some too of bitterness, but we have forgotten *them*, we think of none but those of joy. Farewell, then, before thou goest let us press thy hand once more! 'Tis very cold—thou art ready for thy grave—a tear falls from our eyes upon it; it but adds to its coldness. Farewell! In after years we will visit thy grave, in memory, and, as we gaze upon the headstone, we will sigh: "Here lies one who brought us much of joy." Yet we would not neglect the child, though we do turn aside to bid adieu to the old man. No, though we are late in adding our wishes to the many that have been expressed, still may his life be one of happiness and peace; may his path-way be strewn with roses; may garlands ever be thrown around him, and may he be to all a Happy New Year.

For our country we ask a Happy New Year. A cloud now hangs over her: differences of sentiment and opinion are striving to rend her in pieces; but may the prayers of those who *really* wish her well prevail, and may she weather the storm, and sail into as sweet a calm, and as bright a day as she has ever known in times gone by.

A Happy New Year to our fellow students! May they *every one* "take first," and may every one get a kiss and a lock of hair, an ambrotype and a geranium leaf from his sweetheart, when he meets her next vacation!

And ye ladies—we wish you too a Happy New Year! To you it is indeed a propitious season, for at our next Commencement there will step into the outer world about eighty-five as clever fellows as ever sang love ditties; and, being Leap Year, you know, you can come forward and claim which you choose; and, "though we say it who should not," we think the six Editors deserving of particular notice.

But the blush of shame mantles our cheeks as we write; for in speaking of the *young* ladies, we were about to forget that revered old matron the University; yet we none the less wish her well. Happy, thrice happy, be thy New Year, dear old dame! May thy boys be many in number, and each an honor to thee! Mayest thou live forever a very *old hen*—no offence we hope—whose sun (son) it is said never sets!

A Happy New Year to all! To our friends and our enemies; to our subscribers, and to those who are so blind to *their* interest as not to take the Magazine; to those who pay us, and to those who are so blind to *our* interest as *not* to pay us; and even (for we are in a particularly generous mood now,) to our *readers* who don't subscribe.

To one and all a very Happy New Year!

WOMAN.—Yes, the same unvarying theme—woman. The subject of the Freshman's first composition, as he tries the strength of his goose-quill for the coming year, and of the Sophomores culminating "effort."

Boys, who should be at home learning the female character at the end of their mothers' apron-strings, hesitate not at all to write their very learned opinions of the *softer* sex, but taking for a text: "Frailty thy name is woman," draw a most heart-rending picture of her frailties, foibles and short-comings; "while on the other hand," they cry, (oh! most striking antithesis!) man how intelligent, how perfect in every respect!

Then wit is called upon to add her store, to give the finishing touches to the gloomy picture: and then, oh! Ladies, ye are destroyed—ye die! Be ye as tenacious of life as the toads which have been found alive embedded in the eternal rocks, ye die—your doom is sealed! Nevermore can ye hold up your heads and lay claim to intelligence, or firmness of character. Nothing they give you, save, perhaps, hearts crammed full of sickly sentimentality. See one of these witty corruscations, these bright embellishments!

Young ladies are fickle they say,
Which, to me, is exceedingly strange;
For, how *can* the dears change their minds,
When they never *have* minds to change?

And not only College boys write thus of female character; scarcely can you find a country newspaper whose columns do not afford room for opinions, on the same subject, of a like degree of wit and sarcasm.

Should you, Ladies, by any possibility survive these attempts to destroy, you will still have a few of us to admire you—still have a few friends who think that you are worthy of as prominent a social position as man, and in some respects far more so; still have a few to think that you are susceptible of good educations, and that well educated women are blessings to any country; still some think that your influence and examples have a most ennobling effect on man.

Turning from the many articles on woman, of the character mentioned above, it is refreshing to us to see that some at least speak in her praise. We have seen somewhere a short paragraph, we know not by whom written, in which the author speaks of being pained on visiting a grave-yard to notice how few were the monuments to woman; and, even on the head-stones that marked her resting-place, how little was written; while, above the graves of men, the *high-built* marble teemed with all the words of praise that fulsome flattery could suggest; and to think that while volumes of history speak man's

exploits, there is scarcely a page to rescue her name from oblivion. While we honor him for it, we think this needless grief. Look elsewhere for

WOMAN'S EPITAPH!

Go walk among the graves where rests the clay,
 The all that's left of man to earth, when Death
 Calls his immortal spirit to appear
 Before the bar of God! When dust to dust
 Returns; when man's probation-time is o'er!
 Read from the head-stones what is written there!
 "Behold how great a man he was! What deeds
 Of might he did! What crowns of glory wore!"
 And yet believe it not! Men greatest are
 When dead. Such praise is praise unwon, unearn'd
 Such laurels are. "Naught of the dead but good,"
 Say shrinking men, appalled at Death's approach;
 And naught but good their epitaphs e'er tell.
 But not to man alone 'tis giv'n to die;
 Beside him rests a form of gentler mould,
 Which once inclosed a spirit gentler far,
 And holier than his. Approach and read!
 Naught has been carved, save that, perhaps, here rests
 Our mother, or our sister, or—sweet thought—
 That they who in the Lord have died are blest.
 Yet *is* this naught? Is't naught to think that ties,
 Sweetest of all on earth, are broke by death?
 Ah, no! These words, in their simplicity,
 Speak louder far than vaunting epitaph,
 And will "draw tears from eyes unused to weep."
 Yet 'tis not *here* we seek her epitaph;
 No! Would ye know what woman's life has been,
 Go to the lowly hut, where poverty,
 And death, and misery in every shape
 Have been! Ask there what deeds of love she did,
 While yet on earth! What Charity and Love,
 And Consolation, sweet as balm to hearts
 Wounded and torn by all Earth's ills, she brought,
 Hear, as its suff'ring inmates strive to tell!
 "Almost an angel she, while yet on earth,
 Indeed an angel now." But not e'en here
 Her true and living epitaph is writ.
 Go read her children's hearts and characters,
 And see *there* traced, and with Love's fingers traced,
 Her epitaph! For as, in love to them,
 She ever strove t' instil right principles,
 Ambition pure, and holy thoughts, their hearts
 With these received th' impression of *her* mind

And heart, and ever will declare to all
Her wisdom, goodness and her purity.
Rome's history has not a brighter page
Than that, which speaks the noble Gracchi's fame;
And bright, above them both, Cornelia's name
Shines forth. Upon a time-worn, crumbling stone,
Is carved a name—'tis all that woman claims—
"MARY, THE MOTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON."
But, in the struggle of America,
When she, for freedom, strained her every nerve,
We read far more than this of her, who taught
The boy obedience that when a man
He might be kept at home, a son to her
And to his land a Father.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.—Perhaps few men duly estimate the weighty and awful responsibility which rests upon him who accepts the honors and emoluments of office. That men in general do not fully comprehend the nature of this responsibility is apparent in every instance where men—honest and learned men—are seen earnestly devoting all their time, and bending their every energy in quest of office, either civil or military.

The practice of canvassing whole districts, and caressing whole scores of constituents, while elections are in progress, is confined to no one class of men; all do it; they do it too with such earnestness that he is thought smartest who is capable of influencing most voters to cast their suffrages so as to please his caprices, regardless of their own preferences. Though this practice obtains in all countries where the people are entitled to a voice in public affairs, nowhere does it develop itself with less disguise, and sometimes with more unfairness than in our own land. Among us the aspirant for Congress who does not flatter and caress the *sovereigns* worse than a child would its pet cat or poodle would stand not even the shadow of a chance. Even the candidate for senatorial honors now condescends to take the stump throughout the vast domain of an entire State. And candidates for the Chief Magistracy, too, have been known to do likewise in certain localities. But worse than all; the purity of the judicial ermine has been forgotten and in these days of office-seeking he whose duty it will be to pass sentence upon the faults, the vices, the crimes of the people is forced to so far spot that ermine as to court the people merely to gain the favor of demagogues, even though they be the worst and most profligate men of the age.

Why has this custom gained such undisputed sway among us? Evidently because so many men desire the privilege of holding office. Now one of the principles of nature by which the actions of men are shaped, is to shrink from responsibility. Because it appears that men do not shun office does it follow that office has not this awful responsibility? By no means. But it certainly

proves that a majority of men are not conscious of the weight of the burden which rests upon him who is an office-holder.

This want of consciousness of official responsibility is one of the worst obstacles which our popular government has to encounter, for through its influence patronage gravitates towards demagogues themselves, while men of real merit are driven from government places into private life. Especially is this obstacle potent at this time of excitement, sectional agitation and distrust, for it makes *inferior men willing and anxious* to hold offices of the highest responsibility.

Fellow-students, we wish to make these remarks practical. You, many of you, will doubtless soon be placed in important positions. Would you act well your parts, now is the time for preparation—now the time to resolve that you will never accept any office which should be filled by intellects of a higher order than yours.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—We were sorry on the reception of the December number of the Yale Literary Magazine, to notice, in the Editors' Table, a poor, trifling, silly succession of attempts at wit, on the subject of the late Harper's Ferry difficulty. We were sorry to see this, and also surprised, for we have always, heretofore, considered it a very dignified *literary* College Magazine, and were always pleased to receive it. The remarks of the Editor were illustrated after the style of country newspaper advertisements; pictures of houses, shoes, watches, sheep, &c., being distributed among them, whenever the writer imagined that he had something unusually funny—we suppose to attract the attention of the reader to the wit. If this be the object they are certainly well used.

The dependence of the South upon the *North* is hinted at twice—two articles of the property above enumerated being represented as having been made at the North. Our dear young friend, did it never occur to you that this *dependence* is mutual?

In speaking of the execution of John Brown, the writer asks, "Is this the way to conciliate the North?" Now, what ever suggested the idea in this *young brain* that we wished to *conciliate the North*, we cannot possibly conceive. Was it that, with the promptest justice, the criminals in the Harper's Ferry outbreak were made to suffer the penalty of the law? Was it the tarring and feathering of all Northern abolitionists, who were caught among our negroes, for we are sorry to say that many have been thus dealt with by our incensed citizens? Was it that some, who have been recently apprehended for circulating incendiary documents, are now awaiting trial in our jails? *We* have heard of several praiseworthy efforts made by the *North* to conciliate the *South*. We wish not to conciliate you, but there are many of us who would forget your indiscretions and preserve our Union still.

What the intention of all this folly was we do not know; its effect, however, will be *nothing*, except to bring upon the writer well merited contempt.

We hope that it was an indiscretion of but one of the editors, since we notice that he uses "I" instead of "we," and that our friends of the "Yale Literary" will be more careful hereafter.

Since this Magazine came to hand, we have received the Virginia University Magazine which notices this remarkable editorial in so dignified and gentlemanly a manner that its writer cannot fail to feel ashamed of himself.

THE PRIZES.—We again call the attention of our fellow-students to the prizes, offered by us some months ago, for the two best articles contributed to the *Magazine* within the present Collegiate year, by the students of the University, the Editors alone excepted. These are, certainly, greater inducements than have ever been offered before by our, or any other College Magazine, within our knowledge. Why, then, is there not more competition? We have received comparatively few contributions, and most of those only when specially requested.

The box for the reception of articles is always ready at the door of the Editors' office, but we go to it day after day in vain.

The prizes are—for the best article THIRTY DOLLARS, and TWENTY DOLLARS for the next best, to be awarded at the next Commencement, by a committee of competent judges, to be appointed before that time, who will make their selections before the authors' names are revealed.

We would add that selections will be made from *all* articles contributed during our term of office.

Then up and be doing! Seize your goose-quills and fly at your foolscap, and show that you have some energy left! Sit no longer, lazily sighing for aid from the Muses and Apollo, and all such tom-foolery! If they won't help you *make 'em*!

APOLOGY.—We have an apology to make for our four or five days tardiness. The most delightful calm always reigns during the first month in each session, and very naturally. Four hundred and fifty boys come crowding into one little village, like bees into a hive, (barrin' their industry,)—all on the streets at the same time; can't walk ten steps without having at least *ten steps* on your corns; somebody in a great hurry, bruising everybody's shins; somebody's trunk on everybody's bed; somebody's "copy" in everybody's fire. All these are very well fitted to produce a most *boisterous* calm. No they're not, we were jesting. In sober truth, though, it is a time of *boring*, *worrying* and *disappointments* sufficient to make us adopt, as our motto, the mystic characters of old widow Bedot, viz: K. K., that is, "Kan't Kalkerlate with any sort of sartentee on naught beneath the sky."

In consideration of the above, we hope our delay will be pardoned.

HYMENEAL.—"The world is going away," said Mademoiselle somebody, (we never could remember French) "the world is going away;" and we believe she said it because nobody would marry her, and she had to remain an old maid; but we don't believe a word of it. Going away indeed! Does this look like it.

Married, Mr. W. A. CHERRY, of Pitt county, N. C., to Miss MELISSA GORHAM, of Greenville.

Married, Mr. J. M. JENKINS, of Edgecombe county, N. C., to Miss S. E. MOORE, of Martin county, N. C.

Besides these, we have heard of the marriages of our friends R. F. KOLB and T. B. HARRIS, of Alabama. Also a host of others who were in College with us, whom we cannot, for want of space, enumerate. Now, candidly, since we have established the fact that the world is *not* going away, what is the world coming to? Our friend Mr. Cherry was a class-mate of ours, but left College at the beginning of the Senior year and got married, and has thus turned the heads of those who have stayed to graduate; and we really believe that the most of them will not be fairly out of College before they "go and do likewise." But, friend William, since you have set the example, and we *must* follow, we'll try and be as resigned as possible; and we will be a little more resigned *than possible*, if we can hear "yes" from a pair of pretty lips that we are thinking of at present. Joy and peace, and lasting happiness to all you who have acted so nobly! May wedded-life bring to you all your fondest hopes of earthly bliss realized, and never an ill.

But in the slightly altered language of a gifted young poet we would ask that—

"When days, and months, and years roll by,
And children climb your knee,
Then teach them that the Alphabet
Begins with U. N. C."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—Excepting the four British Reviews, we know of no publication of equal merit to this, and to Messrs. L. Scott & Co., of New York, the American public owe much more than can be paid by other than a liberal support. The economical and business qualities of these gentlemen have enabled them to furnish five periodicals to American subscribers for \$10 while the same publications cost British readers \$31. What a commentary on American enterprise and industry!

We expect hereafter to notice at length the article in Blackwood for January entitled "Rambles at Random in the Southern States." For the present (the first of the year) we think we could do neither the literary public of North Carolina nor our fellow-students better service than by inserting the following terms: For any one of the four Reviews, per annum, \$3; for any two of the four Reviews, \$5; for any three of the four Reviews, \$7; for all four of the Reviews, \$8; for Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; for Blackwood and one Review, \$5; for Blackwood and two Reviews, \$7; for Blackwood and three Reviews, \$9; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE FACULTY.—Last session there were three vacant Professorships in the Faculty, and our worthy old Alma Mater had to exercise all her ingenuity and knowledge of domestic economy—not political—to keep her sons busy; which, by dint of keeping the remaining Professors *particularly* busy, she succeeded in to a miracle. Now, though, we are glad to say, she can again resign herself to her wonted degree of ease and quietude, since all the vacancies are filled but one.

Rev. A. D. Hepburn, of Virginia, has been called to the Chair vacated by Dr. Wheat. He comes with the highest testimonials, and will, no doubt, fill the Chair with ability. He will enter regularly upon his duties in a few days.

Rev. Dr. Deems was elected Professor of History and Elocution, but we are sorry to say, has declined. This Chair will be filled as soon as possible.

Professor Kimberly has returned from Europe, where he spent the past year, and has commenced his instructions to the Scientific Class in Analytical Chemistry.

Mr. Wm. L. Alexander, Tutor of Latin, having been promoted to the Presidency of a College in Texas, has left Chapel Hill, and has gone, or will go in a short time to that State. His position as Sophomore Tutor, has been taken by Mr. John W. Graham, leaving a vacant Chair, to which Mr. Frederick A. Fetter, of Chapel Hill, has been elected.

REPORTS FOR LAST SESSION.—We are late in giving the reports of scholarship for last session, but as this is the first number of the Magazine published since they were made out by the Faculty, and as they are an important item in College History, and, as such, should have a place in our Record, we have determined to publish them.

No definite semi-annual reports are given to the members of the Senior Class.

In the Junior Class, the First Distinction was awarded to Messrs. Allen, R. Clark, Morehead, Murphy, Stedman and E. Wright.

The Second. to Messrs. Dowd, Hobson, Knight, Simmons, Van Wyck and Yancey. Mr. Parks received the Second Distinction except in Logic and Mathematics.

The Third Distinction was awarded to Messrs. A. T. Bowie, Butts, Currie, W. Davis, Dobbin, Foster, T. Haughton, Lee, Lightfoot, Marshall, Maverick, Nicholson, J. P. Parker, Ross, and S. Taylor.

In the Sophomore Class, the First Distinction was awarded to Messrs. Gaines, Hassell, Hinsdale, Patterson, T. Taylor and Webb.

The Second, to Messrs. Andrews, Bartlett, Bellamy, Boyd, Broadfoot, Cameron, E. Martin, J. Moore, Sutton, and Young.

The Third Distinction was awarded to Messrs. Armstrong, Blain, Clark, Covington, Fletcher, Fort, Foscue, McFadyen, McLaurin, McIver, McQueen, M. Moore, Ray, Russell, S. Smith, Staton, Varner, Wall, W. Whitfield.

In the Freshman Class, the First Distinction was awarded to Messrs. Graham, A. Henderson, McAfee, Peebles, Robards, Scales, Washington.

The Second, to Messrs. Battle, Carr, Clement, Craige, J. Mitchell, Moore, Perry, Thurmond, Ryan.

The Third Distinction, was awarded to Messrs. Clarke, Franklin, Johnston, Lucas, Morrow, Smith, and Thompson.

Mr. Harris received the Second Distinction in Latin and Greek.


COMMENCEMENT OFFICERS.—The election of Commencement Officers was held on the second Saturday in the session, as usual, and resulted as follows :

Mr. Joshua G. Wright, of Wilmington, Chief Marshal. He has appointed as his Assistants, Messrs. R. Lawrence Coffin, of Pontotoc, Miss., Guilford Nicholson, of Halifax county, N. C., Joel P. Walker, of Lauderdale Springs, Miss., and Jacob F. Foster*, of De Soto Parish, La.

The Ball Managers elect, are, in the Dialectic Society—Messrs. Mathew W. Tompkins, of Albany, Ga.; James N. Thompson, of Leasburg, N. C.; Nicholas L. Williams, of Yadkin county, N. C.

In the Philanthropic Society—Messrs. George B. Hunt, of Bolivar county, Miss.; David E. Jiggitts, of Livingston, Miss.; Robert L. Pugh, of Assumption Parish, La.

We have been particularly fortunate this year in getting a good-looking gentlemanly set of officers. From the preparations they have been making, and from the energy the Ball Managers have displayed in collecting money, we have no doubt they will do all in their power to render the Commencement Exercises as attractive as possible ; and to the ladies, we know that they will *all render themselves* attractive.

 We would call attention to the business card of Messrs. Devlin, Hudson & Co., on our cover. These gentlemen are extensively known in the South, and we know they are amply capable of giving satisfaction and are remarkably accommodating.

* Domestic afflictions, we understand, have caused Mr. Foster to resign, and Mr. William Van Wyck, of Pendleton, S. C., has been appointed in his place.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

GIRARD HALL, January 27, 1860.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from our midst our beloved class-mate, SAMUEL R. FRANKLIN, of Mississippi—him, who was so soon to go out into the world, and add to the laurels he had so nobly won, and so modestly worn at College—him, whom the heart of friendship held so dear, and who, for the short time he was with us, was ever kind, gentle and affectionate—him, around whom many bright promises clustered, and many hopes and many hearts: Therefore,

Resolved, That we feel most painfully the blow which has at once deprived us of a class-mate and a friend, whose talents, had he lived, would have reflected honor upon us all, and whose friendship we would have been proud to claim.

Resolved, That, as a student, he was diligent and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and that he did not labor in vain; that, as a companion, his uniform gentleness of deportment gained him our highest esteem and endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That while we lament his loss, we are comforted with the thought that he has been transferred to a nobler and a happier field of labor, where the good abide forevermore; and while we tender to his relations and friends our warmest sympathy, we beg them to be comforted with us, for "God doeth all things well."

Resolved, That each member of the Class wear the badge of mourning for thirty days, as a token of our sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and to the Vicksburg Whig, and other Mississippi papers, and the University Magazine, with a request for their publication.

W. T. NICHOLSON,	}	Committee of the Senior Class.
GEO. L. WILSON,		
E. J. HARDIN.		

DIALECTIC HALL, January 31, 1860.

WHEREAS, It has been the wish of an allwise and inscrutable Providence to remove from earth SAMUEL R. FRANKLIN, of Marshall county, Mississippi, who was but so lately in our midst, therefore the Dialectic Society lamenting the untimely end of our esteemed fellow-member, has

Resolved, That while we bow with reverence to the will of the Almighty, we cannot but deplore the loss of one who obtained such high honors at the University, and was such a worthy member of our Society, and whose gentle and winning disposition gained the affection of all who knew him.

Resolved, That we offer our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved parents and relatives, and while weeping with them at the common altar of grief, would point them to that Giver of all good, who bestoweth joy and peace and healeth the wounded and bleeding heart. We fondly hope that our beloved brother has only exchanged his earthly residence for a happier and a better one.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, the Memphis (Tenn.) Christian Advocate and the University Magazine, with a request for publication.

G. W. ASKEW,	}	Committee.
L. R. BOND		
J. A. FOGLE.		





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M. Gutter

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EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

Vol. 9.

MARCH, 1860.

No. 7.

MEMOIR OF JOHN LOUIS TAYLOR,

THE FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

~~~~~  
BY HON. WM. H. BATTLE.  
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JOHN LOUIS TAYLOR, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, occupied for more than thirty years a distinguished position in the annals of the Judiciary of the State. Very little, however, is now known of his parentage and early history. He was born in London, on the first day of March, 1769, though his parents were Irish. He must have lost his father at a very early age, for we are informed that he was taken from his widowed mother and brought over to this country by an elder brother, when he was only twelve years old. By the assistance of that brother, he was enabled to prepare for enjoying to some extent, the advantages of a classical education at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. Being compelled to leave that institution for the want of pecuniary means before he had completed his collegiate course, he came to this State and prepared himself, without guide or instructor, for admission to the bar. It seems that there was not, at that time, any rule as to the age at which a young man could obtain a license to practise the law in the Courts of this State; or if there were, it was not strictly observed, for he came to the bar before he had completed his twentieth year. Having settled in the town of Fayetteville, he commenced an attendance upon the courts held at that place. His success was immediate and rapid; and his gentle and unobtrusive manners, his kind heart and his easy flowing eloquence soon gained him friends, and marked him out for public service. He had scarcely entered upon the twenty-third year of his age, before he was elected by the voters of his adopted place of residence to represent their town in the House of

Commons. This was in 1792, and the same honor was conferred upon him in two succeeding years. During the session of 1794, the office of Attorney General having become vacant by the election of the incumbent, Mr. Haywood, to the Bench, the friends of Mr. Taylor nominated him for the place. There being three other gentlemen in nomination, to-wit: Messrs Blake Baker, Archibald Henderson and Robert Williams, several ballotings were had without effect, and the election resulted finally in the success of Mr. Baker. After that time he devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his profession; and we discover from the first volume of Haywood's Reports that he divided with Messrs. Hay, Duffy and Jno. Williams, all the important cases which came before the then District Court at Fayetteville. Late in the year, 1796, or early in the following year, he removed to the town of Newbern, and commenced the practise there, and had prosecuted it only for a short time, when he was elevated to the Bench by the General Assembly of 1798.

At the time when Judge Taylor took his seat upon the Bench, the State was divided into eight judicial districts, to-wit: Those of Edenton, Halifax, Newbern, Wilmington, Hillsborough, Salisbury, Morganton and Fayetteville, which were separated into two ridings, and a court was appointed to be held twice a year in each district, at which two of the four Judges were to preside. These courts, though called Superior, had in fact supreme jurisdiction, for there was then no Court of Appeals or Supreme Court, to which a cause could be carried either by writ of error, or an appeal. They resembled in many respects the Assizes or Nisi Prius Courts in England, differing from them however in the fact that they were not held in every county in the State, and in the still more important particular, that their decisions were final, and in no manner subject to review by a higher tribunal. This obvious defect the Legislature of 1799 endeavored to remedy, by "directing the Judges of the Superior Court to meet together to settle questions of law or equity arising on the circuits, and to provide for the trial of persons concerned in certain frauds." Gov. Swain, in a sketch of the "Judicial History of North Carolina," which is published in the second volume of the Revised Statutes, says: "That the Judges were required to meet at Raleigh twice a year for these purposes, but it was not contemplated to do so after the trials of the individuals concerned with the Secretary (J. Glasgow) in the famous land frauds, were terminated." But in 1801 the act of 1799 was continued in force for three years; and the meeting of the Judges was styled the Court of Conference. By an act passed in 1804, the court was made a permanent tribunal, and the style of it was changed in the following year to that of Supreme Court of North Carolina. In 1808, the Judges were authorized to appoint one of their number Chief Jus-

tice, and at the January Term of the following year the subject of the present memoir was elected to that office. In 1818, the Supreme Court, as it now exists, was established, when John Hall, Leonard Henderson and John Louis Taylor, were elected to hold it. The latter was, upon the organization of the Court, selected by his associates to preside as Chief Justice, and he continued to do so until his death, which occurred at his residence in Raleigh, on the 29th day of January, 1829.

Soon after his elevation to the Bench, Judge Taylor seems to have agreed with Lord Coke, who says: "that for want of a true and certain report, the case that hath been adjudged, standing upon the rack of many running reports (especially of such as understood not of the state of the question,) hath been so diversely drawn out, as many times the true parts of the case have been disordered and disjointed, and most commonly the right reason and rule of the Judges utterly mistaken. Here out have sprung many absurd and strange opinions, which being carried about in a common charm, and fathered on grave and reverend Judges, many times, with the multitude, and sometimes with the learned, receive such allowances as either beguile or bedazzle their conceits and judgments. Therefore, as I allow not of those that make memory their storehouse, for at their greatest need they shall want of their store; so I like not of those that stuff their studies with wandering and masterless reports, for they shall find them too soon to lead them to error." He, therefore, very early began to take notes of the cases which were decided by himself and his associates; and in the year 1802, gave them to the public in a small volume, entitled "Cases determined in the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, of the State of North Carolina, by John Louis Taylor, (one of the Judges of the said Court.*)" In 1814, he published anonymously, the first, and 1816, the second, volume of a work which he styled "The Carolina Repository, containing Biographical Sketches of Eminent Judges, Opinions of American and Foreign Jurists, and Reports of Cases adjudged in the Supreme Court of North Carolina." Another volume of Reports containing the decisions of the Supreme Court, under its former organization, from July Term, 1816, to January Term, 1818, (both inclusive) was subsequently published by him, and is generally known as Taylor's North Carolina Term Reports. About that time a charge which he delivered to the Grand Jury of the county of Edgecombe, at the Spring Term of 1817, was published at the request of that body. It is an admirable summary of the duties of grand jurors, and of the various offences against the criminal law of which they are bound to take notice, and make presentment.

By the General Assembly of 1817, he was appointed, in conjunction with the Hon. Henry Potter, Judge of the United States District Court,

for the District of North Carolina, and the Hon. Bartlett Yancey, Speaker of the Senate, "to revise the Statute Laws of the State, and to enumerate and specify those Statutes and parts of Statutes of Great Britain, which were in force in this State." The Revisal was completed by these gentlemen, and was published in 1821, under the superintendence of Judge Potter. Subsequently, Judge Taylor prepared and gave to the public, a continuation of the work on the same plan, which included the acts of 1825, and is known as Taylor's Revisal. He also, about the same time, published a treatise on the duties of Executors and Administrators. From these various works, it is abundantly evident that the subject of our memoir felt, in its full force, the obligation which, it is said, every man is under to do something for his profession.

Judge Taylor's devotion to his profession, and to the duties of his highly responsible and laborious office, prevented him from turning his attention to polite literature, for which he possessed more qualifications, and greater aptitude, than any man, perhaps, whom our State has produced. While at the bar, he was said to have had "a singular felicity of expression, which always seized, and apparently without effort, the most appropriate word for the communication of thought, a playful, but ever benevolent wit, united with a quick perception, great ingenuity in argument, and a most retentive recollection of whatever he had read." The easy flow of his beautiful elocution was the admiration of all who heard it. An instance of it, we have heard related by persons who still retain a fresh recollection of it, though it occurred nearly forty years ago. At an examination of the pupils of the Raleigh Female Academy, about the year 1820, he was requested to deliver an address to the graduating class, which consisted of some six or eight young ladies. It was expected that he would pursue the common course in addressing them altogether, but instead of doing so, he made a separate speech to each, couched in the most appropriate terms, and delivered with the utmost ease and grace of manner. These addresses have passed away, or exist only in the memories of those who were so fortunate as to have heard them. But there is a speech which was prepared by him and delivered by a member of the House of Commons, some years before, which still remains to show the elegance of his scholarship, while it attests his ardent love of religious liberty. In the year 1809, Jacob Henry was elected one of the members of the House of Commons, from the county of Carteret. His right to a seat was contested upon the ground that he was a Jew, and as such, that he denied the "divine authority of the New Testament, and refused to take the oath prescribed by law for his qualification." A resolution to vacate his seat being offered by Mr. Mills, one of the members from the county of Rockingham, Mr. Henry rose and spoke as follows: "Though

I will not conceal the surprise I felt that the gentleman should have thought proper yesterday to have moved my expulsion from this House, on the alleged grounds that I disbelieve in the divine authority of the New Testament, without considering himself bound by those rules of politeness, which, according to my sense of propriety, should have led him to give me some previous intimation of his design; yet, since I am brought to this discussion, I feel prepared to meet the object of his resolution.

"I certainly, Mr. Speaker, know not the design of the Declaration of Rights, made by the people of this State in the year 1776, and one day before the Constitution, if it was not to consecrate certain great and fundamental rights and principles, which even the Constitution cannot impair; for the 44th section of the latter instrument declares that the Declaration of Rights ought never to be violated on any pretence whatever. If there is any apparent difference between the two instruments, they ought, if possible, to be reconciled; but if there is a final repugnance between them, the Declaration of Rights must be considered paramount; for I believe it is to the Constitution, as the Constitution is to the law; it controls and directs it absolutely and conclusively. If, then, a belief in the Protestant religion is required by the Constitution, to qualify a man for a seat in this House, and such qualification is dispensed with by the Declaration of Rights, the provision of the Constitution must be altogether inoperative; as the language of the Bill of Rights is, "that all men have a natural and inalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences." It is undoubtedly a natural right, and when it is declared to be an inalienable one by the people in their sovereign and original capacity, any attempt to alienate it either by the Constitution, or by law, must be vain and fruitless.

"It is difficult to conceive how such a provision crept into the Constitution, unless it is from the difficulty which the human mind feels in suddenly emancipating itself from fetters by which it has long been enchained; and how adverse it is to the feelings and manners of the people of the present day, every gentleman may satisfy himself by glancing at the religious belief of the persons who fill the various offices in this State. There are Presbyterians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Mennonists, Baptists, Trinitarians and Unitarians. But as far as my observation extends, there are fewer Protestants, in the strict sense of the word used by the Constitution, than of any other persuasion; for I suppose that they meant by it the Protestant religion as established by the law in England. For other persuasions we see houses of worship in almost every part of the State, but very few of the Protestant; so few, indeed that I fear that the people of this State, would, for sometime remain unrepresented in this House,

if that clause of the Constitution is supposed to be in force. So far from believing in the truths of the thirty-nine Articles, I will venture to assert that a majority of the people never have read them.

“If a man should hold religious principles incompatible with the freedom and safety of the State, I do not hesitate to pronounce that he should be excluded from the public councils of the same; and I trust if I know myself, no one would be more ready to aid and assist than myself. But I should really be at a loss to specify any known religious principles which are thus dangerous. It is surely a question between a man and his Maker; and requires more than human attributes to pronounce which of the numerous sects prevailing in the world is most acceptable to the Deity. If a man fulfills the duties of that religion, which his education or his conscience has pointed to him as the true one, no person, I hold, in this our land of liberty, has a right to arraign him at the bar of inquisition; and the day, I trust, has long passed, when principles merely speculative were propagated by force; when the sincere and pious were made victims, and the light-minded bribed into hypocrites.

“The proud monuments of liberty knew that the purest homage man could render to the Almighty, was in the sacrifice of his passions and the performance of his duties; that the Ruler of the Universe would receive with equal benignity the various offerings of man’s adoration, if they proceeded from the heart; that intolerance in matters of faith, had been, from the earliest ages of the world, the severest torments by which mankind could be afflicted; and that governments were concerned about the actions and conduct of man, and not his speculative notions. Who, among us, feels himself so exalted above his fellows as to have a right to dictate to them any mode of belief? Shall this free country set an example of persecution, which even the returning reason of enslaved Europe would not submit to? Will you bind the conscience in chains, and fasten conviction upon the mind in spite of the conclusions of reason, and those ties and habitudes which are blended with every pulsation of the heart? Are you prepared to plunge, at once, from the sublime heights of moral legislation into the dark and gloomy caverns of superstitious ignorance? Will you drive from your shores and from the shelter of your Constitution, all who do not lay their oblations on the same altar, observe the same ritual, and subscribe to the same dogmas? If so, which among the various sects into which we are divided, shall be the favored one? I should insult the understanding of this House to suppose it possible that they could ever assent to such absurdities; for all know that persecution in all shapes and modifications, is contrary to the genius of our government and the spirit of our laws, and that it can never produce any other effect than to render men hypocrites or martyrs.

“When Charles V., Emperor of Germany, tired of the cares of government, resigned his crown to his son, he retired to a monastery, where he amused the evening of his life in regulating the movements of watches, endeavoring to make a number keep the same time; but not being able to make any two go exactly alike, it led him to reflect upon the folly and crimes he had committed in attempting the impossibility of making men think alike.

“Nothing is more easily demonstrated than that the conduct alone is the subject of human laws, and that man ought to suffer civil disqualifications for what he does, and not for what he thinks. The mind can receive laws only from Him, of whose divine essence it is a portion; He alone can punish disobedience, for who else can know its motives, or estimate their merits? The religion I profess inculcates every duty which man owes to his fellow-man; it enjoins upon its votaries the practice of every virtue, and the detestation of every vice; it teaches them to hope for the favor of heaven exactly in proportion as their lives have been directed by just, honorable and beneficent maxims. This, then, gentlemen, is my creed; it was impressed upon my infant mind; it has been the director of my youth, the monitor of my manhood, and will, I trust, be the consolation of my old age. At any rate, Mr. Speaker, I am sure that you cannot see any thing in this religion to deprive me of my seat in this House. So far as relates to my life and conduct, the examination of these I submit with cheerfulness to your candid and liberal construction. What may be the religion of him who made this objection against me, or whether he has any religion or not, I am unable to say. I have never considered it my duty to pry into the belief of other members of this House. If their actions are upright and conduct just, the rest is for their own consideration, not for mine. I do not seek to make converts to my faith, whatever it may be esteemed in the eyes of my officious friend, nor do I exclude any one from my esteem or friendship, because he and I differ in that respect. The same charity, therefore, it is not unreasonable to expect, will be extended to myself, because in all things that relate to the State and to the duties of civil life, I am bound by the same obligations with my fellow-citizens, nor does any man subscribe more sincerely than myself to the maxim, ‘whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do you so even unto them, for such is the law and the prophets.’”

Mr. Wheeler in his History says that Mr. Henry's seat was vacated, (see second volume, page 84,) but in that, it seems he is mistaken; for we find in the Raleigh Star of January 4th, 1610, that the resolution for expulsion, after being further opposed by Messrs. Gaston, Drew and others, was unanimously rejected.

A much later specimen of Judge Taylor's felicitous style is the brief

sketch of the Life and Character of James F. Taylor, Esq. Attorney General of the State, which was published as an obituary notice upon the sudden and unexpected death of that gentleman, in June, 1828. It may be seen in 1 Dev. Rep. at page 527, and will be found to be a most beautiful tribute to the memory of an excellent public officer, and a most amiable gentleman. Mr. Taylor, though bearing the same surname, was no blood relation of the Judge, but was connected with him by having married his protegee and adopted daughter, Eliza L. Manning. Mrs. Taylor still lives to cherish the fondest recollections for the memory of the Judge, who supplied to her the place of a tender and devoted father.

Of the qualifications of Chief Justice Taylor for the high office which he so long filled, and of his character as a man in the social relations of life, we have an account prepared, soon after his death, by a friend, (supposed to be the late Judge Gaston,) who knew him long and intimately. "How he discharged his duties during the twenty years he administered justice on the circuit, it is impossible that the bar or the community can have forgotten. He was pre-eminently a safe Judge. It was difficult to present a question for his determination, upon which his reading had not stored up, and his retentive memory did not present some analogous case, in which it had been settled by the sages of the law. And with him it was a religious principle to abide by the land-marks, *stare decisis*. In his charges to juries, he was full and perspicuous, and while he left unimpaired their dominion over the question of fact, he never shunned responsibility by evading a distinct expression of opinion on every point of law. His patience was exemplary, and his courtesy universal. Uniting in an extraordinary degree suavity of manners with firmness of purpose—a heart tremblingly alive to every impulse of humanity, with a deep seated and reverential love of justice—the best feelings with an enlightened judgment—he made the law amiable in the sight of the people, inspired affection and respect for its institutions, and gained for its sentences a prompt and cheerful obedience.

"Of the mode in which he executed his functions as a Judge of the Supreme Court, the world can have few opportunities of judging, except from his reported decisions; and to these we appeal as furnishing no slight testimony of his merits. We presume not to set up ourselves as the most competent judges on such subjects; but we will not hesitate to express our belief, that while all may be read with profit, and are entitled to respect, there are many—very many—which may be regarded as models of legal investigation and judicial eloquence. There is, indeed, a charm in all his compositions seldom to be found elsewhere, which has induced not a few to regret that the Chief Justice had not devoted himself entirely to a literary life. He would probably have proved one of the most

elegant writers of his day. He who could render legal truth attractive, could not fail to have recommended moral excellence in strains that would have found an echo in every heart.

"Of the Chief Justice, as a man, we are unwilling to trust ourselves to speak as we feel. We loved him too well and too long, to make the public the depository of our cherished affections. If there ever heaved a kinder heart in human bosom, it has not fallen to our lot to meet with it. If ever man was more faithful to friendship, more affectionate in his domestic relations, more free from guile, more disinterested, humane and charitable, we have not been so fortunate as to know him. When we think of these excellencies—when we call to mind the instances in which we have seen them illustrated in practice, and felt their kindly influence—and when we look around into the wide world to search for those who may supply his place in our affections, the exclamation arises involuntarily:

'Vale! Vale!

*Heu quanto minus est, cum reliquis versari
Quum tui meminisse.'"*

Many anecdotes still linger among the profession which serve to illustrate the quickness as well as the playfulness of his wit. While practising at the bar, he had often foiled one of his professional brethren by his skill in attack and defence. At last a case occurred in which his adversary felt sure of a triumph. He had found a passage in Coke Littleton, which he supposed was directly in point in his favor, and which he thought Mr. Taylor could neither gainsay nor resist. So, when the case was called for trial, he arose with an air of assumed success, and after referring in glowing terms to the great learning of Littleton and Coke, he congratulated himself that the court and jury would have no difficulty in deciding in his favor, for the opposing counsel, Mr. Taylor, must acknowledge that upon all questions of Law, the authority of Coke upon Littleton was conclusive, and it was therefore unnecessary for him to do more than read the passage which bore upon his case, and take his seat. Mr. Taylor, immediately sprung up and said that he was surprised to hear his learned brother insist upon the infallibility of the book from which he had just read. He was imputing to the authors far more than they claimed for themselves, and then turning to the last page of the work he read what Littleton says of it. "And know, my son, I would not have thee believe that all which I have said in these books is law, for I will not presume to take this upon me." Whereupon Lord Coke also remarks, "I thought it safe for me to follow the grave and prudent example of our worthy author, not to take upon me, or presume that the reader should think that all I have said herein to be law."

Another story is told of him while he was presiding on the Bench of

the Superior Court. A vain and conceited man was called as a juror. Having been, just before that time, elected a member of the General Assembly, he conceived the idea that he was too important a person to be required to serve on the jury. He accordingly arose to make his objection to which the Judge replied, "you have been elected a member of the Assembly, you say?" "Yes, sir," says the man. "Very well," added the Judge, smiling, "you may stand aside, for you are clearly not qualified to serve as a juror."

The Judge was once listening to a very marvellous account of an occurrence which one of his acquaintances was telling him, and which he closed with the remark that if he had not seen it with his own eyes, he would not have believed it. "Well, says the Judge laughing, "I have not seen it, and I suppose, therefore, that you will excuse me for not believing it."

Judge Taylor was twice married. His first wife was Julia Rowan, by whom he had one child, a daughter, who married Major Junius Sneed, of Salisbury, a son of whom, John Louis Taylor Sneed, is now, or was lately Attorney General of the State of Tennessee. His second wife was Jane Gaston, a sister of the late Judge Gaston, by whom he had a daughter, who married David E. Sumner, Esq., of Gats county, and a son John Louis, who died some years ago unmarried and without issue. His last wife survived him, but she and his two daughters and their husbands have been dead many years. Both daughters left children, who may transmit his virtues, if not his name, to posterity.

ERRATA.—On page 391, 4th line from the bottom, "1610" should be 1810.

DR. CALDWELL AND OUR UNIVERSITY.

IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Rev. Joseph Caldwell, D. D., L. L. D., already published, may be found a full but modest account of his early life, including many interesting and instructive incidents connected with his education and after services as an instructor of the youth of his native State. We now desire to add a few pages with the hope that they may serve to show how much the people of North Carolina are indebted to this great and good man for the measure of permanent usefulness which has been rendered by our University. This could not be better done than by following, with verbal and other modifications, the last part of the admirable oration on the Life and Character of Dr. Caldwell, by Prof. Walker Anderson in 1835:

A very brief notice of the early circumstances of the University of North Carolina, may not be misplaced or deemed impertinent here, as Dr. Caldwell's connection with it began in its infancy. The act of Incorporation was past in 1789; but little efficient aid was given by the Legislature of the State towards the accomplishment of the undertaking. Grants of escheated property and of certain monies due to the State, and subsequently, of all confiscated property, were made; but of this latter source of revenue, the Trustees were soon afterwards divested, and the others were never very productive, except in Western Lands, the value of which remained for a long time little more than nominal, though at this day constituting a splendid endowment. Private munificence compensated the tardiness of the public benefactions. Gov. Benjamin Smith made a donation of twenty thousand acres of land; Major Charles Girard bequeathed thirteen thousand acres, and numerous contributions in money were made throughout the State, which enabled the Trustees to commence the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the students. But all these resources together were not commensurate with the magnitude of the enterprize; and the College struggled through a very feeble infancy for several years, until a development of its resources and the zeal and energy of its friends, brought it to a condition of more maturity and stability. The labors and constantly increasing reputation of Dr. Caldwell, were instrumental, in no small degree, in effecting this result; and he was permitted to live to see our Institution rising from the humble condition of a mere Grammar School, progressively through all the successive gradations of usefulness and respectability, to the high and honorable station which it occupied at his death among the Universities of the land. May we be pardoned for adverting here to one article in the Act of Incorpora-

tion, which seems to have been nugatory, from the limitation as to the time annexed to it, but the purpose of which might still be partly carried into effect in perfect consistency with its original design. It was enacted that six of the Halls, attached to the College precincts, should bear the names of the six individuals who, within four years, should be the largest contributors to the funds of the institution. It is probable, that with the exception of Gov. Smith's, there were not within that period any benefactions of such an amount as to warrant the Trustees in giving effect to this provisional act of gratitude; but the magnitude of one subsequent benefaction, at least, may well redeem it from the penalty annexed to its tardiness. Of the eight buildings constituting our present accommodations, one does honor to the name of one contributor, and the Chapel serves as a monument to the memory of another. The others are yet unappropriated; and, as we shall presently see, we are indebted for the largest of them, to funds accumulated from individual donations by the active exertions and persevering industry of Dr. Caldwell. He has been our most munificent benefactor, and to him should be awarded the highest meed of honor. Nor should the labors in our behalf of the lamented Mitchell go unremembered, when we come to christen our new edifices.

The business of Education in the University of North Carolina was commenced in the early part of the year 1795; Mr. Hinton James of Wilmington, the first Student, having arrived here on the 12th day of February of that year. The first Instructor was the Rev. David Kerr, a Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, assisted by Mr. — Holmes, in the Preparatory Department. Very shortly afterwards, the Professorship of Mathematics was filled by the appointment of Mr. Charles Harris, of Iredell county, and a Graduate of the College of New Jersey. It was not the intention of Mr. Harris to engage permanently in the business of Instruction, his views being directed to the Profession of the Law; and when he accepted the Professorship, it was with the understanding that he was to relinquish it at the expiration of one year. Mr. Harris, while at Princeton, had formed an acquaintance with Dr. Caldwell, but their personal intercourse was so slight, that the latter scarcely remembered that he had ever seen him. His recommendation of Dr. Caldwell, therefore, as his successor, is a proof of the high estimation in which the latter was held by all who had an opportunity of knowing him, and is a forcible illustration of the influence which undeviating rectitude and close attention to the duties of their station exercise over the future destinies of the young.

To the penetration of Mr. Harris, and his agency in filling the Professorship vacated by himself, with so competent a successor, North Carolinians owe an eternal debt of gratitude. The letter to Dr. Caldwell, enquiring whether he would accept the Professorship of Mathematics,

reached him, as we learn in his autobiography, while engaged in the discharge of his Tutorship at Princeton, and employing such a portion of his time as could be spared from his more immediate business, in fitting himself for the ministerial office. The invitation being unsolicited, was unexpected, and found him wholly unprepared with an answer. The question was referred to his friends, who were supposed by him to be better judges than himself. They advised him to accept the offer; and, as it was flattering to his own feelings, and presented a prospect of a respectable and permanent income, he yielded to their advice, and accordingly signified to Mr. Harris his determination to accept the Professorship, if it should be offered him by the Trustees of the College. The appointment was made by an unanimous vote of the Board, and Dr. Caldwell, after being admitted to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church, left Princeton in the beginning of September 1796, for his journey to the South. While passing through Philadelphia, he was invited to preach in the pulpit of Dr. Ashbel Green, and made so favorable an impression, that inducements were held out to him to remain in the city, with a view of taking charge of a congregation there. By the advice of Dr. Green, he at once rejected the proposal and pursued his way to North Carolina. At the time that Dr. Caldwell became connected with the University, its pretensions were very humble. In consequence of the slender patronage extended to it in its infancy, it was more than five years, as we have seen, after the incorporation was passed, before the business of instruction was commenced. A single building of two stories, now known as the East Building, was the only edifice, and that was occupied in part by the Preparatory School. Two instructors only were employed, and the scale of studies was exceedingly contracted when considered as the course prescribed by a University. Throughout the whole establishment, there was much to try the feelings and exercise the patience of those to whom was entrusted the task of maintaining its discipline and communicating instruction. The population of the country was in general rude and uncultured, to a degree of which one, who has not marked the progress of the change, will find it difficult to conceive. The young men, bringing to this place the sentiments and manners which they received from the associates of their earlier days, were but ill-prepared for that quiet devotion to the pursuits of literature and science, without which, the apparatus of professors and libraries and other facilities for acquiring knowledge, can be of little avail. Among the early associates too of Dr. Caldwell, were some of loose principles and corresponding habits, who threw additional obstacles in his way. For these reasons, the early part of his connection with the University was to him a scene of severe suffering and trial; and he seems at first to have been ready to yield to the promptings of his natural inclina-

tion, and to have retired from the turmoils and perplexities of his situation, to the less responsible and arduous, though humbler, station he had left. A record is found on the Journal of the Board of Trustees at that period, of the resignation of his appointment; but he was induced to withdraw it immediately, and to continue at his unpleasant, but honorable post. He then nerved himself with fresh resolution to encounter the difficulties which lay in his path; and, by the exercise of an untiring devotion and unshaken fidelity, aided by a resolution and decision of character, which, though not wholly natural, could not be daunted, he at length brought the unformed mass to a degree of order and respectability, which none can fully appreciate but the associates and successors to his labors. In the formation of his character as the presiding officer of an institution in which were thus met the wildest elements of insubordination, we see a striking illustration of the effects of an unwavering determination to walk in whatever path duty may point out. To those who witnessed the exercise of this character in its full vigor and efficiency, it is scarcely credible, how much it was a formation of the circumstances of his situation, united to a conscientious resolution to make himself useful and honorable in the station he occupied. Yet we have the best reasons for knowing, that, in incipient manhood, he shrunk from every thing like sternness and the rigid enforcement of authority, and was much in the habit of looking to others to determine for him in difficult emergencies. His career at Princeton, it is true, had somewhat broken in upon this gentleness of disposition; but the situation of a subordinate officer of a long established College, was widely different from that of the head of an Institution such as ours was in its infancy, and called for the exercise of very different principles. After seeing and clearly estimating what his new station demanded of him, he shook off every opposing habit and feeling, and gave himself up with a noble resolution, to a faithful and diligent discharge of its duties. How well he fulfilled this resolution, will be attested by many a grateful heart and sympathising bosom throughout our State.

During the first nine years of its existence, no one of the officers of the University was distinguished by the title of President. In 1804, Dr. Caldwell, who had for some time been the presiding officer, and who at all times subsequent to his introduction into the Faculty, had been its master spirit, was elected to the Presidency. He had then been recently married to Miss Susan Rowan, of whom he was deprived three years afterwards by death, as well as of an infant daughter, the only fruit of the marriage. He was again married in 1809, to Mrs. Hooper, who survived him. The limits prescribed for this article, will not admit of any extended detail of the incidents of the period of Dr. Caldwell's life subse-

quent to his elevation to the Presidency, if indeed it were necessary; but they are best known from their results, so richly scattered over the whole face of our land, and so manifest in the circumstances in which our institution now stands, as contrasted with its feebleness and immaturity when first confided to his fostering care. After the first few years of his Presidency, the reputation of the University, continually advancing, attracted so many students, that the want of enlarged means of accommodating them became very urgent; and the building now known as the South Building, much the most spacious of all we have, and containing most of the recitation rooms and lecture halls, was commenced and prosecuted, for some time, with vigor. But the Legislature having withdrawn the bounty it had before extended, and divested the Trustees of some of the sources of revenue originally assigned to the use of the University, left them under the necessity of suspending the prosecution of this work, and leaving it in a condition unfit for any useful application. Two years longer the inconvenience of narrow accommodations was submitted to; but the still increasing number of students caused the want of the additional building to become more and more pressing. At length Dr. Caldwell, whose interest in the institution was never confined to the faithful discharge of the duties of his peculiar office, requested of the Trustees permission to make an appeal to the liberality of the friends of education throughout the State. Nor did he appropriate to this business, any portion of his time required by his more immediate duties. During the six weeks vacation of the summer of 1811, he visited such parts of the State as were within his reach, and having headed the subscription list with his own name and a liberal donation, he obtained the sum of \$12,000. This liberal contribution enabled the Trustees to push the work on to completion and thus to secure that patronage, which, in all likelihood, would have been soon withdrawn, in consequence of actual want of room. This well-timed relief gave a new impulse to the progress of the institution in public favor, until additional buildings were once more needed for the reception of students. But the resources of the Trustees had become more ample, and more sufficient to provide all the required accommodations. Having removed this impediment which so seriously threatened the prosperity, if not the very existence of the University, and having seen it grow up from the humble condition in which he found it, to respectability and usefulness, Dr. Caldwell thought that, without hazarding the interests of the institution, he might now yield to the inclination which had never left him, of devoting more time and attention to study, than the duties of the Presidency allowed him, and accordingly, in 1812, he resigned his situation, and returned to the Mathematical Chair. Apart, however, from the preference which he felt and thus indulged, of devoting himself to the task of in-

struction rather than of direction and discipline, he was contemplating the execution of a literary labor in which he took much interest, and which remains as a monument of his skill in adapting the details of an abstruse science to the comprehension of the young. We allude to his work on Geometry, which, though not published for some years afterwards, (1822) engaged much of his attention and time during the interval which elapsed between his retirement from the Presidency and his reluctant resumption of it in 1817. The subject is one which, in the ablest hands, does not at the present day admit of much that is strictly original. The most skillful mathematician who undertakes a work of this kind, must content himself with moulding into new forms the materials handed down to him by writers of other times, and with introducing occasionally a demonstration that is new, more lucid, or more direct and brief. The object proposed by Dr. Caldwell in this publication, was to produce a system less extended and tedious than that of *Euclid*, but comprising all the capital propositions of that Geometer, and retaining, throughout his strict and rigid methods of demonstration—an object which he will be allowed by all competent judges to have well and happily accomplished. Upon his resignation of the Presidency, Dr. Robert Chapman was selected by the Trustees as his successor. After holding the office for five years, Dr. Chapman retired in 1817, and Dr. Caldwell was induced to resume the situation, which he continued to hold during the remainder of his life, though not without making efforts to resign it. The distinguished success which attended his labors did not fail to attract attention from abroad, as it excited the admiration and gratitude of the friends of the University at home. In 1816, the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, his alma mater, conferred on him, by an unanimous vote, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. And subsequently inducements were held out to him by at least two respectable Colleges to change his situation; but he clung to our College with a paternal devotion, commensurate with the obligations it owed him; and, with a determination which appears to have been formed very soon after his first connection with it, he resisted every attempt to draw him to a more lucrative appointment.

After his re-appointment to the Presidency, he pursued the even tenor of his way, dispensing intellectual and moral good through all our borders. One event, with its auspicious consequences, will detain us a few moments, before we come reluctantly to that solemn period, when the shadows of the grave began to gather over his bright and benificent career. The Trustees having determined to add to the facilities for improvement already enjoyed by the students of the University, a Philosophical apparatus, and additional volumes for the Library, Dr. Caldwell, entrusting the temporary supervision of the College to the Senior Profes-

sor who deservedly possessed his and the public's entire confidence, visited Europe, in order to direct, in person, the construction of the apparatus, and the selection of the books. He sailed from this country in the month of April, 1824, and landing at Liverpool, proceeded immediately to London, to accomplish the object of his voyage. After having put the business in a train that promised to lead to its speedy completion, he passed over into France; and traversing that country, by the route of Paris and Lyons, after visiting the Lower Alps, passed through the western part of Switzerland and Germany, and proceeded down the Rhine as far as Frankfort, whence he returned to London. Subsequently, he visited Scotland; and at length returned to this country, after an absence of ten months. The fidelity and skill with which he discharged the trust confided to him by the Trustees, are abundantly attested by the excellence of the apparatus which now occupies our lecture rooms, and by the value of the addition made to our library. But far the most interesting result of his visit to Europe, was the strong feeling excited in his mind on the subject of internal improvement—a subject, which perhaps engrossed more of his thoughts during some of the last years of his life, than any thing else connected with this world. The sound practical views which he entertained on the introduction of this system into our own State, and which are ably and clearly set forth in the numbers of *Carlton*, have commanded the admiration of every enlightened citizen; and the zeal with which he advocated it on every suitable occasion, and long after disease had impaired the energies of his body, must secure him the lasting gratitude of every true friend of his country. It is well known, that the magnificent project of a railroad to reach from Beaufort to the mountains, originated with him, and was advocated with such ability as to have rendered it a favorite measure of State policy with some of the most enlightened and devoted patriots of our land long before his death, and finally led to the construction of the N. C. Central and Atlantic and N. C. Railroads.

The first access of the disease by which Dr. Caldwell's life was finally brought to a close, occurred in 1828 or 1829; after which period, as he states in a note made in 1831, he was never in the enjoyment of good health. Nearly the whole of the six or seven years which elapsed before the termination of his sufferings, was a period of unremitted uneasiness; during a considerable part of it his bodily sufferings were severe, and often, he was the victim of excruciating pain. He seldom spoke on the subject even to his most intimate friends; and having a singular power of subduing and controlling his emotions, he would often wear upon his countenance a calmness and serenity, that indicated to a stranger, an enjoyment of the blessings of existence; when, to those better acquainted

with him, it would be revealed by some involuntary movement, that this appearance of ease and comfort, was not maintained without a powerful struggle. But the triumph which disease was thus achieving over the body, did not, till the very last hours of his existence, extend to the faculties of his mind, or impair, in the slightest degree, the devotedness of the interest with which he cherished the institution, that for so many years had been the object of his fostering care. It is true, that within the last two years of his life, when acute and unceasing suffering disabled him from taking his wonted share in the business of instruction, he proffered to the Trustees the resignation of his office of President; but it was under an apprehension that he was becoming an incumbrance to the College, and would not be able to make a full return of service for the salary attached to his station. That honorable body with a liberality and feeling of gratitude worthy of them and of him, resisted the attempt made by him to surrender the trust he had received from their predecessors. But to relieve him from the task of instruction, and to secure to him the leisure and tranquility which his age and infirmities demanded, they established an Adjunct Professorship, to provide for his entire withdrawal from the labors of his station. The individual selected by Dr. Caldwell himself to fill this professorship, Walker Anderson, A. M., brought to the filial task, a heart full of veneration and love, and a resolution to fulfil to the uttermost the pious purpose of the Trustees. But though provision was thus made, by the character of the professorship and the disposition of its incumbent, for the entire release of Dr. Caldwell from the business of instruction, he could not be induced to avail himself of the indulgence to the extent proposed, but resolutely persevered, till within three days of his death, in performing as much labor as his fast declining strength was equal to. One half of the ordinary duties of his professorship he reserved to himself, and manifested a settled purpose to abide by this arrangement, by assigning to his adjunct, in addition to the other half, a portion of the general business of the College. Though his frame was racked with unremitting pain, and worn and wasted by sleepless and tortured nights, yet on no occasion, except during an attendance on the Presbytery to which he belonged, and a visit to Philadelphia in a fruitless effort to find relief from his sufferings—on no other occasion did he devolve these reserved duties on his associate, though often and earnestly entreated to do so. "*Sepulchri immemor, struit domos.*" On the Saturday previous to his death, he retired from the lecture room to his bed, from which he never rose again, but under the impulse of his mortal agonies.

The religious character of Dr. Caldwell was not the formation of a day, nor the hasty and imperfect work of a dying bed. His trust was anchored

on the rock of ages, and he was therefore well furnished for the terrible conflict that awaited him. We have seen in his autobiography that he had made religion the guide of his youth; it beautified and sanctified the labors of his well-spent life; nor did it fail him in the trying hour, which an all-wise but inscrutable providence permitted to be to him peculiarly dark and fearful. The rich consolations of his faith became brighter and stronger, amidst the wreck of the decaying tabernacle of flesh; and, if the dying testimony of a pure and humble spirit may be received, death had for him no sting—the grave achieved no triumph. In any frequent and detailed account of his religious feelings, he was not inclined to indulge—the spirit that walks most closely with its God, needs not the sustaining influence of such excitements—yet a few weeks previous to his death, a friend from a distant part of the State calling to see him, made inquiries as to the state of his mind, and had the privilege of hearing from him the calm assurance of his perfect resignation and submission to the will of God. His hope of happy immortality beyond the grave, was such as belongs only to the Christian, and by him was modestly and humbly, but confidently entertained. It was to him a principle of strength that sustained him amidst the conflicts of the dark valley, and to those who witnessed the agonies of his parting hour, a bright radiance illuming the gloom which memory throws around the trying scene. On the evening of the 24th of January, 1835, his terrible disease made its last ferocious assault, with such violence, that he knew that his hour of release was at hand. He gratefully hailed the anxiously expected period, and his house having long since been set in order, he withdrew his thoughts from earthly objects, and calmly looked upon that futurity to whose verge he was come. By the exercise of prayer and other acts of the holy religion which he professed, he strengthened him for the last conflict, and spoke words of consolation and hope, to his sorrowing friends. But death was yet to be indulged with a brief triumph, and for three days his sufferings were protracted with such intensity, that his vigorous and well balanced mind sank beneath the contest. We willingly drop the veil over the bitter recollections of that hour, and take refuge in those high and holy hopes, which were the last objects of his fading consciousness, and which had lent to the long twilight of his mortal career, some of the light of that heaven to which they had directed his longing gaze. To no one who lived at that time, need we tell of the universal and heartfelt sorrow, with which the intelligence of Dr. Caldwell's death was received throughout the State. Multitudes there were, who felt that they had been deprived of a personal benefactor—of one, whose kindness and the value of whose services to them, are more and more valued, as increasing experience points out the worth of those labors which the young can never

fully appreciate. The Trustees of the University, more than one half of whom had been students of the institution while under his charge, became the organs of the public sentiment, in the expression of the general grief. Some of them, with *alumni* and others from abroad, mingled in the train of the bereaved officers and members of the College, in committing to the dust all that remained to them of their departed Father. All that remained, did we say? We look around us, and stand rebuked for the desponding murmur. The labors of a useful life, to use the thought of the old stoic, are like things consecrated to God, over which mortality has no power. "*Hæc est pars temporis nostri, sacra ac dedicata; quam non inopia, non metus non morborum incursus exagitat.*" The pure and patient spirit has long since escaped its narrow and tempest-stricken prison house, the wasted form is now resting from its sore conflict, in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection, but those consecrated acts of his useful life remain with us, to spread their beneficent influence through successive generations. It is trite remark to speak of the ever-renewed effects of such an influence; but calm observation and reflection abundantly sanction the warm effusions of our grateful admiration. The benefits received from a faithful instructor and guide of our youth, are not only transmitted to our children, but through our whole lives exert a diffusive influence throughout the sphere in which we move. We may say, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, that the whole present generation of the citizens of North Carolina owe to the memory of Dr. Caldwell, gratitude as well as admiration; and that we are indebted to his agency, directly or indirectly, more than to any other individual, for the very remarkable change that has taken place in the moral and intellectual character of our State within the last sixty years. We speak not only of the fruits of his labors, as a faithful instructor and ripe scholar, though it were not an easy task to estimate their extent. We claim not for his tomb, only the sphere and the cylinder which decorated that of *Archimedes*—we speak of the whole moral influence of his life and labors—as a christian minister, an enlightened and active patriot—as one who conscientiously fulfilled all the duties binding him as a man and a Christian; we claim to write upon his tomb the proud but safe defiance—"Ubi lapsus?" The relation in which Dr. Caldwell stood towards a great part of the youth of his day, will justify us in inviting the attention of our younger readers to a brief consideration of the principles of that moral strength, which Dr. Caldwell exerted with such salutary power on all who came within his influence, and in endeavoring to draw from thence some lesson of wisdom or motive to exertion. In allusion to the little knowledge which we possess of the early studies of the illustrious Newton, *Fontenelle* applied to him the idea of the Ancients respecting the unknown source of the river Nile: "No

one has ever looked upon the Nile in its feebleness and infancy." But we have been more favored. That magnificent stream which fertilized and blessed our borders for so many years, we have just been tracing up to its youngest and freshest fountains, and it is permitted us to draw from thence, new draughts of instruction and delight. As in his maturer years, Dr. Caldwell was the guide and governor of young men, so, in his youth, he should be their example. They should learn that it was in his early life, that his character, in its great outlines, was irrevocably fixed; that the honest, candid, generous and open-hearted boy "foreshowed the man" who brought to the engagements and occupations of after life, the same ennobling principles.

His example confirms, what the example of thousands teaches us, that it is not by sudden and solitary acts of volition that men prepare themselves to become conspicuous, in either good or evil; but by a discipline commencing in childhood, and continuing through youth far into maturer life. If it may be permitted us to look into the elements of that mighty intellect which has been prolific of such momentous results—into the "*altæ penetralia mentis*" before which we bow with such reverence and admiration—we would say that Dr. Caldwell was not indebted in any extraordinary degree to the bounty of Nature, for the extent and perfection of his large mental acquirements. To patient and persevering industry his youth was indebted for that wide and solid foundation, on which the patient and persevering industry of manhood reared so noble a superstructure. But that which we have ever esteemed the great primary element of his intellectual excellence, was the perfect accuracy which he gave to his every mental acquisition. However slow, a strict regard to this fundamental quality might make his progress appear, it was never sacrificed to the whispers of indolence, nor to the murmurs of impatience. Whatever progress was made, though it were slow and painful at first, the ground was thoroughly conquered, and every outpost fully occupied; nothing was left unfinished to annoy him by the necessity of constant retrospection, nor to impede his onward march by a sense of insecurity and doubt. Nor is the eventual flight of a mind, thus solicitous about the accuracy and perfection of its first movements, less rapid or less elevated than the towering, but unequal essays of what is sometimes called genius. The latter may at times soar to the highest heavens, but it has often to stoop to earth to repair the deficiencies of its early preparation; while the former, having once surmounted the difficulties and dull delays of its lower flight, thenceforward moves in a purer sky—

Heaven's sunshine on its joyful way,
And freedom on its wings.

Nor, while thus presenting his intellectual character, would we lose

sight of the great moving principle of his moral character. In one word, the Religion of Jesus Christ gave direction and efficiency to all his varied works. To its claims he sacrificed every conflicting passion and propensity of early youth, and it became the easy habit of his manhood and old age. Its legitimate fruit,

“The love
Of human race, the large ambitious wish
To make them blest,”

was the rule of his life in all his intercourse with the world; and an unfaltering trust in the promises of his Saviour, was his stay and consolation through his arduous pilgrimage, and enabled him, at the last, to give up his body with uncomplaining patience to the bitterest pangs of mortality, and his undying spirit, with confidence and joy, to its Maker and Redeemer.

It has been supposed by some, that the dignity of manner, sometimes approaching to sternness, which characterized Dr. Caldwell's intercourse with the students of the University, was the result of a corresponding sternness of temper. This injurious thought might be easily repelled by the testimony of those who were admitted to the high privilege of social companionship with him, and who could bear witness to the kind and courteous, though still dignified demeanor, which marked all his intercourse with them. Circumstances, easily understood, imparted to his manner, when brought into contact with those under his charge, a certain degree of reserve; which, however, was greatly misunderstood, if regarded as indicating a want of sympathy with their youthful feelings, or a wish to repel them from communion with him. The brief glance which we have taken at the early condition of our College, and its tempestuous elements, which then needed a master-spirit to subdue and control them, reveals to us the necessity there was for that authoritative dignity and decision of character, which, after that period, so eminently distinguished Dr. Caldwell. In obedience to the law which was the rule of his life—the fitting himself to fulfill, in the best possible manner, the duties of the station in which Providence had placed him—he moulded his temper and deportment to the demands of his peculiar situation; and, if in more quiet times he did not entirely recede from the manner which circumstances had forced upon him, something must be forgiven to the inflexibility of habits acquired upon principle, and continued from necessity through many successive years. But who are they who have brought this charge of sternness against his memory? Those who judge hastily and superficially, not those who had the best opportunities of knowing him. They who were brought into the closest contact with him, say that, though hardened vice was ever frowned upon with severity, yet, when ingenuous and honorable contrition was excited, his brow was the first to relax, and

his tongue the first to drop the balm of kindness and encouragement. They bear the grateful testimony, that his

“Authority in show,
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love,
Whose favor, like the clouds of Spring, might lower
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown.”

In his general intercourse, Dr. Caldwell was accessible and courteous, and though in his usual habits, much devoted to study, he relished, in a very high degree, the pleasures of intellectual society. In the various domestic relations of life, he exhibited the kindest and gentlest traits of character; and, with a heart and hand open as the day to melting charity, he was the beloved benefactor of the whole circle in which he moved.

We have endeavored to trace, though with a feeble hand, the incidents of a life so dear to us all, and to unfold some of the traits of that character which has been so long our pride and admiration.



A COMMENTARY ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DR. HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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BY REV. DR. CURTIS, OF HILLSBORO'.  
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THE following notes are offered, not at all in the spirit, nor for the purpose of criticism, but merely to satisfy the enquiries of those persons who are curious about knowing the natural productions of our State described by the early explorers. The writer has become so well acquainted with these, in the course of more than twenty years' observation and study, that he has little difficulty in identifying many of the objects described by the old journalists included in Dr. Hawks' work, and he here presents the result with good assurance of their general accuracy:

On p. 66, vol. 1, we are told that "the finest native grapes of our country all spread from North Carolina. These are the Scuppernong, the Catawba and the Isabella." To these might be added the Lincoln or Butts' Grape, now coming into high repute as a table and wine Grape.

On the *Scuppernong*, a few words will be said under another note. Of the *Catawba*, Dr. H. says, "it is still found wild in North Carolina," a statement requiring some qualification. The original species, from which

the Catawba variety is derived, is common in North Carolina, as it is all over the United States. But if the so called *Catawba* is any where found in the wild state, we have never seen it nor heard of it.

The *Isabella* has been a subject of much controversy, and perhaps it cannot be ascertained from what locality it was originally obtained. It is well known that Mrs. Isabella Gibbs carried it from the Cape Fear (about the year 1806, I think,) and presented it to Prince, of Flushing, who named it as a new variety, in honor of the donor. But it is yet in dispute from whose stock Mrs. Gibbs obtained her cuttings. Dr. Hawks gives the tradition, that she got them from the garden of Gov. Smith at Smithville. The late Dr. Laspiere, however asserted that she obtained the vine from stock derived from himself. And I am informed by Judge Ruffin, that he cultivated this variety in Hillsborough, as far back as 1811, under the name of the "Laspiere Grape," a name by which it was then known in this State. Mr. Francis Waddell, of Orange, who was intimately acquainted with Dr. L., has lately stated to me, in which he is confirmed by Judge Ruffin, that Dr. Laspiere claimed to have brought the original vine, with several other varieties, from St. Domingo, and that in his vineyard it bore the name of the "Black Cape," named from Cape Francois. Dr. L. was a veracious man, and the above statement would therefore merit ready acceptance, did not science interpose some difficulties. It is probable that this new variety got accidentally mixed with his foreign stocks, and he was thus led into error as to its origin. No botanist questions its American origin, and for the following reasons:—1st. Its affinities are nearer to our Fox Grape (*Vitis Labrusca*) than to the European (*Vitis vinifera*.) 2d. There is a peculiarity in all our American species of Grape, by which they are distinguished from the foreign, in that they produce only staminate or barren flowers on some stocks. This is not the case with the European. 3d. Seedlings from the *Isabella* sometimes produce the same barren or staminate vines, sometimes revert to the original Fox Grape, as we have it in our own woods, with the same appearance of vine and leaf, and the same color, flavor and odor of the fruit. Rarely, as with the Scuppernong, is the true variety re-produced from seed. This is no place for a full discussion of this question. That will be given elsewhere ere long, and by those better qualified to exhaust the subject. The American origin of the *Isabella* is no longer a matter of just dispute. The precise locality, from which it was originally derived, may never be ascertained, but tradition seems to point most clearly to the region of the Cape Fear.

Vol. II. p. 221.—"The delicious Scuppernong was there in incredible abundance."—*Hawks*. The proof of this, if it be found in the Narratives, has entirely escaped me.

Vol. I, p. 157, in Hariot's Narrative, we find under the head of wine : "There are two kinds of grapes that the soil does yield naturally—the one is small and sour, of the ordinary bigness, as ours in England—the other far greater and of itself luscious sweet." A remark is here intercalated by Dr. H. that "it is the Scuppernong that is here meant. It abounds on Roanoke Island." I do not see any evidence in the text that this is the Scuppernong. The characters of the grape given are too meagre to justify any very satisfactory conclusion as to the species. Besides, Dr. H. has already informed us (vol I, p. 76,) that a small vine was transplanted to Roanoke Island only two years before (1584) by Amadas and Barlowe, from Tyrrel county, which would seem quite unnecessary, if the Scuppernong already abounds there. In regard to the wine made from this grape, Dr. H. compares it to *Malmsey*, (I, p. 76.) Does he not mean *Muscat*, which it more closely resembles.

Vol. II. p. 221.—"The large purple grape—Muscadine, the small black bunch grapes, perfect after the frost has touched them—the white bunch grapes, the summer and winter fox grapes, all might be had," &c. *Hawks*.

Of these grapes the *Muscadine* is not mentioned by Lawson under that name. But it is his *Winter Fox Grape*, of which he mentions a *white* variety, which is our well known *Scuppernong*. This species (*Vitis Vulpina*) varies very much in the color and quality of its fruit, from the amber color of the Scuppernong to the ebony black and purple of the wild muscadine, Bullace, or Bull Grape. The *Summer Fox Grape* of Lawson, black and white varieties, is the *Vitis Labrusca*, of our woods, the parent of the *Isabella*, *Catawba*, *Bland's*, *Alexander's*, and other varieties now common in cultivation.

The "Small Black Grape," and the "Small White Grape," of Lawson, are varieties of the Frost Grape (*Vitis Cordifolia*) and very lightly esteemed, being dry and exceedingly tart.

Dr. Hawks (I. p. 76) mentions that six varieties of Grape were known to Lawson, but believes there were more than this number in the State. There would be no difficulty in enumerating that number of varieties ; but there are only four *species* in North Carolina, three of which have been designated above. The remaining one (*Vitis æstivalis*) is generally known in the State by the name of *Summer Grape*, and it is, I believe, the original of the Lincoln Grape before mentioned.

I. p. 77.—With "Pines, Cypress and Sassaphras," are enumerated "the Lentish, or the tree that bears the mastick," and "the tree that bears the rind of the black cinnamon, of which Master Winter brought from the Streights of Magellan."—*Amadas and Barlowe*.

The *Lentish* or *Mastick* (*Pistacia Lentiscus*) belongs to southern Eu-

rope, and very certainly was not found in Carolina. Possibly our *Sweet Gum* was mistaken for it. The *Black Cinnamon* of Master Winter is now better known as *Winter's Bark*, (Drimys' Winteri,) and has never been found in North America. It is not unlikely that our *Sweet Bay*, (*Magnolia Glauca*,) which belongs to the same natural order of plants with the *Winter's Bark*, and possesses similar qualities, was intended by Barlowe. This suspicion receives some confirmation from the fact, that the *Sweet Bay* is not elsewhere alluded to by this writer, although it is a production very abundant in all the region visited by him, and one not likely to be overlooked by a traveller with an eye directed like his to the natural productions of the country.

Vol. I. p. 83.—Dr. Hawks deems it “not at all improbable that *Oats* were found growing wild in North Carolina by the first European visitors.” And he says, that “they still are found wild on other parts of the continent.”

There are several Grasses in our country known by the name of *Wild Oats*, from some real or fancied resemblance to the true oats; but if the latter have ever been found wild in any part of North America, I have never seen any authentic information of the fact, nor do I believe that they have ever been met with. It is not impossible, nor is it perhaps improbable, that the Indians had this cereal in *cultivation*, which is all that Barlowe says about it. “And so have they (the Indians) both wheat and oats.” So it is said that they have the peach. Yet it is very certain that neither this nor those are natives of North America. And although the testimony of the Aborigines' possession of *wheat* is precisely the same with that of their possession of *oats*, yet, Dr. H. doubts whether Barlowe did not mistake some other plant for *wheat*. Then why not mistake *oats* also? I know no native plants, indeed, there are none likely to have been *cultivated* by the Indians, which a European, familiar of course with wheat and oats, would be likely to mistake for them. We have no *Triticum* nor *Agropyron*, in the Atlantic States which were not introduced from Europe. I cannot, therefore, see the value of Dr. H's discrimination of *Triticum* into *Cerealìa* and *Agropyra*. If the latter are but *Grasses*, not “yielding edible seeds,” it is not very probable either, that the Indians would cultivate them, or that Barlowe would mistake them for *wheat*.

I. p. 83.—“There are alone fourteen sweet smelling timber-trees.”—*Barlowe*. I cannot make out what these are, if what we should now call *timber-trees* was intended, and I am inclined to suspect an over-statement. Cedar, Juniper, Sassafras, Cypress, Sweet Bay, Red Bay, Cucumber Tree, Sweet Gum, Black Walnut, and Toothache Tree, have a wood or bark, or both, more or less fragrant. By adding the *Pines*, of which there are four species in the low country, the number is completed; but these are

not usually ranked among the fragrant *woods*, if that is what is meant by Barlowe.

I. p. 88.—This writer speaks of “Currants and Flax” on Roanoke Island. As there are no true Currants indigenous to the maritime parts of North Carolina, I suspect that he must have meant *Huckleberries*, some of which would be at maturity in July, a month during which he was in that region. *Sparkleberries* (which are a species of Huckleberry) are now sometimes called Currants, but these are not fit for eating till Autumn, and Barlowe was in England by the middle of September. Of *Flax* see below.

I. p. 106.—“Sundry rich and pleasant gums.”—*Lane's Letter*. We know of none but those derived from the Pines, Cypress, Juniper, Cedar and Sweet Gum.

I. p. 106.—“Several kinds of *flax*, and one kind like silk, the same gathered of a grass, as common there as grass here.”—*Lane's Letter*. We have in the lower portions of the State two species of native Flax (*Linum Virginianum* and *rigidum*); but as they have yellow flowers, and are otherwise not much like the true Flax, which has blue flowers, I doubt if any one but a Botanist would be likely to notice them, and I am not aware that they have ever been used for commercial purposes. Besides, it is evident from the connexion, that Lane used the word Flax generically for all vegetable fibre suited to the purposes for which Flax is used. Of these we have several with pretty tenacious fibre in the outer bark, as in the Silk or Milk Weed (*Asclepias*), Indian Hemp (*Apocynum*), Wood-Nettle (*Laportea*), &c. For the “kind like silk,” see next note.

I. p. 154.—“Silk of Grass, or Grass Silk.”—*Hariot*. This is evidently the same thing mentioned above by Lane. We have a plant (*Chrysopsis graminifolia*) in the Pine Woods, almost “as common as grass,” and now known as *Silk Weed*, which answers well to the accounts of these writers, and which I have no doubt is the one intended by them. It is not a Grass, but has narrow grass-like leaves, covered with a white silky pubescence of sufficient length to suggest its application to textile uses; but I do not know if its use has ever been attempted. Indeed the fibre is too fragile for any important purpose in art. Dr. H. conjectures that this plant of Hariot is the “Bear Grass,” but that plant does not answer to the descriptions of the voyagers.

I. p. 157.—“The Otter has long since been driven out. The Marten, we are inclined to think, was never among our animals. What is meant by Luzernes we cannot tell.”—*Hawks*.

The *Otter* is still found both in the upper and lower sections of the State. The *Marten* has been assigned a home in North Carolina since Hariot's day; but I have no authentic information of its having been

seen within our limits. *Luzernes*, or *Luzerenes*, still co-called by some people, are more generally known among us as *Weasel*. I think it more likely, however, that the *Wild Cat* was meant by this word, as *Lusern* is an old name for the *Lynx*.

I. p. 158.—“*Civet Cats*.” Surely never seen in North Carolina. *Harriot* appears to have seen the carcass of one which he so called, and smelled another. I have no doubt that his *Civet* was a *Skunk*.

I. p. 160.—“*Sugar Cane*.” Very fair crops of this have long since been raised in Brunswick and Columbus counties, though on a small scale. P. 161.—If I am not misinformed, the “*Chinese Sugar Cane*” was in successful cultivation in North Carolina before Dr. Hawks “sent seed here for experiment.”

I. p. 164.—“*Macoquer*, according to their several forms, called by us *Pompions*, *Melons* and *Gourds*.”—*Harriot*. These were certainly known to the Aborigines before the discovery of America by Columbus, as has been satisfactorily shown by the late Dr. Harris of Cambridge.

I. p. 164.—“There is a herb which in Dutch is called *Melden*. Some of those I describe it unto, take it to be a kind of *osage*. It grows about four or five feet high; of the seed thereof they make a thick broth and pottage of a very good taste; of the stalk, by burning into ashes they make a kind of salt-earth, wherewithal many use sometimes to season their broths; other salt they have not. We ourselves also used the leaves for pot-herbs.”—*Harriot*.

Melde is a Dutch word for *Orache*, which I take for *Harriot's Osage*. We have on our coast the *Chenopodium Maritimum*, which is akin to *Orache*, is a good pot-herb, and in Europe is burned with other marine plants for the production of Soda. This must be the plant of *Harriot*.

I. p. 168.—“*Openauk* are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bigness of walnuts—growing many together, one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened with a string. Being boiled or sodden, they are very good meat.”—*Harriot*.

This seems to be the *Ground Nut*, (*Apios tuberosa*) an edible tuber, growing upon the roots of a vine which runs over shrubs in damp thickets, bearing a cluster of pea-shaped, brownish-purple, odorous flowers. Among some of the Northern Indians, this was *Hopniss*.

I. p. 168,—“*Okeepenauk* are also of round shape, found in dry grounds, some are of the bigness of a man's head. They are to be eaten as they are taken out of the ground, for by reason of their dryness they will neither roast nor seethe.”—*Harriot*.

This answers entirely to the *Tuckahoe* or *Indian Bread*, (*Pachyma Cocos*), a subterranean production, known under one or other of these names, from Virginia to Texas, but whose history is yet wrapped in mys-

tery. Though of a Fungoid habit, it is certainly not an autonomous plant, not a true vegetable organism. It seems to be the product of some chemical agency not yet understood. Prof. Torrey has repeatedly analyzed it, and found it to be composed almost wholly of Pectine, the principle which constitutes the edible portion of esculent roots, such as potatoes, turnips, &c. It needs to be treated with alkalies to be very available in cookery, when it will furnish as large amount of nutritive matter as an equal amount of rice and Irish potatoes. Country people sometimes employ it for the production of domestic starch. This singular product has its origin upon roots or woods buried in the earth, which are thus sometimes wholly converted into Pectine.

I. p. 189.—“*Kaishuepenauk*, a white kind of roots, about the bigness of hen's eggs, and near of that form. The inhabitants used to boil and eat many.”—*Hariot*.

Can these be Irish potatoes? But Raleigh introduced these into England from the Spanish Main.

I. p. 169.—“*Trinaw*, a kind of root much like unto that which in England is called the China root.....These roots grow many together in great clusters, and do bring forth a briery stalk,” &c.—*Hariot*.

This is at once recognized in one of our species of Bamboo, (*Smilax*) still known as China root, sometimes used in cookery by our negroes, and greedily devoured by boys. Lawson calls it “*Tisinaw* or Bastard China Root.

I. p. 169.—“*Coscushaw*, some of our company took to be that kind of root, which Spaniards in the West Indies call *Cassava*.....It groweth in very muddy pools and moist grounds,” &c.—*Hariot*.

Beyond any doubt this is the *Arrow Leaf*, (*Sagittaria variabilis*) very common in the situations indicated by *Hariot*, and known to have been used, as he describes, by the Indians. The Northern Indians called it *Katniss*.

I. p. 169.—“*Habascon* is a root of hot taste, almost of the form and bigness of a parsnip; of itself it is no victual, but only a help, being boiled together with other meats.”—*Hariot*.

Dr. Hawks suggests *Calamus* or *Horse-radish* in interpretation of this short text. But besides that neither of these would be compared with a *Parsnip*, I cannot help thinking that *Hariot* must have been familiar with both of them in Europe, and so would have recognized them here. I have scarcely a doubt that it is what is popularly known among us as *Angelico* (*Ligusticum actæifolium*) or *White Root*, the *Nondo* of the Florida Indians.

I. p. 170.—“*Leeks*.”—Our wild onions, of which we have several species, some of them great nuisances in cultivated grounds.

I. p. 170.—“*Chestnuts*.”—These are not native farther down the country than Guilford, and hence I suppose that the Chestnuts of the early voyagers are Chinquapins, common enough farther down, or as Harriot says, “in divers places great store.”

I. p. 170.—“*Walnuts*.”—There are two kinds of Walnuts, and of them infinite store.”—*Harriot*. None of these old writers make any mention of *Hickories*; hence I suppose, as they are more abundant than the Black Walnut (the only Walnut in the lower section of North Carolina,) that Hickories are generally intended by the above name. The second of the above, with a “very ragged and hard shell, but the kernel great, very oily and sweet,” I take to be our *Black Walnut*.

I. p. 170.—“*Medlars*.”—Our “Service Berries,” (*Amelanchier Canadensis*) sometimes called *Wild Currants*. They are of more palatable quality in the mountains than in the low country.

I. p. 170.—“*Mutaquesunnauk*,” Prickly Pear, (*Opuntia vulgaris*.)

I. p. 171.—“*Sacquenummener*, a kind of berries almost like unto Capers, but somewhat greater, which grow together in clusters upon a plant or herb that is found in shallow waters; being boiled eight or nine hours, according to their kind, are very good meat and wholesome; otherwise if they be eaten they will make a man, for the time, frantic or extremely sick.”—*Harriot*.

It would be difficult to recognize this plant from the description. But Kalm, a Botanist sent to this country by Linnæus, says of the *Orontium aquaticum*, that the northern Indians gather its seeds and eat them when dried like peas, boiling them repeatedly in water before they are fit for use. They called it *Tawkee*. This plant answers all the conditions of Harriot's, and is doubtless the one intended by him. It is popularly known as *Water Dock* or *Golden Club*, and is common in marshy places and shallow water, from the sea coast to Cherokee.

I. p. 171.—“There is a kind of reed which bears a seed almost like unto our rye or wheat, and being boiled is good meat.”—*Harriot*. Dr. Hawks doubtfully suggests that this is the *Wild Rice*. But the seed of that would never be compared with rye or wheat. Lawson, in speaking of the “*Hollow Canes* or *Reeds*, such as angling rods are made of,” tells us that “when they grow old they bear an ear like oats, wherein is contained their seeds, exactly like the grains of rye, which being boiled is good meat, and often made use of by the Indians.” Harriot's *Reed* is unquestionably what is still so called among us, or sometimes cane, the *Arundinaria macrosperma* of Botanists.

I. p. 172.—“*Sapummener*.”—I cannot agree with Dr. H. in his conjecture that these are *Chinquapins*, since I think Harriot includes the latter under *Chestnuts*, and he is here speaking expressly of *Acorns*. Those

designated by the above name may have been from the *White Oak*, which produces very palatable acorns.

I. p. 172.—“*Saguenuckot* and *Maquowoc*, two small kinds of beasts, greater than conies.” There is no telling what these were from such meager notice. If any one chooses to guess that they were the *Raccoon* and *Opossum*, I shall not dispute him.

I. p. 173.—“The *Lion*.”—This is the *Cougar* or *Panther*.

I. p. 174.—“*Seekanauk*, a kind of crusty shell-fish, which is good meat, about a foot in breadth, having a crusty tail, many legs like a crab, and her eyes in her back.”—*Hariot*. The *Horse-Shoe* or *King Crab*.

I. p. 175.—“*Fir-Trees*, fit for masts of ships,” &c.—*Hariot*. He must mean *Pines*. There are no *Firs* east of our mountains.

I. p. 175.—“*Rakiock*, a kind of trees, so called, that are sweet wood.” He mentions that large boats are made of these, carrying twenty men and their baggage.

Dr. Hawks thinks this the *Poplar* or *Tulip Tree*. But as it is a “sweet wood,” I believe it to be the *Juniper*. *Cedar* and *Cypress* are excluded by being enumerated in the next paragraph.

I. p. 176.—“*Ascopo*, a kind of tree very like unto *Laurel*, the bark is hot in taste and spicy.”—*Hariot*.

I at first thought this might be the *Sweet Bay*; but *Lawson*, who describes it nearly the same words with *Hariot*, says that he never saw it growing, and that the *Indians* got it at “the heads of the rivers and near the mountains.” I therefore suspect that it is the *Sweet Shrub* or *Calycanthus*.

Vol. II. p. 31.—“*Paroquitos*.”—The *Paroquet* or *Carolina Parrot*, has not been seen in *Carolina*, I suspect, for more than a quarter of a century. And I think it is now rarely, if ever, met with north of *Alabama* and *Mississippi*, though in the last century it migrated as far north as *Albany* in *New York*.

II. p. 38.—“In the barren sandy ground [of the *Cape Feare*] grow most stately *Pines*, white and red *Cedars*, *Ash*, *Birch*, *Holly*, *Chestnut*, and *Walnut* trees of great growth, and very plentiful. There are many sorts of fruit trees; as *Vines*, *Medlars*, *Peach*, wild *Cherries*, *Mulberry* trees and the *Silk-worm* breeding naturally on them.”

The *White Cedar* of this list is probably what goes by that name in the Northern States, but in this State and elsewhere in the South is improperly called *juniper*, a name pre-occupied, both in Europe and America, for a very different tree, the *Juniperus communis*. Our is *Cupressus thyoides*. On p. 217, Dr. Hawks speaks of *White* and *Red Cedars*, as if they were one species. The *Ash*, *Birch*, and *Holly* are still well known among us, and by the same names; but the *Chestnut*, as I have said be-

fore, is the Chinquapin or Dwarf Chestnut. Dr. Hawks, therefore, (p. 218) improperly ranks both Chestnut and Chinquapin among the products of the low country. Of Medlars and the Peach I have spoken elsewhere, as also of Mulberries. Of *Wild Cherries* there is but one species east of the Blue Ridge, our common Black Cherry (*Cerasus Virginiana*.)

II. p. 39.—“Wild Turkeys, of a great magnitude, weighing many times above fifty pounds a piece.” Has the writer exaggerated, or has our wild game degenerated? I have heard of no wild Turkey weighing much over thirty pounds. The ordinary weight of the wild gobbler is from fifteen to twenty pounds.

II. p. 217.—“The Gum, with its sweet-scented drops exuding from the wounded bark; invaluable for its toughness, almost impossible to split, and hallowed, in the superstition of the Indian, as the tree that was never struck by the thunderbolt.”—*Hawks*.

Dr. H. here confounds the *Sweet Gum* (*Liquidambar*) with the *Black* or *Sour Gum* (*Nyssa*.) It is the former that yields a gum of “sweet-scented drops,” and the latter only is “impossible to split.”

II. p. 218.—“The Bay, the Laurel, and the Myrtle, all sought the low ground on the river’s brink.”—*Hawks*.

The *Sweet Bay* (*Magnolia glauca*) and the *Wax Myrtle* (*Myrica*) are common and well known. What the Laurel is I do not know. The beautiful shrub (*Rhododendron*) so called in the middle and upper districts of the State is not found lower down. The name of *Swamp Laurel* is occasionally applied there to what is more generally called *Sweet Leaf* (*Symplocos tinctoria*), a shrub or small tree the leaves of which are in domestic use for making a yellow dye. Lawson says that such use is made of the *Laurel*; but then he compares this tree with the loftiest oaks, whereas the Sweet Leaf or Swamp Laurel rarely exceeds fifteen feet in height in North Carolina.

II. p. 218.—“Tulip Tree, with its flowers of pure white.”—*Hawks*.

I have never seen a *white* flower on this tree.

II. p. 218.—“Prince’s Feather.” This name belongs to exotics (*Amaranthus* and *Polygonum*) which could hardly have been intended by the old writers on this country. I presume that the *Gay Feather* or Button Snake Root (*Liatris*), several species of which abound in our Pine woods and Savannas, was meant by the above name.

II. p. 218.—“The Sunflower.” The cultivated flower, so called everywhere, is not among the “spontaneous productions of the country,” tho’ we have several species of *Helianthus* with far smaller flowers.

II. p. 218.—“Yaupon. Botanically this shrub belongs to the genus *Ilex*; some have supposed it to be the *Ilex vomitoria*, known to the Indians of Carolina by the name of *Cassena*; others have thought that it is

Ilex Paraguayensis or Mate' of Brazil, to which latter opinion we confess we incline."—*Hawks*.

In two identical propositions, the acceptance of one does not involve the exclusion of the other. I do not see, therefore, why Dr. H. does not accept the former as well as the "latter opinion," since it is the very purpose of his comments to identify the *Yaupon* of North America with the *Mate'* of South America. They are, however, very distinct plants. In the *Encyclopædia of Geography* (Vol. III. p. 213) may be seen a figure and description of the *Paraguay Tea* or *Mate'*, which no one who is acquainted with the *Cassena* or *Yaupon* would ever mistake for it. The leaf of the former is four or five inches long, and half that width, with coarse teeth on the margin; while the latter has leaves only from one half to one inch long, and the margin scolloped with small even serratures. The difference in other characters is equally marked. It is to be regretted that Dr. H. should have been beguiled into the support of this theory by no better testimony than that of some old woman in Brazil dealing in "boiled pork and beans" who asserted of the *Mate'*—"This is the same *truck* we use in *Caroliner* to make tea;" and also that of a wandering adventurer who, although pronounced "a competent American Botanist," seems to me to unite a little both of the quack and the wag in his scientific pretensions. If this "man of great scientific tastes and acquirements," for which the Rev. Mr. Fletcher endorses him, was anything more than I have above designated, why did he not give the true name of the *Mate'* as *Ilex Paraguayensis*; or, on his supposition that the *Mate'* and *Cassena* are identical, as *Ilex Vomitoria*? Instead of which, he invented a new and barbarous name for the occasion, to hide his ignorance and impose upon those who knew no better, and called it *Ilex Yauponia*!!—(or *Euponia*, as Mr. Fletcher spells it.) This is as if he had undertaken to give the scientific name of *Jimson Weed* as *Datura Jimsonia*, or of the Loblolly Pine, as *Pinus Loblolliana*! I cannot see in this a very "striking confirmation of the true conclusion of science," but rather an instance of the ease with which a shallow pretender can impose upon the unwary.

II. p. 221.—"The Mulberry, of three varieties, white, black and red; the purple wild Raspberry, Barberry, several sorts of wild Plums, including the Damson and Black, White and Red Currants, were all found among the spontaneous productions of the country."—*Hawks*.

The *Red* Mulberry is the only native of this country. The white and black species (not varieties) have been introduced from Europe, and are very rarely met with in cultivation. As to the "purple Raspberry" (*Rubus occidentalis*), I can only say that I have never met with it in the low country, (though not uncommon in the middle and upper districts,) nor do I believe that it is found there. But since our American species has

a very close resemblance to the European, in its general aspect—and yet Lawson says of his *Raspberries*, that “they grow on a stalk more like the *Bramble* than the Raspberry bush, and are in many parts of the province, and its difficult to root them out, when once planted—I cannot but think his purple Raspberry is our *low-bush Blackberry* (*Rubus cuneifolius*) common by roadsides and in old fields, with fruit generally superior to that of the high Blackberry. The *Barberry* is certainly not native in the eastern portion of North Carolina, and is mentioned by Lawson only among the *cultivated* plants; a remark applicable also to the “Damson and Black Plum,” and to the “White and Red Currants,” which are not natives in a portion of this State described by these journalists.

On the same page Dr. H. refers to Lawson’s *hearsay* of a native *Fig*, but very justly questions its being indigenous to North Carolina.

He also quotes Lawson’s very cautious statement in regard to a native *Peach*, which the Aborigines claimed to have before the arrival of Europeans. I cannot say that the Indians of North Carolina did not have this fruit before the arrival of Europeans upon our own coast, but I will confidently assert that the Peach is not indigenous to this continent. Dr. Hawks remarks that “the Peach, in some of its varieties, might well be a native of North Carolina.” And again—“we can see no reason why it may not have been one of the wild fruits of North Carolina.” But I think there is no good evidence that such was the fact.

II. p. 222.—Dr. Hawks mentions the *Hazel* among the “natural productions found by the settlers,” and yet Lawson speaks of it as growing only towards the heads of rivers and near the mountains. I do not believe it has ever been seen within the limits of the Long-Leaf Pine.

II. p. 223.—“The Stag and Fallow Deer were plentiful.”—*Hawks*.

The author should not have used these terms for our common Deer and Elk, as they are already appropriated in the old country to quite different animals.

II. p. 223.—“The water-fowl were very numerous, including Swans, Geese, Brant and Ducks, both summer and winter, of which latter an abundance still remains in the State.”—*Hawks*.

A present abundance might as well be predicated of Geese and Brant in their season. The Swan is now rare in our waters.

II. p. 223.—“Pheasants and Moor-hens or Grouse.”—*Hawks*.

The so called Pheasant of our State is a very different fowl from the English Pheasant, which is originally from India. Ours is more allied to the Grouse of the British Isles.

As to the Moor-hen, Lawson says he “never saw any in this country.” He had *heard* that they were to be found in the mountains, but he was misinformed in this. Dr. H. makes Moor-hen and Grouse synonymous,

though they are very different creatures. Moor-fowl and Moor-game, are Grouse.

II. p. 247.—“Lawson, in speaking of our varieties of Oak, informs us that the white, scaly-bark, and Spanish Oaks were much used in ship-building.”—*Hawks*. The punctuation here indicates three species of Oak, whereas there should be but two, viz: the White scaly-bark, and the Spanish. The former is now known as the *Scaly-bark* White Oak, and is but a variety of the common White Oak (*Quercus alba*.) The name of Spanish Oak is popularly given to several species, but I gather from Lawson’s description, that his *Spanish Oak* is the *Quercitron Oak*, (*Quercus tinctoria*,) still often called *Spanish Oak* in this State. “The white, iron or ring Oak,” mentioned by Dr. H. in the next sentence, appears to be our Common *White Oak*.

RICHNESS.

*Atque hæc perinde sunt ut illius animus qui ea possidet :
Qui uti scit, ei bona.*—[TERENCE.

THERE are riches among men which all enjoy, and which yet few know to be such. We thrust them out of our catalogue of remembered blessings. We have hardly thought of them while their taste is on our lips, and their relishes pass away from our memory as does the odour of wine, and the fragrant taste of the peach. We pass by them with as little heed as the rude peasant does the modest flowers he crushes with his “clouted shoon;” with no more concern than he who unawares stands on a mine of gold deep hidden in the caverns of the earth. They are around us on every side, like the unseen air, like friends whose voices we hear not: needful to our life, like the one, and part and parcel of our comforts, like the other; and too often like both, unappreciated while they are with us, and no more thought of when they are gone.

It is commonly judged of men, that they have no other notion of riches than of somewhat that can be touched, weighed, kept; gold, bank-notes, merchandise, plantations. It is conceived that the whole life of man is but a ceaseless pursuit of these conveniences, conventional signs of what is thought to be substance, or esteemed to be in themselves substances: that all passions, aims, toils, cares, plans, which vex our souls, have their

"be-all and their end-all" here: and that to this sole, low purpose all the splendors and magical operations of earth, and sky, and ocean were made, and endowed with motions. There is, beyond doubt, a passion growing out of this notion, however firmly or loosely held, which rules the heart of some men, and enters, with more or less of defilement, into the habitual life of us all. We call it covetousness, and avarice: which terms express only diverse aspects and relations of the same passion—getting and keeping. It is, as it is commonly understood, a desire of gold for its own sake. Not such, indeed, in any man at first: but there having sometime been an ambition for honors, or a fondness for pleasure, or a love of ease, in him, which he has given way to, and which has the mastery over him; and he having seen that to all these things, beyond what nature has appointed, society also has appointed certain conditions, whereof the chief is the having certain sums of coin, or certain well-accredited symbols thereof; he has most naturally taken pains to heap up, as he best may, such measures of the same, as may perhaps compass his wishes. This he has hoarded as the means of his happiness, watched over, counted, hugged, changed from time to time its form for the greater security of his treasure. He has sighed, as any item has been withdrawn from his store, and his eye has sparkled as a guinea has been added. His energies are exhausted in the means, and he gradually forgets the ends he had once in view in them. These ends no longer, or but sluggishly arouse his affections, and become at last wholly subservient to his new desire of having, or give place to it entirely.

And so the character of the man is changed; and he who was once generous, high-minded, with wide aims and noble aspirations, has become a miser; one who would vainly hope to realize the prayer of Midas, and turn all he touches into gold; one, who has large credits in bank, or adventures in merchandise, or heaps of shining ore, and a napless hat, and a rusty coat, and a scanty fire on his hearth: one, who is familiar with cracks and crannies, recesses where stockings full of silver may lie snugly out of sight, yet has no familiar acquaintance with roasted joints, or knowledge of rich drinks that cheer the soul; one whose name is in the mouth of all men on 'Change, and whose image is in the heart of no man anywhere; one whom prudent fathers hold up as a model to their sons, and whose success in life thousands envy, though his soul is shrivelled, and his sympathies dried up, and no affectionate thanksgiving of a poor man relieved, or forborne with, ever greets his ear, nor widowed heart comforted ever seeks, with earnest pleading, to bring down Heaven's benediction on his head.

Clearly not all men are of this stamp. The most of us have not yet our humanity so strangely perverted. But what such men are in the ex-

treme, we all are in a degree. The El Dorado is in our visions also. Not of hills of diamonds and rivers of gold alone; we admit much of a truer view of the earth into our dreams. We have pastures, and homesteads, and things comfortable about us. And in those of us who think ourselves, and fain would be thought by others, least tinctured by this subtle, and most debasing passion, it is surprising how—sometimes at least, and often when we little looked for such an experience of ourselves—we find our own eye jaundiced also, and fascinated with a strange yellow hue that suddenly overspreads the hill-side clad with pines, and discerning far more than its simple and accustomed beauty in fields of golden grain.

Yet within the reach of every man are treasures, more precious than any that we commonly esteem to be such, and so covetously run after. They are in actual possession also, though too often we are utterly unconscious that we have them. We forget them because they are familiar, as no man thinks to render thanks for the clear sunshine. We do not name them treasures, because they cost us nothing. We call a few acres of fenced-in ground, an estate, because we have paid our money for a deed of it; but we have no sense of our interest in all hills and meadows over the broad earth that our eye may rest on, because God has given us an unbought title to the whole. Always we prize what is rare, strange, costly. We send to the Rhine for a draught which we allow ourselves only to sip, and are loud in our admiration of the ruby drops from Maderia or Xeres, and drink daily from the fountain that gushes beside our pathway, with no thought of its crystal beauty, and inestimable worth. Goat's hair from Cashmere, outweighs a thousand times the wool of our native mountains.

As in many other things, so in this, there is a singular discrepancy between the sober judgment of men, the judgment they always render when they seriously reflect on the condition they are in and rightly understand it, and the practical judgment, which, in the hurry of life, they gather from each other. The one is derived from the outward aspects of human life, from the obvious relations of the shifting scenes of society, from the necessities which press hardest and most constantly on us, and urge us to the quickest activities, and by their bustling operation give a swollen and artificial consequence to all the results they work. The other lies deep in the heart of man, is overlaid with our many cares, and speaks to us with a gentle voice that is unheard amid the din and strife of appetite and passion, of pride, and envy, and ambition; but as it is of the soul, and operates ever, though unseen, it rises in bright and beautiful clearness when disappointment of our ordinary hopes brings us home, or our better nature gets the mastery, and makes us leisure for calm and meditative self-inspection. Then we come to wonder at the folly of the pursuits we but yesterday esteemed the height of wisdom, and are philosophers—till

to-morrow! When the lake's surface is agitated, or overhung by a cloudy sky, we can see only dark waters; but through the still, untroubled element, becomes visible to us another world beneath, golden sands, and pictured trees, and swift forms of life, and a reflected heaven. Alas! that sullen storms so always over-drive and darken the deep waters of our hearts.

And this reserved judgment is always the better of the two. For it is not caught up at random, is no mere reflection of the habits of men around us to which we have been unconsciously trained, but is made up from the whole man, is an expression of his entire nature, uttering its monitions in simplicity and truth; or, at least, comes from principles which are permanent in us, though not obtrusive, and sentiments which are natural, and owe nothing to convention. And, therefore, the man who in his closet frames the wisest scheme of life, and abandons it, and acts like the crowd of unthinking men, the moment he puts his foot into the street, is yet, all the while, convinced that the method he approved in his morning deliberation is far better than the one which his sympathies and his weakness have induced him to follow. Therefore is it also, that the opinions of the young are so much at variance with those of men of middle age, who are now in the whirl of ceaseless business; and that the views which are cherished by the pure heart of childhood are so commonly returned to as age comes upon us, and are gladly welcomed to our hearts again, when lying calmly in some quiet eddy on the farthest shore, we look back over the tumultuous waste of waters we have passed. And think as harshly of men as we are used to do, this silent and better judgment does, after all, in some measure control the greater portion of mankind, and, like an under-current, enter into and influence the thoughts and feelings of every day: and, hard, selfish, unscrupulous, and worldly as we may show ourselves to be in the ordinary transactions of our life, the coldest heart will be found to feel some impulses of a generous affection; the busiest brain will have some secluded corner where hopes and visions dwell that have no tinge of unhallowed passion; and the thought of green fields, or the memory of wife and child, will steal sometimes, like an angel, unbidden, yet not unwelcome, into the spirit that is most perplexed with plots of evil, or most darkly overcast with guilty fears.

If we try, by the light of this deliberate and universal judgment of men, the notion they have of true Richness, we shall find, that they who are called, and call themselves poor, do yet account themselves rich; and that all men set more store by other possessions than they do by silver and gold, and value more highly other promises than they do bonds and mortgages, and notes of hand. Take, for example, the simple pleasures of the Senses, bounteously given alike to all men, and perhaps therefore

undervalued by all, which are the companions of man's every footstep, from the cradle to the grave, often forcing themselves upon the dullest and most unwilling, and filling the soul of him who knows how to cherish them with innocent, delicious, and unwearying satisfaction. However little most men seem to feel them, there is no man so imbruted or so dull that he does not, in some measure, and few who do not in larger measure than they reckon, open their minds to the genial influences of the world around them, and become conscious, that for an hour at least, they are swayed by better impulses therefore.

What price would tempt a man, the most heedless and unthinking, to shut himself up in perpetual darkness by quenching his eye-sight forever? Who could be persuaded by the fee of principalities to forego the sweet song of birds, or the sweeter laugh of children? To know never again, but in sad and failing memory, the scent of new-mown hay, to taste no more the juices of meats, and the rare relishes of wines? Who would on any terms of selfish hope volunteer thus to undergo even a partial eclipse of the bright and cheerful universe that surrounds him? Who would consent that a part of his sentient being should thus perish, and by a voluntary anticipation experience through life a portion of that which men most shrink from in the thought of death?

For it is not the dreaded agonies of that hour, not the dissolution of the body, not its sinking to the dishonors and defilements of the grave and incorporation with the insensible earth, too often not the fear of what may be hereafter, that makes us look forward with apprehensions and dismay to the coming of that dark shadow. It is more the thought that then we are to be severed from the visible universe; that we shall never more behold the sun; that when the moon shall rise, and winds blow, and wild flowers shed their fragrance above the turf that covers us, we shall have no sympathy with them, no sense of their presence; that the familiar voices that gladdened every day shall speak in their wonted tones of mirth or sorrow, and our ears shall be closed to them forever; nor can the hope even of what may be hereafter relieve the forecast of that last look upon the earth and sky of all its sadness. And well may this be so. For then are to be locked up "in cold obstruction" those Senses, through which alone flows in upon our souls the splendors and unimaginable beauty of what we, with half a knowledge, call the material universe. In this regard has Nature shown herself impartial and most benignant. To no one of our race has she denied all access, however in some restrained, to the illimitable treasures she has spread around us all. And there are few whom she does not enter by every avenue, and solicit to a communion every hour with wonders and delights which she gives to all, and gives richly everywhere.

To one who has learned to use his senses aright they furnish a perpetual feast. In this matter as in others, to reach the highest measure of enjoyment some discipline is needed. Pearls may be scattered profusely around us, yet if of a swinish temper we shall never touch them. The degrees of this discipline are without number. There are many to whom the harmonies of Beethoven convey no meaning, who yet find much pleasure in the music of falling waters, and are deeply touched by the plaintive moaning of the winds in Autumn. The difference between two men in respect to this kind of enjoyment does not, so much as we may imagine, depend on the fineness or dullness of their several organisation. Rather we are dull and stolid because we are inattentive. The harmonies of Nature are, for the most part, simple and obvious: and if we would appreciate and watch the sensations of every hour, would we suffer the sights, and sounds, and odors that are always floating about us, to do the work they seek to do within us; would we, now and then, pause to ask the meaning of some marvel, which arrests our sense, and seems a marvel only because we have not heeded it before; we could no longer walk the earth, so magnificent and embellished, with no feeling of its mysterious beauty, and, we may add, with no thankfulness to Him who made it.

This self-training is within every man's reach. Schools and Colleges are not needed to teach it, and cannot teach it. The satisfactions it bestows are not reserved to the salons of the rich, or the closet of the student. Wouldst thou taste their sweetness, nay, know them to perfection; cleanse thy soul, man! from the cares, and fears, and sordid hopes, and base desires, that now dim and degrade it, and go forth, in the innocent simplicity of a heart ready to receive with love and gratitude, what our common mother is ever ready to give; for this once let thy thoughts be free as air, open thine eye, and suffer the ear to hear, and go forth into the deep forests again, and gaze upon their stately, and clustering columns, standing, as they have stood for ages, in a more than cathedral solemnity; cross the old meadow, greener than emerald, or starred with dandelions and buttercups; look upward to the pure, blue sky, or away to the horizon, where stretches a continent, not of the earth, whose piled-up mountains and folded valleys are dyed in hues of more than Assyrian splendor; listen to the chirp of the squirrel, or the scream of the blue Jay, or the liquid melody of the well known brook, or the rustling of the wind in the tree tops, or the strange silence of a summer's noon; and you shall come back, richer than you went, richer than if you had not gone; not only refreshed by change and exhilarated by exercise, but with the consciousness of a new sense just opened, and feeling that every where around you are riches, beyond the worth of Peruvian ingots, and gems from Golconda. Because you now live, every object that you now meet has life also. The freshly

awakened feeling in you seems to have developed a kindred something in them likewise, and your peculiar mood meets a full response from them. When you are merry, the flower by the roadside smiles on you (not now in a figure as before) and when you are grave, the aged spirit of the oak or hemlock (it is no more a metaphor) gives you venerable counsel. The material world, so called, has become instinct with spirit, pervading, or peculiar and sunrise, or a granite ledge, a pine cone, or a dew drop, are types and manifestations of it. You have passed the same spots a thousand times before with your heart closed, and your eyes seeing not, and have been a thousand times wearied by their monotony. Ever hereafter as you traverse them, they will be unlike, though the same; each day wearing a new expression, each day offering a new companionship, and giving a new joy.

This quick sympathy with external nature is the singular privilege of childhood. Why should it not also be an especial blessing of the poor? Not the less a treasure, because shared by others, but a treasure beyond comparison because each man has the entirety of it in himself. My friend, who has earned or inherited a million, has no monopoly of this enjoyment. I claim, on this ground, to be as good a man as he. He may have his parks, and palaces; but the Pleiades shine for me also, and the Great Bear teaches me where the North Pole is, as well as him. I have as much property as he in the melodies of the winds, and of the bees. I know little of the odors of his housed exotics, but as much as he does of the subtle fragrance of the nestling daisy, and the healthful smell of the pine forest. The air kisses my cheek as lovingly, the sun ripens my vines as well, the moon-light creates as fantastic shapes in my chamber, the swallow haunts my roof as readily as his. Why should I envy him? Why think him so much better off than I? Ten to one, I enjoy all the common goods of life, with a keener relish than he does; and surely I have no less than a common estate in them with him. But what if I am more the owner of his peculiar estate, as he calls it, than he is? If the owner, he, I mean, who has the fee simple of anything, a plantation, a factory, a fine house, a splendid equipage, or noble library, can not enjoy it, to him it is worthless. If I have a clearer sense of the good it was designed for, and a higher relish for the same; if it simply gives me more of real enjoyment than it does him; am I not more truly the owner of it, though not worth a dollar, than he, who has the title-deeds safe in his escritoire? Nor can I begrudge him his legal title, since he has all the care, and I all the comfort.

Knows he who tills the lordly field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

My neighbor, Grim, has a large landed estate, which has been so much praised that he is proud of it. It has indeed all the elements of romantic beauty in rich profusion, hill and valley, and mountain gorge and peak, and broad meadow, winding stream, and wooded upland, and all so placed as to give an infinite variety of the picturesque. A Painter's eye would never become weary with gazing—never be satisfied. From my door, as I look out upon it, I am greeted, every day in the year, with a spectacle, changed and fresh every day, that surpasses the splendor even of my dreams. Strangers, who sometimes look with me, admire the gorgeous hues of earth and air that rest upon it, the grand and delicate effects of light and shadow, the simple yet subtle grace of its ever varying outline, and call it a glorious apparition! But I am familiar with it, and while I see all that they do, it has for me the charm also of a long-felt affection. The gentle swelling of the hills that girdle me around, gives me somehow a sense of security. The water-falls, which are not far off, impart, when I visit them, a feeling of newly-wakened spring life, not unlike what is revived in me by the vigorous and hopeful talk of a youth of eighteen summers. I walk with a sort of reverence among the forests of beech and hemlock, and find with them a genial companionship as well as shade and refreshment.

But Grim himself—for I meet him sometimes on the hill-sides, and hear him talk of his domain, and how much he can make of it—I verily believe, sees none of all of these things. He has lately stripped naked—and eyes its uncomfortable plight with much complacency—one of his noblest hills, partly to make timber, and partly to sell for fire-wood oaks that had outlived generations of his fathers, and stood there, sturdily defying the tempests, and with looks of mute thankfulness drinking in the light and air, as if they had stood and would stand there always. He is now gravely calculating how much lumber another forest will yield him; and talks of diverting the waters of my favorite “falls” to turn the wheels of a cotton-mill. In ten years, as he goes on, his estate will not be worth having—not for me, at least. He would perhaps prosecute me as a trespasser, were I to put a plough into his lawn, or fling stones into his garden; but what right has he—it is a question I often discuss with myself—to hew so mercilessly into my enjoyments? He seems to have no feeling of the responsibilities and duties of his ownership. Even the school-children, as they trudge along the road, complain of him for spoiling their simple pleasures, and declare they do not envy him. Neither do I. I am sure that the estate, which he troubles himself so much about, yields me more satisfaction, more happiness, not of another kind merely, but more, and worth more, than it does him. And he, poor man! might have the same likewise, if he would, and for only lifting his eye-lids!

But, beside the great gift of ears and eyes, which are thus the source of infinite riches to all men, if they would but know it; there are, in our strangely mingled nature, others, not a few, that may furnish to all, every where and always, a pure and lofty enjoyment, priceless, and without cost. As the eye opens to us rich visions of what is distant in space, so have we hope, which I conceive of only as another Sense that discloses to us what is distant in time. The good I hope to enjoy to-morrow is as truly before me, I see it as distinctly, and take as much delight in it, as in the velvet sward that my eye rests on so pleasantly. If the philosophers, as Berkeley, are to be trusted, it is quite as real too; as real now, even if I should not realize it to-morrow. Certainly it is real to me, at the least as real as the thing I look forward to proves itself to be when I come in contact with it. In very sadness I must say, I am at length satisfied that it is the more real of the two—my hope, than what men call the reality!

I have the living consciousness of my hopes. They live within me, rouse all my heart's blood, quicken deep emotions into activity, and animate or stir my whole soul. What better basis for my conviction of their truth, or of the truth of any thing, can I have, than my own consciousness. Besides, the more excellent, whatever it be, of its kind, approaches more nearly the most perfect nature of that kind. So I remember to have read in Cicero's wise *Tusculans*. It partakes more of what Plato calls the true being, the reality, of that kind. If then my hopes are more excellent than the counterpart of them which I find in the actual world, are they not more true also? more real than the so-called reality? They are certainly of a far higher excellence.

It is a most singular thing—if indeed my experience is not singular—this discrepancy between the ideal anticipation, and the actual, as it appears when we come to stand close beside it. In the blending of expectation and desire through which we look at things yet to be, everything seems smooth, pliant, full, graceful in form, of glowing colors, benignant in expression. But as we draw nigh, a change comes over all, and what we looked forward to so earnestly, turns out to be harsh and unbending, and meagre, and misshapen, and dingy, and ungracious. I went once through this process of disenchantment—I shall never forget it—when a child, and the result was that I lost the rainbow. "My heart leaped up," whenever I had seen that unearthly form of beauty "in the sky," and, as the Son of Sirach bids us, I had adored "Him that had made it." But one taught me to believe that what I saw was only the work of some rays of common light, reflected at a certain angle by the drops of falling rain: and when I looked again, I saw nothing more than illuminated rain drops. All was cold and wet, and much dimmer than before. It was years—not till I became in heart a trusting child once more—when I found again the rainbow of my childhood.

I have felt the same in regard to men and women. Sometimes comes to my seclusion the rumor of a great man, statesman, discoverer, author; I have read perhaps his book, his voyage, his wise speech or skilful diplomacy, and I feel a restless yearning to see one who has achieved so much. In my solitary thought he stands before me in a finer form of manhood than the every-day men who pass my door, or stop to exchange a word with me. I can not dissociate the inspiration of the seer and sage from some rare loftiness of bearing, and the poet, whom I have not yet seen, has an ampler forehead and an eye of deeper light than ordinary mortals. But when our paths have crossed, and I have come to a beholding of the great man, I am always forced to feel that "there has passed away a glory from the earth." He is only a six-footer after all. So, I have learned to be content with my own visions of beautiful women. No shade of envy casts a cloud over the fairness of their countenance, no aping of fashion mars the beauty of their form, and they speak to me, and I to them, with an unreserve and fulness of confidence, which some foible, if not fault, hinders in my converse with their prototypes.

Thus I find that I am richer in my hopes than when I reach the possession of what I had coveted. The day is always brighter than when it arrives; my friend is more eloquent, than when we confer together; the journey is less invigorating, the stranger less fascinating, than had been promised. They say that "figures cannot lie;" but when my quarterly rents come in, though they count the same, the sum seems always less than I had reckoned on; and if I have any venture aside from my usual reliance, what it brings me in makes me poorer than I felt myself till the balance is struck. Therefore it is that among the many causes we all have for thankfulness to Him who made us what we are, Hope should have a high place. And this the more, because it is an especial gift, and of an especial virtue to those who have little else of what are called "this world's goods." It alone is strength in the heart of the poor, and he who has it stout within him, has no need to envy any.

In the like number of universal and unthought of blessings are the Home Affections. Few are so poor that they feel a wife to cherish them, and children to revere and love them, a luxury too expensive for them to afford. And there are none so rich that they, have anything in their most prized treasures, or in all their treasures, that outweighs in worth the delicate sympathies of husband and wife, or can be put in comparison, for an hour, with the love of a father for his child. The poor man will toil without wearying to be rich, but it is mainly because he feels, as Erskine did, "his children tugging at his coat-skirt." And what man of wealth does not value all his possessions infinitely more, when he remembers that the smiling faces of his household enjoy them with him, and are to enjoy them after him.

A good test of the value one sets on anything he has, may be found in the degree of his reluctance to part with it. Tried by this measure, the man whose wealth lies nearest to his heart, whose affections have become concrete with it in its gradual increase, all whose pride and worldly ambition depend on the steady clutch with which he holds it fast, who has violated all the humanities to gain, and would defy all high and generous principles to keep it, will be found to have something more precious in his keeping; will part with it without stint or grudging to avert a frown from the face of a capricious daughter, or fling it gladly into the lap of the skilful leech who will save the life of a beloved son. Gold and diamonds, and certificates of stock are worthless, when put side by side with these mighty sympathies and passions.

And how these same sympathies—which owe no allegiance to rank or station, but are the birth-right of our common nature, a boon of grace bestowed impartially on all—diffuse a cheerful light over the poorest home, and invest the daily life of its humble, but loving, inmates with a beauty, which, though earthly, is celestial also! In these lowly realms indeed are found the purest types and the intensest actings of such affections; as nature's fairest flowers seem often to prefer seclusion, and to grow fairer in obscurity. The stately intercourse of a more formal life may check; them the rude competitions of vanity and self-seeking may prove a distempered atmosphere, too hot, or cold, for them; but among the poor, who have learned to bear their lot meekly, they often open in free and full luxuriance, as if relieved from a heavy pressure, or fain to fill the place of other blessings that have been withheld. And where only daily labor provides "daily bread," the calm endurance of the father is lightened by the unselfish self-denying of the child; and the ready helpfulness and mutual preference of brothers and sisters, acquits their toil of half its grossness and of all its pain, and wins for poverty the ornament and heroic dignity of willing and perpetual martyrdom. And so, the poor have always uncounted riches within their reach, and the poorer they are, may be the richer.

In such-like affections lies no small portion of man's best wealth. No mean elements are they of the soul's truest life. Of their number and of their worth not a tithe has been told. But we may fitly close this enumeration with the mention of one other common, and far too often disregarded good, which in the greatness of its worth transcends them all.

The great Heart of the Universe is open alike to all. In its infinite compass is there room for all. Its boundless benignities embrace, sustain, comfort all. The gracious Will that made us recognises no diversities among us. The Love to which we owe our being, is given indivisibly, and with an impartial overflowing, to all. The all-pervading light, the all-enclo-

sing air, are earthly types of its beneficence. In the presence of this great fact, and measured by the common interest which each and every one of us has in it, all the differences in the condition of men are naught. He only is rich, who shares most largely in the general joy it gives; he only is poor, who turns his back upon that sun in the heavens. It seems to me that all the discontents of men with their own lot are no wiser than the envious repinings of John, that James has a horse while he must still trundle his hoop, or of Jane, that Ann has the largest doll, while one father cares for the wants of each. Nor can I murmur at what seem to me the inequalities and hardships that I perforce must suffer, while I know that the wearied and sorrowing are regarded from above with an intenser and peculiar affection.

A SONG OF LIFE.

Men are coming, men are going, speed the orbs their way,
Darkly yet the long twin streams of Thought and Being stray;
Gloom the wide waters, outward we float,
Up, brothers, rouse ye! Up, man the boat!
Stand to the wheel, brother, kneel to the oar,
"Toil" is the secret word, and "onward ever more."

Shattered barques surround us, wild the storm-fiend raves,
High up the ghastly rocks dash the maddened waves;
Brave hearts and strong hands may ride this stormy sea,
Brave hearts and strong hands, brothers have we.
Stand to the wheel, brother, kneel to the oar,
"Toil" is the secret word, "onward ever more."

See! A thousand lights are gleaming, beckoning us to come,
Hark! Sweet voices now are calling, calling "rest and home."
Veer not to right or left, heed not the spell,
But rounder bend the oars away, "all, all is well!"
Stand to the wheel brother, kneel to the oar,
"Toil" is the secret word, "Onward ever more."

AN ACROSTIC.

BY STARK.

My humble Muse would fain aspire,
 In numbers smooth to frame,
 Sweet MOLLIE's name; for all admire
 Sweet MOLLIE's pretty name.

Men love the modest maiden's glance,
 Observe expressive eyes,
 Love, too, a blooming countenance,
 Luscious and wise.

Indeed, they think all moral worth
 Enhanc'd by Beauty's art;
 Delighted, too with youthful mirth,
 Join'd with a guileless heart.

O, may the soul that worth admires
 Ne'er feel the pangs of wo,
 E'er while on earth may its desires
 Still more divinely grow.

REVERY AND REALITY.

(SCRAP BOOK.)

WITH a quivering pen and a squinting eye, I am about to indulge my *Walpolian* propensities by pulling down some moonbeam castles and dropping a little ink (by no means indelible) on the scroll of fiction; which, my muse says, is becoming too much of a blotter for the appreciation of her invaluable productions. However, as destruction is the easiest task I could have imposed on my cranium, and as it recognizes no such sign as harmony, I hope you will not be offended if I scatter the timbers wherever impulse may direct, and thereby avoid a methodical and undeserved critique.

In those halcyon days of old, when the Greek Rhapsodists could not excite Homer without falling into convulsions, human life was looked upon as so much of a revery, that a man of poetic penchant, on awaking from his slumbers, could wash his face in the vapour exhaled by his nocturnal guests, smooth his hair with the *morning* zephyrs, dress himself in the mantle of imagination, and breakfast on the phantoms of his sleep. He could then chase butterflies till mid-day, and if he was interrupted by

a *ventriloquy*, a few notes to his Penates would bring to his lips the nectar of the gods while the sweet scents of nard and cassia, were showered around him. Each mountain was the home of some propitious spirit, and the valleys echoed with the melodies of some invisible chorus; each fountain was the tears of some love-smitten Titan, and was hallowed by the feet of the wood nymph. The amateur need only go to some sequestered spot and Nature assumed the drapery of a celestial realm; and should he mount some isolated hillock, his country was converted into the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. The poet-born needed but the opiate of a clear blue sky, to skim the earth and pierce the vault above him, and but a cloud tinged by the setting sun, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow.

Soon, however, the grim face of reality began to rise up before the romantic mortal at his accustomed retreats, and to peep through the *keyhole* of his paradise; and a little later, having unlocked the door with the key of necessity, economy disturbed his meditations, and stamped on his heart the impress of true life. Then the star of Truth was seen twinkling in the canopy of the poet's world, whose brilliancy compelled him, for the enjoyment of his fancy, to close his eyes and be deaf to the noise around him. The houris, that had made his home a fairy-land, then gave their parting kisses, and left him to sit in wonder and hear the "hymns of the rippling brook and the sermons of the stones." Slowly but surely was the change being wrought, and each year passed away, leaving some stern reality to proclaim, that

"The soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem!"

The pictures painted by the undeveloped mind, when examined with the microscope of utility, were stripped of their enchantments and converted into words. Truth became the object of man's thoughts and actions, and its discovery to an extent adequate to human desire is now, and may ever be the unfinished task of man. Therefore when we know that there is an incompatibility between truth and fiction—that while we are learning the practical lessons of the one, we cannot enjoy the deceptions of the other—ought we to devote our time and attention to the discovery of a *new* world of fancy, or can we appreciate the effusions of those who look for *ideas* to clothe in their words, instead of looking for *words* in which to offer their spontaneous thoughts? In the verses we often see indications of a genius that would have entranced the soul, had it blossomed at some darker hour in the night of doubt; but in the fictitious narrative we frequently find betrayed the diseased mind of the author deluding with its pictures the heedless reader; and with its flower smoothing his manners, but to corrupt his heart. Poetry, says an eminent writer, produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lan-

tern produces an illusion on the eye of the body; and as the lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. If this be true, when the light of knowledge is opening a new channel in which to direct our mental efforts, we can but look on imagery as the creature of a peculiar insanity; for to enjoy the deception we must forget all we ever knew, and become as credulous as the child, who weeps over the nursery tale; while to discover the fallacy we need only to listen to the strife around us. Yes, this sphere of ours has passed the shadows which darkened its way up the hill of time, and we are hurrying on to enter a higher life, where we shall have more than the "now" to claim, and where we shall cease to follow the meteors of uncertainty.

It is told of Kneller, the painter, that after sketching the faces of the ladies who wished portraits, he dismissed them and painted the figure from his housemaid; the reverse of this process seems to be pursued by the *rhymers* (at least) of the present day; they versify in the metre, &c., that suits the topic and feelings, but give to the picture the same *face* that was formerly gazed upon with hysterical admiration. Think not reader, that I would diminish the pleasures of imagination; but I would diminish the quantity of pathetic rubbish, which our presses so often publish, if not for want of matter, merely to tickle the ear of some self-esteemed angel. Think not, that, if possible, I would attempt to throw a damper over the aspirations of the young man who feels the *influence secrete*, but I venture to say that he would be more successful if he would restrain his strains until he is sure they contain a wee drop of the quintessence of poetry. Only he who holds the "gift-divine" can safely walk the slippery log of Rhyme *vs.* Reason; and while there are comparatively few, who have sweetened the realities of life with the poet's pen, innumerable are those who are constantly dosing us with their "airy nothings," as if it were hard to find for them "a *local habitation and a name.*"

They tell us that love conquers time, and perhaps posterity may still retain the love-ditty as expressing the purest feelings of the human heart; perhaps the student, after we shall have passed away, may recline on these classic hills, when wearied with the intricacies of science, and indulge in the *dessert* of creating forms as yet uncreated; but no angelic vision will stand before the lover's imagination, as in pensiveness he flourishes his pen, and unless he be in the dreams of insanity, the *money-bag* of his intended will rise up before him, clothed in her garments, holding the motto of "pecuniary consideration" in one hand, and "can't live on love," in the other. We who have not yet entered the "world's broad field of battle," are not so often troubled with *spectral* illusions, as might be supposed by the old folks, whose dimes we are spending with a devil-may-care indifference. We all have some little reality to remind us that we

are not the playthings of the breeze, nor altogether the waxen toys of our sweethearts, if 'tis nothing but laying the hand on the bosom for inspiration, and finding there an empty pocket-book. Even should we sit at our windows to gather an ode from the moon, after "night has thrown her sable mantle o'er the earth, and pinned it with a star," when the morrow's sun inspects it, we find to our chagrin that while the law allows us *nine* muses to authorize our productions, ye gods! it would take *ten*!

If I am premature, you must pardon me for saying that married life is a climate little suited to him, who formerly indulged in the intoxication of his *beaux rêves*; he may be surrounded with the blessings of wealth, but there are certain little relations existing between man and wife, that will always keep the one conscious of the fact of being tied to something made out of the dust of the earth; and a fellow had as well try to raise himself from the ground by pulling at one leg, as to attempt to reach the world of imagination, while united with *another* half. He shuts himself up in his studio, embellished with pictures of fancy, and closes his eyes with such impressions upon the retina, he dares not invoke his muse, lest he may employ some word of earthly import. Soon, however, he feels himself transported to the regions of luna-cy, where, (after committing the most cruel depredations on the dwelling of a poor little spider,) he begins his preamble with the wonderful and heart-rending line of

"My head on a gossamer's web I lay,"

which is most inappropriately and uncereemoniously completed by his lovely *terrestrial*, with

"You seem to be very rude to-day"

He is unfortunately disenchanted by the conflict of his two muses and is called from the land of eternal sunshine, to learn that he belongs to one that has its day and night, its sunshine and shadows. He kisses her who accuses him of impoliteness, and waits for the night to burst the manacles of matrimony. Suddenly he is marshalled by music, sweet as the Syrens' song to the place where he reposed so fondly. He resumes by asking the question,

"O, can I e'er these realms forsake?"

which is answered by the request of

"Come *now*, husband, the baby's wake!"

Flat on the log he finds himself again, floating down the stream of time, and watching corks, with his wife, who lets him sail, but always pulls the *string*, when he is about to immortalize himself—to convince him (I suppose) that *she* must be swept off by the tide before he can enjoy the blessings of being an *automaton*. However, let no one who has felt the *heat* and seen the *wonders* discovered by the light of the "nuptial torch,"

charge me with having revealed mysteries more sacred than the Eleusian, nor ask from whence my information came; for my shall reply only be *circumspice*. And let no fair one accuse me of throwing all the responsibility on her shoulders; for, *mutatis mutandis*, she is held by fetters twice as strong and three times as *necessary*. But how unlike is all this to life in times that were? Instead of asking her old man to take some tea or coffee, ham or eggs, the mistress of the table could sit on the green grass and ask the master to take the hind-quarter of a fairy or a (flower's) cup of stewed phantoms, and whether he wished the *sauce* of her voice, or a ray of mellow light to give it a savour. Instead of inquiring how many yards of *osnaburghs* she must buy for a shirt to absorb his perspiration, she asks how many yards of *moon-shine* he thinks necessary to evoke inspiration. Instead of waking him up to attend to the wants of the little one, she would whisper in his ears, "do listen to the melody of that angel-serenade!" And instead of snatching him from his *downy* bed, she would stand by and keep the spiders from crawling into his reflections. Yes, in those times, man could feel happy in drinking the clear water, and he could worship Bacchus with impunity; but in this age of looking through mill-stones, thirst is satiated with the consciousness that each crystal drop contains myriads of ugly beings, and the rosy wave is quaffed in fear of some poisonous adulteration. Ah! happy old Horace! 'Tis well thou art in the sleep of ages! for couldst thou take a peep at this worse-than-iron age, methinks thy words would be, "blessed be Fortuna that my body returned unto its mother earth, before the gods resigned their sceptres—cover me up and say no more." This is in truth an age of facts, sad as it is, but when we see every one eager in the strife, we must conclude that

"'Tis not only thus, but must be so."

He, who should attempt the revival of poetry, *proper*, might put on armor more durable than he who thought to revive knight-errantry, and he would find *flocks of sheep* sufficient to betray his monomania, and objects no less familiar to clothe in his rhyme. Yet not unfrequently we see the advertisement: "Literary Aid—can write *poetry* on any subject," innocently reposing in the corner of a newspaper. What a giant mind! vivid imagination! he can see stars in the day-time—he must be one of those who can imagine their casks fall, without going to sleep, (unlike us who even then wake to find "'tis all an empty dream.") However, there must have been an exciting contest between the man and his muse, for the supremacy, or a fight about which of the two should be *driver*. Ah! 'twas a glorious victory on the part of Genus Homo—let all keep silence before him—the next product of his creative genius will probably be a *man*. He must allow me to say, notwithstanding, that he should mind how he pulls the

rein, for in driving muses, they sometimes get contrary and it takes the lash of Reason to keep them from recklessly running in the road of Rhyme.

And may reason deliver me from the clutches of all amateurs and day-dreamers, in their attempts

"To let the world a picture see
Of dullness yoked to bigotry."

MY COURSE OF LIFE.

BY STARK.

My tale is brief and will unfold
But little new or strange when told.

Now, when day's king has sought his chamber in the West,
And tired Nature calmly sinks to peaceful rest,
Far back on nimble Fancy's wide-spread pinions borne,
I quick return to childhood's days—life's sunny morn,
Where all unconscious of a sleeping world, I roam
'Mid scenes of pleasure gone, about my childhood's home;
When, merry as the lark, unpained by sorrow's wound,
I culled the rose of joy from ev'ry thing around,
When each new day, as it into existence sprang,
Came laden with its sweets but seldom brought a pang;
For Grief and haggard Care with all their woful train
Did rarely then beset my soul and give it pain.
With spirits light as air, and Hope's unclouded sky,
O, in my childhood's day, how happy then was I!
'Tis true, 'tis sadly true, yet men are slow to learn,
That pleasure's sweets too eagerly sought to wormwood turn.
Deceitful thing, like *ignis fatuis* of the night,
Which in the distance shines with soft attractive light,
Yet falsely shines; for soon some swamp, quag, bog, or mire,
Alas! we find the object sole of all desire.
But pleasure then, though with no studious care 'twas sought,
Yet more sweet and pure than when 'tis dearly bought.
Much pleasure then my young heart found in little things,
Yes, in a toy such joy as gorgeous wealth ne'er brings.
Then as a sprightly bird whose home is in the air,
I was free, free indeed, from all distracting care;
Although I was, according to the olden rule,
Each day eight long hours doom'd to bondage of the school,
Yet as a sick man health—a captive liberty,
So I enjoy'd my sports again restored to me.
Sure, narrow was the sphere in which my mind revolved,
But if unwise, from wisdom's pain I was absolved.
My tender heart knew not how great the ills of life—
How base—how false is man—how vain ambition's strife.

Did wars and tumults rage—did clouds withhold their rain
'Twas no concern of mine; if toys I could obtain
Life's peaceful current onward still did gently flow,
Its bosom seldom ruffled by dread waves of woe.
How transient the pangs which pierce the gay, fun-loving boy!
Life's pleasures then are sweet but him they do not cloy.
Then as the circling seasons chased each other round,
Each with its own peculiar pleasure did abound;
The singing birds of Spring me from my slumbers woke,
And by their merry songs did happiness evoke.
Then, too, when Beauty—Nature's lovely daughter reign'd,
And Earth enchanting vernal charms once more regain'd,
When roses bloom'd and with their fragrance fill'd the air,
When plants reviving deck'd again the landscape fair,
To chase the gaudy butterfly from flow'r to flow'r,
Was then my sport for many a sweet and pleasant hour;
Bright summer, too, with all her rich and varied store,
Though less the eye and ear, did please the palate more.
And even hoar-lock'd Winter, when he came at last,
Brought pleasure's laughing train upon his chilling blast.
Farewell, aye happy days—gone never more to return,
For you it is most vain and useless now to mourn.
Since earthly hopes and earthly things must all decay,
Before the blighting touch of time they flee away.
For those sweet days, so full of beauty and sunshine,
Why should I mourn? I never more call them *mine*,
Though numbered with those things which we may never see,
Yet in my mem'ry's chamber wide they'll ever be,
To calm and soothe the troubled breast, rejoice the heart,
And make us feel of life much less its aching smart.
But as the gliding years pass'd quick with lightning speed,
And naught delay'd their flight or could their course impede,
A sadden'd change came o'er the spirit of my dream—
A change which oft destroys some loved and cherished scheme.
The visions of my youthful mind were soon dispelled,
And stern realities of life their places held.
That friend who lov'd to guide my feet in wisdom's way,
I saw, with sorrow, laid at rest beneath the clay.
My budding intellect was ill-prepar'd to guide
My feeble bark safe over life's rough swelling tide;
But left as those whose "home is on the mountain wave,"
When storms and tempests wild with madden'd fury rave,
And rolling billows o'er old Ocean's waste may roar,
And vent their rage against the rock-bound craggy shore,
When consternation reigns and courage fails the brave,
And all expect to find a cold and watery grave;
I knew not what to do—I knew not where to go—
One said this way was right, another 'twas not so;
Some told me to go to work, and others go to school;
Still others 'tis no use to school a brainless fool.
The world was icy cold—where'er I turned I met
With those who did with all their pow'r my path beset,
But now and then I found a friend whose feeling heart
Oft sympathized with me and said "act well your part,"
And thus revived the hope which gilds my weary way—
The hope of doing good as much as mortals may;
The stern decrees of Fate, reveal'd from year to year,
All pointed to the student's life as my own sphere.

My childhood's home and objects of my youthful love,
 Were all exchang'd then for the academic grove,
 Whose quiet, peaceful shades, with all my heart I sought
 To train my mind to rules of systematic thought.
 The pleasures that I found I need not here recount,
 My difficulties, too, would make a long account—
 More num'rous they than most who tread Minerva's court,
 Have ever known who've ne'er relied on self-support,
 Amid a host of ills peculiar and alone,
 Well understand by those who feel them as their own.
 I've toil'd and toil'd still on—my zeal has not wax'd cold,
 Whenever truth in beauty may itself unfold.
 I've nearly reached our college ladder's topmost round,
 Where learned brows have been with virgin ivy crown'd,
 Before they bid adieu to these fond classic shades—
 To sage advisers and to youthful, loving maids.
 A few more weeks and I must leave these classic halls,
 Sad thought it is, to go far hence where duty calls,
 To meet the stern realities of life, and take
 A bold, determin'd stand for truth and virtue's sake.
 My classmates, too, I know, though scattered far and wide,
 Will gaily float still down Dame Fortune's flowing tide;
 May prosperous gales waft them safe o'er life's ocean wave,
 Though tempests rage and elemental strife may rave,
 Though I should sink beneath the waters surging swell,
 May carking cares ne'er reach the land wherein they dwell,
 May each of them live long and gain a world-wide fame,
 And leave behind a lov'd, an honor'd, and a spotless name.
 'Tis not my wish, my reader kind, to weary you,
 A few more words and then my last and long adieu.
 Whene'er I gaze upon my life's past checker'd scene,
 Not few, but many errors, then, are plainly seen:
 For here some precious opportunity my grasp had slipp'd
 And there some darling hope had been as rudely nipp'd.
 Now flushed with fond success—now pain'd to see some scheme,
 Well plann'd, I thought to flit away like fancy's dream.
 Imagination's forms so bright—yet transient too—
 Appear'd all beautiful to my imperfect view;
 But time was sure these splendid visions to dispel,
 And leave a void which naught of earth could fill up well,
 The vanity of life I thus was made to learn,
 As oft as fickle Fortune's wheel was made to turn,
 If from the past my future course I can infer,
 O, how diversified will be its character!
 But this, indeed, is yet shut up from mortal men!
 'Tis well, perhaps, the future's dark to human ken,
 The past is gone—forever gone away from me,
 The present's mine—the future's all unknown to me.
 O, may my friends whose breasts with youthful ardor glow,
 Remember well, *now* is their time to learn and know,
 Though sweet it be to revel now in boyish sports,
 And desecrate with wilful hands Minerva's courts;
 Yet conscience will, as age comes on—if not before—
 Cause them in tears this folly—*madness*—to deplore.
 My youthful friends, then cherish well your boyish years,
 When they are gone, for they you'll mourn with bitter tears.

FEBRUARY 24, 1860.

THE BIBLIOMANIA STILL RAGING.

(*A Geological Essay read, before the W. P. D's. around a Punch-Bowl Assembled.*)

MY FRIENDS:—Words cannot express the pain it gives me to announce the fact that things are growing worse, and that, I fear, we shall never again find a source of intellectual pleasure between the lids of a text-book! Yes, it seems that the hand of Fate has written on plates of Palæontology with a quill from the wing of the apteryx, that, during our future literary career, we shall follow the idiosyncracies of spell-bound speculators, without one page of common sense to invigorate our exhausted mental capacities. And it here becomes my duty, as your counselor, to recommend to your hatred a bombastic work, the contents of which are happily unknown to you. It is unnecessary to state, that when a new study is presented to my impartial consideration, I open it repeating the axiom,

“Tender-handed touch a nettle, and ’twill sting you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of metal, and it soft as silk remains.”

Hence, I shall assert nothing conditionally, but relate to you my own attempts to appreciate this creature of a perverted ingenuity. When I saw the agreeable qualification of “Elementary” prefixed to the more dubious title of “Geology,” my heart leaped for joy, and in ecstasy I shouted “facts! truth at last!” but, like many other things that have the character of *first* principles outside, it would not bear inspection; for the first remark the author made was a doubtful division of the science, with four quarters of it French, and the whole written in the language of metaphors. Nothing daunted, however, I dragged out my book-case, (which happened to be a pine-box, occupying the affectionate position of sub[de]lectum), and snatching from the dust my French and Floral Lexicons, translated this paragraph, but was by no means satisfied with its strange import. Being somewhat pleased with getting at least English words from the mixture, I pulled out my handkerchief to wipe off the perspiration, when my attention was diverted by a glimpse of the frontispiece, and being, as you know, somewhat given to pictures, I sat wondering where were the bones of those who built those “Natural Ruins,” till the useful sound of the bell too plainly told me, that unless Professor called me, *first man*, instead of making a *version* of the lesson, I would be accused of making one preceded by the “di.” But somehow he thought, my tardiness, to take me by surprise, and I hadn’t found a leather-bound, with whom to expound those hidden theories, before an incompre-

hensible question struck the tympanum of my ear. Very deliberately I opened my book, and was reading in a sing-song tone, when, to my great astonishment, the command of "close your book, sir," cut me off short, while a hundred rat-hole grins increased my consternation; and I could only squeeze out the reply, that it was more than required for a scholar to memorize Latin or Greek, and 'twas next to absurd to expect me to memorize such a polylingual text, without a "trans" or grammar either! But my just view of the matter was mistaken for impudence, and "before the Faculty" was the next sound I heard distinctly enough to restore me to my senses. The rest of the hour was passed in cutting the benches and whistling mournful tunes. After which I was called before that awful tribunal to answer the serious charge of ridiculing the Professor. My protest was repeated, and the verdict was a furlough of three weeks for "contempt of court." My emaciated form will convince you that my exile was passed *a la* hermit, for time fails me to go into *minutiæ*. On my return, a day or two since, a friend informed me that the *pons asinorum* had been passed, and that since then he had discovered nothing more formidable than unsupported hypotheses, accompanied by engravings which seemed to be the work of some five-year-old artist. With renewed energy I went to my den, and reclining in my *robe d' etude*, opened my omnium-gatherum at the place appointed for my lesson; but oh! horror of horrors! there was not a word of Saxon in the very first line. Parentheses, hieroglyphics and interrogation marks defied all interpretation, and threatened to annul all my recuperated powers. Application had ceased to be conqueror; so pulling out my knife, I increased the number of *cuts*, by cutting out the leaf, and then turned over a few to find words more pronounceable; and not being able even to keep the connection, I concluded to apply my descriptive talent to the pictures, and thus I passed the time till the hour of recitation. Professor looked askant at me, and from the sneer on his lip I knew that thereabouts was a dumb-founding question for me. In short, he inquired about my knowledge of an awful bird they called Mastodon, and a bug-bearish looking beast, called Pezohaps; but unfortunately the only marks these curiosities had made on the tablet of my memory, were the conjectures about the time it would take to prepare the big bird for the purpose of carving—how he ever got upon his roost—what an enormous load the beast could pull—and how I'd like to have match. Now, very naturally I had taken the "obs," "def," &c., to start for defiance and obstacles, as one of those abbreviations was the opening word of each paragraph; so my reply was after the following graphic language: the Aldi-baronti-phoski-phorni-shorni-ostikos, can soar above the clouds, and bid defiance, not only to this sublunary sphere, but even to the fiery orb of light, through which he can fly without scorching.

feather, and frighten the children on the other side—can surmount all obstacles—and here I met the *one* of “leave the room, sir.” Seizing my hat I made tracks for the room of the friend, who had deceived me about the lesson. Having snapped recitation, he was indulging in a soliloquy (about his “gal,”) which was soon disturbed by my execrations; and from words I *expanded* till my weapon was a book, when throwing my compendium at his head, I fell (he only knew where,) and drawing my knife rushed blindly into —— the land of *Nod*, where, strange to say, I was troubled with a most wonderful

DREAM.

Immediately I began to sink in a thundering noise, and soon found myself in the regions of fossil remains, where I fell upon a *Myloodon*, who asked me directly what I came for; my answer was “to make foot-prints on the sands of time”—where I was raised, and I informed him that I had just been *lowered*—if the Yankees didn’t build houses out the theories advanced concerning the shape of the earth, when he was on the surface, to which I replied that more frequently they built fool-bridges with them, for wise men to fall through. Finding that I ignored all such gim-cracks, he thanked me, (not at all, no trouble sir,) and invited me to dine with him. Having accepted the invitation, I told him that he was represented by man as being like unto Satan, which affected his nerves so greatly, that at dinner he dieted himself on pterodactyle pie and hot lava, the delicacy of which forbade my participating. However, he politely suggested that we should visit his cousin *Dinotherium*; and at my consent, he threw on his cloak of glyptodon-shells, and then, with my slight incumbrance, “o’er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,” he pursued his way. On approaching the den, he warned me not to allude to his cousin’s being frightful, (as his name implies,) for he was very sensitive on that point. But somehow we hadn’t “scraped acquaintance,” before I inadvertently addressed him as Mr. Frightful Beast, and asked him what use he had for those huge tusks. His actions spoke louder than his words, for he played wild havoc with all the strata around him, and would have made dust of my bones, had I not jumped in the jaw-tooth of my friend *Mylo*, who took a tree, one leaf of which would require a large oak for a petiole! We soon reached the top, which was in the Tertiary formation; but on hearing me cough, he feared that the infusoria were getting too scarce to support respiration, and looking at his barometer proposed to descend, as *Dinotherium*’s rage had brought on sleep, and as the mercury was getting rather low. On our way down, he denied the human assertion that there was once meat on his bones, and attributed such a false supposition altogether to the weakness of the *flesh*. Moreover he declared that the Mosaic account of creation was the only true one; but about the time

I was pumping the cosmogeny out of him, he became so excited that he missed his hold and on—the floor I fell! finding a pointer tied to my leg, and my friend, in convulsive laughter, lying under the bed! After abusing him sufficiently, I related my vision; which he accounted for thus: his dancing over his victory was the jarring noise—my falling on the *bed* caused my sinking—the dog was “Mylo”—my friend was Dinotherium—he created the havoc of the same by piling chairs on me—caused my suffocation by puffing smoke in my face—and finally he pulled me off the bed.

While listening to these “ups and downs” you certainly have anticipated

MY CONCLUSION,

that if the “sugar in the punch-bowl of life” is as hard to get to as the *saccharine* formation in Geology, *I* shall take *my* glass *straight*, and that not a few might learn from my

MORAL,

that sane men should remain on the *surface* of the earth, as long as possible, since none but *dreamers* and monomaniacs visit the interior.

From the rattling of tumblers and your attentive postures, I presume you are ready to come *a besoigue*; so I will conclude this my last lecture by advising you to look not after *earthly* enjoyments, but ever to seek for *spiritual* blessings; and by expressing the hope, that

We may all find, when these hard times are gone,
 In *the book of the world* not a sentence amiss;
 For blind speculations, to fibs added on,
 Is all *I* discover of learning in this!

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR PORTRAIT FOR THIS NUMBER.—We have the pleasure, this month, to present our readers a Portrait of Professor Manuel Fetter, to whom is committed the instruction in the Greek Language and Literature in this University. Those who are so fortunate as to be acquainted with that gentleman will recognize in it an accurate likeness; and we are sure there are not a few who will set a high value on it.

Professor Fetter was born in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in July, 1809, and received his education at the Flushing Institute, near New York, so long under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, and celebrated for the thoroughness and extent of the classical instruction given there. He received the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts from Columbia College, in the city of New York. Having gone through the regular course at the Institute, he remained there some years as the Professor of the Ancient Languages; and was elected, in December, 1837, to the same Chair in this University, in which he succeeded the Rev. Dr. Hooper. In the autumn of 1838, this Department was divided; when Mr. Fetter became Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and has continued to occupy that Chair till the present time. How ably he has discharged the duties of that most important post, we need not say. The simple fact that he has presided over that Department for so many years, is commendation enough. Our readers need not be told what wide and accurate scholarship, and what genial sympathies and tastes, must characterize the man who can teach successfully a Language and Literature, so rich and copious. The great numbers of our students who have been initiated in these studies under his guidance, will gratefully remember his faithful and earnest labors for them, and trace no small degree of their success and prosperity to him.

THE CANDIDATES FOR THE EDITORSHIP.—Our successors will soon be elected. We are personally acquainted with the most of the *aspirants*, and know them to be clever young men. But we are sorry to say that the Mag. has yet to form their acquaintance. Not a line as yet have they contributed to our pages. Juniors, we have neither the wish nor inclination to meddle with affairs peculiarly your own. We know that you have men that can reflect honor on the Mag., the University and your class. We do not say that the present aspirants will not do the same, for we know some of them to be good writers, but we do desire to say that much is at stake upon your selection; let not the Mag. wane with the class of 1860-'61. "*Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.*"

OUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

CHIEF JUSTICE TAYLOR.—Our leading article is a memoir of Chief Justice John Louis Taylor, first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. For this ably written article we are indebted to the kindness of Judge Battle, and return him our thanks for the same.

DR. CALDWELL AND OUR UNIVERSITY.—This article will be interesting to old Graduates. It contains a Memoir of the Doctor from the time he came here to his death; and is the conclusion of his Memoir commenced in the first number of this volume.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DR. HAWK'S HISTORY OF N. C.—We are sure that our readers will sympathize with us in a feeling of thankfulness to the Rev. Dr. Curtis for the excellent notes on the Natural History of Dr. Hawk's History of North Carolina, which we have been allowed to present to them in this number of the Magazine. We can hardly doubt that many of them have been, as we confess ourselves to have been, not seldom perplexed in reading Dr. Hawk's first volume, to determine certainly what were the beasts and plants, &c., described, or referred to by Harriot and Lawson. The account they give of such things, though Harriot at least was a skilfull naturalist, and both of them were very careful observers, is no where marked with a properly scientific exactness, as such things are done in our day; but they wrote for the general reader, and their descriptions are given in popular language. Hence, scarcely any but those who are very familiar with the objects described, can feel now what the particular things are, which they wrote of; and the same feature of their narrative must, we think, somewhat embarrass the man of science in coming to a conclusion that he can rely on. For our part, we confess to having been many times utterly at a loss; and even have thought that those writers drew on their imagination in some degree, and trusted to the credulity of strangers and the country. We are in a condition therefore duly to appreciate the good services we owe to Dr. Curtis; and we think that very many students of Dr. Hawk's History must be so likewise. We feel that it is a good service, and there is no need for us to say that his work is well done. Dr. Curtis needs no commendation from us. Yet we may say, as we believe, that no other man could have done this work so well. While devoting his life to the faithful discharge of the duties of a laborious profession, and acquiring at the same time very high reputation in other departments of scholarly pursuits, he has gained a place among the most accomplished botanists of our country—a place second to none in all the South, and inferior, if to any, to very few in the United States. For more than twenty years he has studied the Natural History, and especially the Botany of North Carolina; and in a knowledge of that subject he is far the superior, we believe, of all men living. So that his decisions of the matter treated of in his article comes to us with the very highest authority, and will be considered, we do not doubt, as settling finally all the questions raised in it.

It is not a matter of surprise that Dr. Hawks, whose studies have not been turned especially to such matters, should sometimes err in the opinion formed

about them, and sometimes be unable to give any opinion whatever. For what he has done, in his peculiar sphere, in his History, we are deeply grateful. We do not expect to see that work better done; and when his History is finished, and we hope this may be soon, none of the States of our Union will have better reason to be proud of its history and of its historian than N. Carolina.

RICHNESS.—We cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to this article. It is from the pen of one of the most distinguished Literati of the State. It is impressive, animating and fascinating. It is neither tedious, tame, nor languid, but will strike the reader at once as being free from the vague confusion of ideas so often found in the present day, disguised under the gorgeous trappings of rhetorical pomp. It possesses elegance without affectation, and is musical with simplicity.

"SCRAP BOOK."—We received your contributions as the roses with which we will deck the Spring Birth of Miss Mag. In your first Revery we discovered much Reality. The Mag. wishes you many Reveries, of which she hopes to receive the Realities. Your "Bibliomonia Still Raging," will, we are sure, be read by College with pleasure, particularly by the Seniors.

One with your fertile imagination, "Scrap Book," should try to "speak in rhymes and lisp in numbers." Take the hint and let us hear from you. We hope to see you classed among the "poets and prose writers of America."


THE MIND—ITS PLEASURES WHEN WELL CULTIVATED.—*By Stark.*—Has been read and received, but unavoidably crowded out of the present number. Stark is a vigorous writer; and we hope to hear from him often. Go on in the way that you have commenced, and we predict that ere you reach the zenith of life your productions will shine as *Stark* jewels in the literary casket of our country.

Several articles have been consigned to the keeping of our "Baalam-box."

We have not time or space to speak of all of them. "Bible Recitations" is well written, but our laws forbid its publication. Poetry by Miss M. A. O., rejected because we know not the name of the authoress. Several other articles of merit shared the same fate. Remember our rule: the author's name must accompany the article. We would speak of other articles, but we are not able to write in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and don't suppose the authors could read anything else. "X. Y. Z." Don't try to write poetry again. Your "reverie" was the poorest attempt we ever saw.

Our local items are few. Mr. Taylor, of Raleigh, has delivered several interesting and instructive lectures to the Senior Class. Two on the culture of the Grape, and one of Fishes, Fish-Ponds, &c.

The Twenty-Second was passed quietly. Mr. David E. Jiggitts, of Miss., having resigned the office of "ball manager," an election was held on the 22d which resulted in the election of Mr. Spier Whitaker, of Iowa as his successor.

 The following clipped from the "London Journal," has been handed us by a lady friend, with request to publish. We do so with pleasure. Read it Seniors, ye who are about to look for your partners for life:

LOVE A WIFE AND CARE FOR A WIFE.—I wish every husband would copy, into his memorandum book this sentence, from a recently published work: "Women must be constituted very differently from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache, as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."

The grave hides many a heart which has been stung to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it after a certain careless fashion, was deaf dumb and blind to the truth in the sentence we have just quoted, or if not, was at least restive and impatient with regard to it. Many men, marrying late in life, being accustomed only to take care of themselves, and that in the erratic, rambling fashion, eating, good cheer and amusement, questionable or unquestionable drinking, sleeping or walking, whatever their fancy, or ability, prompted, come at last, when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as false, to matrimony. For a while it is novelty. Shortly, it is strange, as irksome, this always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another. To have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most, but twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done, if they provide food and clothing, and refrain (possibly) from harsh words. Ah, is it? Listen to that sigh as you close the door. Watch the gradual fading of the eye, the paling of the cheek, not from age—she should be yet young—but that gnawing pain at the heart born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of the soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives, and keep them from attempting to slake their soul's thirst at poisoned fountains.

Think you, her husband, how little a kind word, a smile, careless to you, how much to her! If you call these things "childish," and "beneath your notice," then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single. You are one. You have no right to require of a woman her health, strength, time and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfying return. A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, anything, everything but what a true woman's heart must crave—sympathy, appreciation, love. She may be rich in everything else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good woman, she had better die.

There are hard, unloving, cold monstrosities of women, (rare exceptions,) who neither require love nor know how to give it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble men have occasionally been thrown away upon such, does not disprove what we have been saying. But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position. because, over the needle, a woman may think herself into an insane asylum, while the active out-door turmoil of business, life is at least a sometime reprieve to him,

Do you ask me, "Are there no happy wives?" God be praised, yes, and glorious, lovable husbands, too, who know how to treat a woman, and would

have her neither fool nor drudge. Almost every wife would be a good and happy wife were she only loved enough. Let husbands, present and prospective, think of this.

AN ADDRESS TO THE 'QUEEN OF MAY,' AT THE FLORAL CELEBRATION OF 'READ VILLA.—By Miss M——. May has come, fair as the earliest beam of eastern light. The mountains, vales and forests, blooming with freshness and beauty, send forth their sweet perfumes on the breezes that roll in bright billows from the verdant hill-tops, and shaded valleys. She came with pure and fragrant blossoms to twine a wreath for Nature. Behold! yon distant prospect bids the Muse throw all her beauty forth; for we shall stroll along the rugged banks of the quiet river, which glides without a murmur, to view the flowers that smile in their mossy dells. But hark! what sounds are those we hear. It is the voice of flowers, and songs of the wood-nymphs, echoing low, in the gloomy shades. 'The rose! the rose, our queen shall be!' The lily, with her majestic form, has vested herself with a spotless robe of purity. Coming, she bears in her hand a crown of the richest flowers, stolen from Nature's bright garland, to place upon the brow of the queen. The modest violet is woven in this coronet of unbroken splendor. Oh! gaze upon her while she smiles and breathes in beauty; look upon her velvet leaves, and mark the secret wonderings of His mysterious hand. We hear the heather-bells tolling the funeral knell of those that died in the mid-wood shades, where a sunbeam had ne'er wandered through the gloom. Gentle queen, loveliest flower, blooming with exalted beauty—never has harp on minstrel sung of virtues pure as thine. Dear Sisters, never will I find in other lands so sweet a band. The memory of this evening shall be a spell to bring to mind all that is pure, happy and lovely. When twilight forests frown, and the bright sun's rays purple the mountain stream; when storms gather and grief would sadden, our free spirit will fly to this remembered spot, and will again see this happy throng, blooming with beauty, love and honor. Crowned with the richest bounty of indulgent Heaven, and the happiest of the happy, reigns our queen Augusta!

FINANCIAL.—We have heretofore studiously refrained from intruding our private affairs upon the public and now only depart from our custom because we must soon close our official connection with the Magazine. Most of our subscribers have already paid for the Magazine, a few students and too many distant subscribers, however, are still in arrears. We are very anxious to settle all the business of the office before we leave the Hill to spend our Senior Vacation with relations and friends. Will *all* who have not paid for the Magazine forward the amount due *as soon as possible*? We have given our subscribers the largest College Magazine in America, and splendid steel engravings which has never before been done by any College Monthly. Surely none will *forget* to pay what they owe us!

The following are the receipts since February 1st: H. J. Jernigan, G. C. Smith, N. L. Williams, \$2 50; W. A. Clement, \$1; W. Vanderveer, J. H. Patterson, W. H. McLaurin, \$1; J. Cherry, \$1; R. Clarke, \$1; B. R. Sherwood, State Library, E. G. Sterling, Seth B. Speight, Mrs. Edwin G. Speight, James D. McIver, J. W. Oldham, G. B. Barnes, R. A. Stancill, G. N. Rogers.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

DILECTIC HALL, February 24, 1860.

WHEREAS, The Dialectic Society has heard of the death of its late member, WILLIAM A. RIDDLE, of Greene county, Alabama, deeply deploring his untimely end, its members have adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That while we bow with reverence to the will of the Almighty, we can not but mourn the loss of so worthy a member of our Society, and cannot but cherish his memory as that of a friend who has departed from us.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathy to his relatives and friends and beg them to be comforted with us, remembering that it is God who gave, and who has taken away.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, to the Montgomery Mail and the University Magazine, with a request that they be published.

P. M. BUTLER,
V. H. VAUGHAN,
SAM'L P. WEIR. } *Committee.*

DILECTIC HALL, February 24, 1860.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God to take from earth our much beloved member, WILLIAM MURPHY, JR., of Salisbury, N. C., be it

Resolved, by the Dialectic Society, that while with due reverence we bow to the will of the Almighty, we cannot but follow the dictates of nature and drop a tear of grief over the premature grave of one who was not only an honor to the society to which he belonged, but to all who were acquainted with him.

Resolved, that we offer our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents, relatives and acquaintances, and while weeping with them at the common altar of grief, would point them to the Giver of all good joy and peace and Healer of the wounded and bleeding heart. We fondly hope and believe that he has changed his abode here for another where angels dwell and God alone ruleth.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, the Salisbury Banner, Raleigh Register, and University Magazine, with a request for publication.

JOHN BRADFORD,
P. M. BUTLER,
J. T. JONES } *Committee.*

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

Vol. 9.

APRIL, 1860.

No. 8.

MEMOIR OF THE HON. JOHN HALL,

LATE ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY WILLIAM EATON, JR., Esq.

IN the commencement of this narrative it may not be amiss to remark, that its subject led a life peculiarly quiet, retired and unobtrusive. His time was chiefly spent in the discharge of judicial duties, and in the calm seclusion of the domestic fireside. His career did not abound in variety of incident, and could not be expected to furnish copious materials to the writer of lives. An individual may, however, occupy for more than a quarter of a century an exalted station in connection with the judiciary, and discharge all of its duties in a manner creditable to himself and entirely satisfactory to the public, and still furnish but few materials for biography; as a nation may spend years of peaceful prosperity and rapid advancement, without affording much to arrest the attention of the historian. For the reasons above mentioned, this article must necessarily be brief, while I shall endeavor to do justice to the memory of a faithful public servant and an excellent man.

The subject of the present Memoir was born in Augusta county, Virginia, on the 31st of May, 1767. The spot of his nativity is near to Waynesboro', a small village on the line of the Virginia Central Railroad, and on the route between Richmond and Staunton. The old family homestead is now the residence of Dr. Isaac Hall, a relation of the deceased. John Hall was the son of Edward Hall and Eleanor Hall, formerly Eleanor Stuart, and was the youngest of ten children. His father came from Ireland and settled at first in Pennsylvania, and from that State he moved to Virginia in 1736. In the Spring of 1744, he was married to Eleanor Stuart, the only daughter of Archibald Stuart, Sr. The Hall

family of that day was respectable, but in moderate circumstances. The Stuart family was then and has been since one of wealth and distinction, and has numbered among its members Judge Archibald Stuart, Jr., and his distinguished son, the Hon. Alex. H. H. Stuart, who was Secretary of the Interior Department under President Fillmore. The father of Judge Hall, though possessed of a mere competency gave to his children a good education, and was quite liberal in his expenditures (considering his means,) in preparing them for future usefulness in life. One of his sons, Dr. Isaac Hall, studied medicine four years at Glasgow and Edinburgh, and afterwards settled in Petersburg, Virginia, where he became an eminent physician. He died there many years since. Judge Hall received his academic education at a high school, as it was called, in the vicinity of Fairfield, Virginia, which school was afterwards removed to a place near to Lexington, Virginia, and was named Liberty Hall, and afterwards became Washington College. He received his Collegiate education at the College of William and Mary, in the State of Virginia, where he was a fellow student with the Right Rev. John S. Ravenscroft. This institution has numbered among its Alumni some of the first men of the nation, and has strong claims upon the gratitude of the people of this country, especially those of the Southern States. But little is known as to his juvenile career. It is not, however, doubted for a moment but that he was a youth of merit and promise, of exemplary morals and studious habits. After completing his education he studied law at Staunton, Va., under his kinsman, Judge Stuart. He was fondly attached to his legal instructor, and cherished an ardent gratitude towards him for his assistance in the prosecution of his professional studies as well as his uniform friendship and kindness. He often spoke of him with warm affection in subsequent life, and named a son after him. The intelligence of Judge Stuart's death was received by him with deep emotions of sorrow during his own last illness. His father being a man of small estate and a large family, after giving to him the advantages of an education, both literary and professional, was not able to do much more for him, so that he had to rely almost exclusively upon his own exertions for success in the world. After finishing his course of preparation for the Bar, he looked around in his native State for a suitable location, with a view to the practice of his profession, and, finding none within its limits, he determined to remove to North Carolina, which was supposed to present a more favorable and inviting field to the young lawyer. Accordingly, in the year 1792, and in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he moved to North Carolina, and settled in Warrenton, then a very small village, of which he continued a resident to the day of his death. Upon his arrival here he was in very narrow circumstances. He was an entire stranger, who came

from beyond the Blue Ridge, and had no relations, connexions or friends in this region of country, to aid him by their influence, or to push him forward in his profession. In manners he was reserved and diffident, and not calculated to extend his acquaintance rapidly, or to make an immediately favorable impression upon the public. He had not the powers of a ready, fluent and popular speaker, those attractive and fascinating qualities which have sometimes secured an almost immediate reputation and patronage at the Bar. He had serious difficulties to encounter, and a rugged road of professional probation before him. He relied, however, upon his own industry, perseverance and worth to overcome the impediments by which he was surrounded. He did not rely upon them in vain, and the result is calculated to cheer the young lawyer amid the toils and struggles incident to the commencement of his professional life, and in the midst of discouraging obstacles. In the course of a few years after his removal to Warrenton, his correct and studious habits, his untiring attention to business, his fidelity to his clients, and his high character for honor and integrity, obtained for him an encouraging share of practice; while his modesty, frankness and amiability secured for him friends who esteemed and loved him, and some of whom discharged towards him the last mournful duties of kindness and affection, and followed his remains to their last resting place. To those who manifested the deepest interest in his success in his early struggles, he always indulged lively feelings of gratitude, and in some instances showed his affection for them, by his conduct to their descendants, long after they had gone down to the grave, for he was a man of fine sensibilities and a tender heart. He became favorably known to the community in which he lived as a man of rare virtues and sterling worth, and a lawyer of extensive professional attainments, being most appreciated by those who had the best title themselves to esteem and respect. His merit attracted the attention of the General Assembly, which in the year 1800 elected him a Judge of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, under the old District System, eight years only after his removal to the State. The fact of his elevation to the Bench after so short a residence within the borders of North Carolina, shows strikingly the high estimation in which he was held. Upon the adoption of the present Superior Court system, in 1806, he continued to hold the office, and rode the circuits regularly until near the close of the year 1818, when he was advanced to a higher post of public duty. On the 12th day of December, 1818, very shortly after the passage of the bill introduced by Mr. Gaston, to establish the present Supreme Court, he was on the first balloting elected one of the three Judges, (Leonard Henderson being the only one besides himself who was elected on that balloting)—a signal evidence of his popularity on the Bench below during

the eighteen years of his service there, and a high compliment to his legal learning and moral character. He entered upon the duties of this important and responsible station, very shortly afterwards, and continued in office until a painful and distressing malady compelled him to resign in December, 1832. The end of his life soon followed the close of his official career. He died at his residence, in Warrenton, on the 29th day of January, 1833, after an afflicting and lingering indisposition of nearly twelve months, which he bore with serenity and fortitude. He died the death of the philosopher and christian. His remains were interred in the family burial ground in Warrenton. A small group of cedars, a few yards south of the garden, will indicate to the stranger, who may visit Warrenton, the spot where the ashes of this wise and good man now slumber in the grave.

Few men ever sustained throughout life a more unblemished character than the subject of this sketch. Few ever possessed a more delicate sense of honor, or purer and more elevated moral feelings and principles. In his official capacity he was an ornament to the Bench. John Hall possessed, in a high degree, many of the qualities necessary to constitute a safe judicial officer. Although not a man of showy or brilliant endowments, he had a very correct judgment, and varied and extensive legal learning. He had a deep seated love of justice, and an anxious desire to discharge with scrupulous fidelity all of his duties. He was a man of sterling integrity, great independence and firmness, and extraordinary patience and perseverance; and was as unbiased and impartial a Judge as ever wore the ermine. His bosom was free from those passions and prejudices which have impaired the usefulness and shaded the fame of some of the most distinguished ornaments of the Bench. He had no pride of opinion to mislead his judgment, and cause him to sacrifice truth and justice rather than retract an error. He was more anxious to decide properly between the parties, than to acquire distinction as a jurist. In uprightness, impartiality and independence, in laborious attention to the duties of his office, and in patience and courtesy, he has had no superior in N. Carolina, a State which has given birth to so many men of rare judicial excellence. Judge Hall fully appreciated the qualifications of his distinguished associates upon the Supreme Court Bench, and no doubt admired the superior genius of Henderson, the elegant accomplishments of Taylor, and the vigorous intellect and the profound learning of Ruffin. He co-operated harmoniously with them in the discharge of duty, and was always disposed to allow much weight to their opinions, although he was ready to dissent, when after mature reflection and a diligent examination of the authorities, he could not conscientiously concur with them. He had great respect for the able and learned men who in his day adorned

the Supreme Court Bar of North Carolina, and for several of them he cherished a warm personal regard to the day of his death. The feelings of the man however towards individuals, never with him influenced the action of the magistrate at any period of his long judicial career in the Superior and Supreme Courts. He might safely say, "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*" Entire freedom from bias has not always been attained by enlightened, pure and virtuous Judges, although by such men it has been sincerely desired and attempted. Lord Campbell in his lives of the Chief Justices of England remarks that, Chief Justice Abbott was a great magistrate, and in that capacity excited almost unmingled admiration and respect, but that he allowed himself to fall under the dominion of a favorite. We are also informed by the same distinguished author, that Lord Kenyon, the immediate successor of the illustrious Mansfield, when Chief Justice of the King's Bench indulged in partialities for, and antipathies against, particular barristers, although ever anxious to decide impartially.

The judicial opinions of Judge Hall were brief, plain and to the point, and were sustained by solid reasoning and sound authority. Like the celebrated Chief Justice Talbot of England, he loved truth "in all its naked simplicity." He did not attempt to gain eclat by an ostentatious parade of legal erudition; and he made no effort at display in the field of judicial eloquence. He confined himself almost universally to the question before the Court, and did not travel out of the record to exhibit his ingenuity or his learning in the discussion of speculative points and abstract principles. He did not wish to overrule adjudications and unsettle well established law, in order to indulge a fondness for some darling theory. He did not sacrifice practical utility in a vain attempt to arrive at theoretical perfection. He had a just respect for authority, and a deep conviction of the necessity of certainty and stability in our system of jurisprudence. He did not seek after flowers of rhetoric or the labored ornaments of style. Everything in his diction was simple and unadorned. His opinions however contain able and correct expositions of the law upon the points before the Court, furnish safe guides for those who may succeed him in his elevated station, and may be read with advantage by the juridical student, although they may not exhibit the finish and elegance of the writer who has devoted himself chiefly to literary pursuits. Most of his judicial opinions may be found in the reports of Hawks and Devereux.

In political sentiment Judge Hall belonged to the school of Thos. Jefferson, and was a decided and consistent member of the old Republican Party. He had however too correct a sense of the proprieties of his position to be active in political contests, and his heart was entirely free from partisan rancor and violence. Conscious himself of acting under the influence of

patriotic and honorable intentions, he was ready to give to those who differed from him credit for purity of purpose.

His private character was eminently deserving of praise. He was a man of unaffected modesty, of admirable simplicity of manners, of an ingenuous and manly frankness and sincerity, and of warm feelings of benevolence and humanity. He was a useful and public spirited citizen in the immediate community in which he lived, and endeavored to sustain its institutions of learning and religion, and to advance in every respect its best interests, and he enjoyed its esteem, confidence and love. He was the friend of young men, especially those of talents and promise, manifested a lively interest in their fortunes, and endeavored to nourish in their bosoms a laudable ambition, and to speed them on upon the path of wisdom, virtue and honor. He sometimes had law students in his office, and his influence over them was a most salutary one. It was under his own roof, where he dispensed a cordial but unpretending hospitality, that his amiable qualities shone with a serene and steady lustre. In the domestic circle he was extremely affectionate. Scarcely any community in the State was adorned with a better husband, father, or neighbor, or a more humane master to slaves. Judge Hall was a man of excellent common sense, and managed his private affairs with diligence and to the best advantage. He was a man of system, method and order in everything, and a master of his private business in all its details, although he did not allow it to interfere with his official engagements. He was prompt and punctual in the payment of his debts. It was owing to the humble, but useful and estimable qualities above mentioned, that he was able, after raising and educating a large family of children, and dispensing a generous hospitality, to leave a handsome competency at his death, although his own patrimony was a very small one, and he obtained but little property by marriage. I mention these things because the learned have been too often deficient in a knowledge of the practical concerns of life, and in a proper attention to the demands of ordinary business; and their deficiency in this respect has sometimes been a source of deep distress, bitter disappointment, and corroding care to themselves and their families. The studious are too apt to neglect the common affairs of life. They ought however to remember that there is something else in the world to require their attention besides books, and that in the language of Solomon, "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under Heaven."

Judge Hall of course had foibles, but there were none sufficiently serious or prominent in their nature as to require any particular observations in this brief outline of his life and character. It is believed that he conscientiously attempted to correct his faults, and to a considerable extent succeeded in doing so.

His person was considerably above the middle size, his features rather agreeable and prepossessing than otherwise, and his face indicated amiability, benevolence and candor. There is a faithful portrait of him in the old family mansion at Warrenton, now owned and occupied by his son, the Hon. Edward Hall. This portrait was taken a few years before his death, and it presents to the eye a life-like picture.

Judge Hall left a widow, Mrs. Mary Hall (formerly Mary Weldon,) who died in August, 1852, and eight children. I shall close this imperfect sketch with a few remarks as to the views of Judge Hall upon the infinitely important subject of religion. He did not become a professor of religion until a few months before he died, although he had at all times great respect for it. His early predilections were in favor of the Presbyterian Church, but he finally joined the Episcopal Church, and the sacrament was administered to him in his own chamber shortly before his death by the Rev. Joseph H. Saunders, then the Rector of Emmanuel Church at Warrenton, who moved to Florida a few years afterwards and died there. As I have had occasion to mention the name of Mr. Saunders, it is a task grateful to the feelings of my heart to express the high opinion which I entertain as to his talents, learning, piety and usefulness; and I wish that it were in my power to pay a more lasting tribute to the memory of one who was my preceptor, my pastor, and my friend. The labors of the instructor of youth and the clergyman, however faithful and valuable, are too speedily forgotten.

This sketch of the life and character of the Hon. John Hall is from the pen of one who was his pupil in the study of the law, and who may possibly have viewed his merits somewhat too favorably through the softened light of affection, friendship, and gratitude. I trust however that those who knew him well will recognize the accuracy and fidelity of my delineation of his character in its main features, and in all its shades, an evident likeness to the original.

WAR OF THE REGULATION.

(Part III.—1770.)

BY HON. DAVID L. SWAIN.

THE tact and ability displayed by the Governor in evading and overcoming difficulties, with which he was environed, at the era of the Stamp Act, were now to be exhibited with equal adroitness and signal success. The repeal of that famous statute, before meeting, enabled him to conciliate his first Assembly, and the manner in which the repeal was announced in connection with official notice of his determination to restrain and punish extortion and speculation, restored him to the favor he had lost with the great body of the people.

The first pulsation of liberty in the legislative body of 1769, were but premonitory symptoms of its early dissolution. It was intended that the succeeding Assembly should take warning from the fate of their predecessors, and the design succeeded to admiration.

The Governor on the first day of February, 1770, ordered the election for the third Assembly called into existence during his administration, to take place on the 12th March, and the members to convene in New-Berne, on the first day of May. The assurances given to the previous legislature, that the odious impositions on imports, in violation of the laws of trade, would speedily be repealed, were no doubt founded on authentic advices. On the 9th April he informed his Council that he had received a letter from the Earl of Hillsborough, "signifying his Majesty's royal pleasure that he might as soon as it was necessary and convenient meet the General Assembly."

The early repeal of the obnoxious statute was no doubt signified in the same dispatch, and the Governor in anticipation of the auspicious event prorogued the Assembly from the first of May to the 30th of November. The repealing act passed and received the royal assent just three days after the prorogation of the colonial legislature 12th of April, 1770.

The passage of the Stamp Act had the effect, as we have seen, to produce the united opposition of the northern and southern districts of the province. Its repeal restored harmony to the colonies, but the peculiar grievances of the northern districts of North Carolina were neither redressed nor alleviated. The same result was witnessed in the present instance. The southern district was again relieved from the apprehension of parliamentary aggression. The Regulators, finding sympathy neither at home nor abroad, were goaded to madness; and in the midst of their desperation committed excesses, which were as indiscreet, as inde-

fensible. These acts of lawlessness excited and alarmed their southern brethren, and the apprehension and jealousy with which the proceedings of the mother country were previously regarded were transferred, and more than transferred, to the population of the northwestern counties. The dissension inflamed and aggravated by the indiscretion of rash partizans, and consequent frenzy of the multitude in both sections, grew but too rapidly into a civil and boded internecine war.

The opposition of the Regulators to the Governor, tended only to cement more firmly his union with the maritime districts, and he had probably a stronger hold at this time upon the affection and reverence of the southern portion of the province, than at any previous or subsequent period in his administration.

One fatal error, however, committed at the time he determined to call the Assembly, had rendered him as universally odious to the great body of the settlers within the boundaries of the Granville Patent, as he was acceptable to the southern district. In an evil hour he indulged his partiality for Fanning in the exercise of his prerogative, to an extent that his royal master would never have ventured under similar circumstances. He granted by charter to Hillsborough, the right of representation in the General Assembly. No more impolitic measure could have been adopted. Repudiated by a great majority of the voters of Orange, Fanning was now forced upon them by the introduction, upon a small scale, of the rotten borough system of England.

The time was especially unfavorable for such a trial of public patience. Col. Frohock occupied nearly the same place in the affection of the people of Rowan, as Col. Fanning in Orange. The extortions practised by him as clerk, aided by swarms of less conspicuous peculators had produced throughout that county, opposition to the government as violent and as general as in Orange.

Rowan county was at this time separated from Orange, by a due north and south line, intermediate between the waters of the Haw and the Yadkin. The village of High-Point on the North Carolina Railroad, will indicate with sufficient accuracy the range of the eastern boundary. On the west it extended to the Mississippi. The Virginia line was the northern, and the Granville line the southern boundary. Salisbury, Asheville, Knoxville and Nashville, may be enumerated among the principal towns within the limits of the old county. It embraced an area quite equal in extent to either North Carolina or Tennessee, contains at the present time probably a million of inhabitants, and would constitute a State equal in population, resources and intelligence to either of the commonwealths, of which the ancient domain is a constituent part.

The day after the election, the 13th of March, 1770, Judge Moore,

wrote to Governor Tryon from Salisbury, that "the Sheriffs of the several counties of this district complain heavily of the opposition made to them in the execution of their office, by the people, who call themselves Regulators. I am told there is no such thing as collecting the public taxes, or levying a private debt among them, a plain proof (among many others) that their designs have ever extended further than to promote a public inquiry into the conduct of officers."

The populace were now too generally and deeply incensed to submit to the restraint of any leader, however wise, prudent or influential. Two years previous to the date of this communication, Judge Moore was himself almost an avowed Regulator. He had probably at the moment of writing, as much respect and affection for Husband as for Tryon.

The Hillsborough Riots of the 24th and 25th of September, were the natural result of the Governor's exhibition of favoritism to Fanning. The circumstances connected with them have been related with so much minuteness of detail by Caruthers and Martin, that we will content ourselves with presenting the hitherto unpublished report to the Council, of Mr. Attorney General Macguire, upon the question whether any of the parties concerned were amenable for treason.

"Mr. Attorney General delivered in his opinion at this Board, agreeable to the Order of the Council, the 16th of this instant, in the following words, viz: "In obedience to the commands of your Excellency in Council, requiring my opinion upon the several offences set forth in Mr. Henderson's letter, Mr. McNair's and Mr. Lyon's affidavits, together with the petition of the Insurgents, I have attentively perused them and I am of opinion to consider them in a distinct and separate view.

"That the pulling down of Mr. Fanning's house and the assaulting of several persons in the town of Hillsborough, amount only to a riot.

"That the menaces thrown out against, and the insult offered to, Mr. Justice Henderson, when in the execution of his office, and the Insurgents preventing him from holding out the term there, will be construed in law, only a misdemeanor, though of the highest nature.

"That words (though doubtful heretofore, has been the law and various the determinations of the Courts at different periods of time, whether they amount to treason or not,) substantively taken are not, I think, at this day, sufficient to convict a man of high treason, but if there is any act of violence, or a declared intention of acting consequent thereupon, then they clearly come within the purview of that offence, and therefore the words mentioned in Lyon's affidavit, when a more minute enquiry can be made into the conduct of the offenders, will possibly turn out to be treason; but it appears to me that the tenor of that affidavit is too inconclusive to issue warrants for that offence.

"As to pointing out to your Excellency and Honors the most effectual steps to bring the offenders to condign punishment, I am apprehensive there is no process that can issue in the present situation of affairs that would bring about that great end, as no obedience has been paid for some time past, to any process whatever by the Insurgents, and who, if apprehended, must, under the present Court law, be tried in the district where the offence was committed; a circumstance which when the recent instances of their conduct are considered, leaves room to apprehend the inefficacy of any measure that may be derived from that source."

On the 4th December the Governor communicated to his council information, received in a letter of the previous day from Col. John Simpson of Pitt County, that a number of Regulators were coming down from Bute, Johnston, &c., to New-Berne "to prevent Col. Fanning's taking a seat in the Assembly." He had for this reason ordered the Pitt regiment of militia to march to New-Berne, on the following Wednesday. The Craven regiment happened at the moment to be under review at a general muster in New-Berne, and a part of it was detached by the Governor "to remain in town, for the protection of the legislative body, and the peace of the government till further orders."

The Governor received the General Assembly the following day, 5th of December, in the spacious saloons according to respectable cotemporaneous authorities, of the most splendid edifice in either America. His military training, fondness for display, and imposing manners were rendered more effective by the armed guards which surrounded the palace. To these powerful attractions were added the courtesy, dignity, grace and affability, of his accomplished wife and her beautiful sister, and if the entire current of tradition is not at fault, they were not powerless in fascinating the young, and softening and soothing, the rude, the aged and the stern. The record is in unison with the traditionary evidence. The maiden name of the two sisters, was perpetuated in the creation of the county of Wake. The name of the Governor given the preceeding session to a new county in the west was soon erased, and that of Lincoln substituted in its stead, but the memorial of female dignity and loveliness, will be as permanent as the institutions forced into existence by the tyranny of the royal Governor and his royal master.

There were no less ability, patriotism and character in the present, than in the previous assembly. John Harvey, one of the most inflexible patriots in the most trying times, was succeeded as speaker by Richard Caswell. The latter was nominated by Samuel Johnston, and received a unanimous vote. Jones, but upon what authority he does not inform us, states that "Harvey was succeeded by Caswell, a gentleman more acceptable to Tryon as a personal and political friend." All the distinguished gentle-

men referred to by name as members of the preceding assembly, were re-elected in 1770 and to these, Abner Nash of Halifax, and Joseph Hewes of Edenton, may be mentioned as brilliant accessions.

Husband had triumphed, over all opposition in two successive elections. The persecution he had endured at the hands of Fanning, was avenged at the polls, and more summarily and signally reprehended by the incensed multitude, during the September riot in Hillsborough. The tables were soon turned and the Sandy Creek farmer, found himself struggling at immense disadvantage, when the scene of conflict, was transferred from Maddock's Mill in Orange, to the palace at New-Berne.

The present was in an important respect differently constituted from any previous, perhaps any subsequent, assembly. We have the evidence of Governor Tryon, that the Presbyterians were the dominant party. Mecklenburg was at the date of its erection, the extreme western county in the southern district. It was settled principally by Scotch Irish Presbyterians, who found their way to the fertile and luxuriant valleys of the Yadkin and Catawba, from Pennsylvania, or more immediately from the mother country, through South Carolina. Thomas Polk one of the representatives from the County, is understood to have been one of the seven earliest immigrants. Another not numerous, but intelligent and influential element of the early and present population, were Dutch Calvinists and Lutherans. Mecklenburg was erected in 1762, and named in honor, of the young Queen, after Mecklenburg Strelitz in Germany, from whence she came. The county town in more direct compliment was called Charlotte. The population, then as now were intelligent, thrifty, and ordinarily comfortable in their circumstances. They were more decidedly conservative and loyal in their sentiments, than any other portion of the inhabitants, of the interior. Mecklenburg supplied two companies of volunteers, for the first expedition against the Regulators, and tho' public opinion had greatly changed in the mean time, was less hostile towards the government, until the repeal of the Marriage Act, and the charter of Queen's College, by royal proclamation, than any other of the western counties. Polk and Alexander, were not less loyal in 1770, than Caswell and Johnston.

Governor Tryon, was not wanting in sagacity to perceive the necessity of conciliating and controlling this influence, and loath as he was to yield the slightest concession to dissent, policy triumphed over his principles and prejudices and enabled him to secure an ascendancy over the strongest minds, and purest and most patriotic hearts that cannot be contemplate without amazement.

The Governor's opening speech to the Assembly was well calculated to make the most favorable impression. He invited the most earnest attention to the condition and the proper management of the finances, the ne-

cessity of strict accountability of tax receivers, and the exhibition of just statements of receipts and disbursements. He invoked the most scrupulous enquiries into the complaints against public officers, and in the arrangement of the fee bill in such a manner as would remove the possibility of mistake or abuse. He called for such measures as would enable him to quell the disturbances in the interior.

He returned his grateful acknowledgements for the elegant edifice in which he met the Houses—intimated his intention to visit England, and the pleasure it would afford him to assure his sovereign, that the wisdom of the Assembly had enabled him to give stability and permanent regularity to the interior police of the province, and to restore the blessings of peace to its inhabitants.

He remarked in conclusion: "If these times had permitted I would have recommended to you to establish a public seminary in some part of the back country of this colony for the education of youth. An institution of this sort and in these parts would be very beneficial by instructing the rising generation in the principles of religion and virtue in that healthy and fertile climate. Possibly you may not lose sight of this object on a more favorable opportunity."

The reply of the House was reported by Mr. Maurice Moore, and was as loyal a response as the Governor could reasonably have desired. He was assured that the late daring and insolent attack made on the Superior Court, at Hillsborough, by the people, who called themselves Regulators, was held in the utmost detestation and abhorrence.

"The palace erected by the Province for the residence of your Excellency and successors in office, is truly elegant and noble. To your unwearied attention and influence, and to the ability and diligence of the architect, the inhabitants of this country owe that honor and credit it may reflect on them."

"We entirely agree with you, sir, in the measure you propose of establishing a public school in the frontier part of the province. We are convinced that the peace and happiness of society much depends on a pious and liberal education of its members. To neglect an object so interesting and important, is to withhold from the country a blessing that will necessarily arise from a rising and instructed generation."

A school fund the gradual accumulation of years of provident legislation, which properly husbanded, might have proved the source of inestimable blessings, and rendered his administration the most brilliant era in our colonial history, had been lavished in the construction of the palace.

With an exhausted treasury, an outstanding public debt of £80,000, and an impending civil war, instead of schools and churches in all the

parishes, for the general diffusion of learning and religion, the most populous and fertile section of the province was to be visited with fire and sword, and a large proportion of the most energetic and improvable population driven into exile.

No name appears more frequently, or in connection with more important measures on the Journals of the House, than that of Col. Fanning. The Governor had learned to contemplate one form of dissent, with comparative charity, if not complacency, and seemed to suppose that, under proper restrictions, the Presbyterians might be entrusted with the education of their own children. Col. Fanning presents himself as not merely the court favorite and the recognized organ of the executive, but as the champion of reform, the patron of education, and apostle of civil and religious liberty.

Mr. Fanning and Mr. Blount were the committee who waited upon the Governor and informed him of the qualification of the members.

"Col. Edmund Fanning, a member of this House, having been charged in the public papers with many things injurious to his character, both as a representative of the people and as a member of the community, and besides these circumstances of common fame, having had many accusations and complaints exhibited against him to this Assembly, the House proceeded to enquire into the facts laid to his charge, and after the strictest examination find the several accusations against him to be false, wicked and malicious, arising from the malevolence of a set of insurgents, who style themselves Regulators, who, in defiance of the dictates of humanity and of the laws of their country, have atrociously injured him in his person, property and character.

"The House therefore in common justice, resolved, *nem. con.* that the aspersions thrown upon the character of the said Col. Edmund Fanning, are groundless, base and scandalous, and that as far as anything has appeared to this House, his conduct has been just, fair and honorable, both as a member of this House, in particular, and community in general.

Though a borough representative and not a county member, "Mr. Fanning presented a bill to divide Orange." Long service as Register of Orange, and familiarity with indictments for extortion, must have given him such a practical acquaintance with the subject, as to have qualified him in an eminent degree, to report upon the bill introduced by Mr. Nash, to ascertain certain officers' fees therein mentioned.

"Mr. Fanning presented the petition of sundry Presbyterian ministers of this province, praying an act may pass for empowering all regular Presbyterian ministers in this province to solemnize the rites of matrimony according to the Confession of Faith."

The petition of the citizens of Orange and Rowan presented by Husband at the preceding session, prays for "the repeal of the act prohibiting dissenting ministers from marrying according to the decretals, rites and ceremonies of their respective churches. A privilege they are debarred of in no other part of his Majesty's dominions, and as we humbly conceive, a privilege they stand entitled to by the Act of Toleration, and in fine a privilege granted even to the very Catholics in Ireland and Protestants in France."

"Mr. Fanning, from the committee appointed to examine the laws of the province, and report such as are expiring and need amendment, reported that the act passed in 1748, for regulating the several officers' fees, and ascertaining the method of paying the same, is so vague and uncertain as to what services are necessary to be done by each respective officer, and the fees that may legally be taken by him for his several services collectively, that they esteem it highly requisite that an amendment thereof be made explaining and ascertaining, in the most full, clear and summary manner, the precise sum that may be taken by each officer for the respective services by them to be performed; making of exactions of officers more penal and the method of redress against such practices less difficult.

"This committee upon perusing the several acts of Assembly, concerning the solemnization of the rites of matrimony, and considering the great number of Presbyterian inhabitants settled in the western frontier counties in the province, and the difficulties and expenses they must necessarily be under, cannot but think that the restraints and penalties in the said acts are in some measure hard and oppressive, and that they have a just and reasonable claim to the attention of the Legislative body, for granting to them a religious toleration in that particular, and that it is well becoming the catholic and liberal principles of the members of the House of Representatives of this Colony, to appoint a committee to prepare and bring in a bill for empowering all regular Presbyterian ministers in this province to solemnize the rites of marriage, according to the Westminster Confession of Faith, by publication in their religious assemblies, where the parties are best known, and by license, without any tax or fee to the clergy of the establishment."

Martin under the date of 1763, mentions the removal from Pennsylvania to South Carolina, of Rev. Joseph Alexander, D. D., a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who was eminently successful in planting churches in North and South Carolina, at this early period of the settlement of the back country, when both provinces were in a very destitute condition, with respect to religious instruction.

The author of the "Fan for Fanning," indulges in remarks which tend to dissolve the mystery in relation to the eminent literary distinctions

conferred about this time on Col. Fanning by the University of Oxford, and subsequently repeated by some of the most prominent literary institutions on this side the Atlantic.

"No other county was blessed with a FANNING, whose rigid vice could not brook a detection; and whose despotism would not suffer him to think that the men who chose him their representative, *his equals*, whose proud heart would not bear the instruction of *his constituents*; for this seems solely to have been the cause of his high dudgeon; though we will not say that there was not a design formed particularly against Orange county, because the body of its inhabitants were dissenters from the established Church of England. If there was no such design, why were not Granville, Brunswick and Cumberland, where Quakers and Baptists are not so numerous, treated with the lenient measures of powder and ball? If there was no design, why did Fanning project the scheme of a college, and form a plan, which in itself, if not altogether impracticable was most absurd, he, in the charter of which, places himself at the head of the institution, *an excellent chancellor of a college*, and the Rev. Joseph Alexander, next to himself in the Faculty? What was this for but to bring over the Presbyterians to his side, against their brethren of other denominations? And with the same spirit and design, the Governor gives commissions, making one Colonel Alexander, another Captain Alexander, and another Alexander Esq., Justice of the Peace, &c., &c., and all this to *take in* a large body of Presbyterians, settled in Orange county since the last war, that they might be ready tools of the Junto, to serve as pack-horses to do their drudgery; and this unriddles the affair of "*thousands coming in and taking the oath of Government*;" those who had been bought by commission and professorships in this curiously projected Fannian College, this castle, or rather college, in the air; *they came in* and took the oaths of government, and poor, ignorant people, dependant on Esq. such a one, Col. such a one, they follow and Gov. T—n has the satisfaction of seeing hundreds daily coming in and submitting, many of whom would, for a morsel of bread, take the oaths for Gov. T—n to-day, to the Pope to-morrow, and for a bottle of rum, to the Grand Turk the day following."

The same writer gives the following evidence of the prejudice which existed throughout the Granville Patent against the King's tenants, and especially against the people of New-Berne, arising, to some extent no doubt, from the erection of the palace in that town. Fort Johnston was at Wilmington. The establishing and endowing a college in *the Southern District* was not calculated to allay the existing jealousy:

"North Carolina was settled, as most new countries are, by those who *would not live in their OWN PLACE*; who sat down upon the sea coast, or

places contiguous to navigable water. And such has been the fate of New-Berne and other places in North Carolina, that for many years they were accounted an Asylum for all such as fled from their creditors, and from the hand of justice, and such as would not live without working elsewhere; men regardless of religion and all moral obligation. Hence it was, that refugees from the western governments, and from *Connecticut*, found a safe retreat in North Carolina., particularly on the sea coast and places adjacent. The settlement of the inland country has been very slow, till since the last war, when families from Virginia, Maryland, the lower government, Pennsylvania, Jersies, New York, &c., have moved down, five or six hundred in a season; by which Orange county was populated; and by good industrious laboring men, who knew the value of their property better than to let it go to enrich petyfoggng Lawyers, extortionate and griping publicans or tax-gatherers, and such as delighted in building palaces at the expense of the honest farmer and tradesman."

At the age of thirty-three, with an estate of £10,000 sterling (no small fortune in those days,) which this writer represents him to have acquired during the few years he had resided in North Carolina, the Oxford Doctor may be reasonably supposed to have been willing to resign the lucrative place of Register of Orange, for the Chancellorship of Queen's College. The pains taken by the Governor to reward his favorite by securing the highest literary distinction from the most renowned university in the mother country, preparatory to the delicate and difficult negotiation with Prelacy and Presbytery, for literary advancement in North Carolina, is an exhibition of perhaps the rarest instance of diplomatic tact in the history of his administration.

On the 10th January of the preceding year (1769) the Governor had written to Lord Hillsborough as follows: "An act for vesting the school-house in Edenton in Trustees," I rejected not esteeming the words "with the approbation of his Excellency the Governor or Commander-in-chief for the time being," in the commissioners appointment of the school master, so full and comprehensive as the qualifications pointed out in the clause of the school bill for New-Berne, passed in 1766, viz: "Provided always that no person shall be admitted to be master of the said school, but who is of the established church of England, and who at the recommendation of the Trustees or Directors, or a majority of them, shall be duly licensed by the Governor or Commander-in-chief for the time being."

"Though these institutions are extremely wanted in this colony, yet the foundation of them cannot be too securely laid by the Legislature."

In relation to the proceedings of the present session of the Assembly, we find him (12th of March, 1771,) reporting to the same nobleman, as follows:—"An act for founding, establishing and endowing of Queen's

College, in the town of Charlotte, in Mecklenburg county, is but the outlines of a foundation for the education of youth. The necessity for such an institution in this country is obvious, and the propriety of the mode here adopted, must be submitted to his Majesty. Though the President is to be of the established church, and licensed by the Governor, the Fellows, Trustees and Tutors, I apprehend, will generally be Presbyterians, the college being promoted by a respectable settlement of that persuasion, from which a considerable body marched to Hillsborough in September, 1768, in support of government."

On the Marriage Act, introduced by Col. Fanning, he reports in the same dispatch:—"This Act I apprehended might be found by the Bishop of London, to whom it will be referred, liable to great objections, therefore it was passed with a suspending clause till his Majesty's pleasure should be known. If it is not thought too much to interfere with and check the growth of the Church of England, I am sensible the attachment the Presbyterians have shown to government, merit the indulgence of this act. The House of Assembly, by their Journal have set forth at length, their reasons for framing this bill—a testimony that plainly evinced the Presbyterians were the strongest party in the House."

The Governor's anxiety to secure the promotion of Col. Fanning to the Presidency of the college, may have induced him to yield unqualified assent to the former, while he annexed a suspending clause to the latter enactment. Whatever may have been the reason, neither found favor with the home government. Both acts were in due time "repealed by Proclamation," and it is at the date of this event, that the opening scenes of the American Revolution present themselves in the history of Mecklenburg.

It is now time to return to the Regulator, Husband. He figures almost as prominently upon the Journals of both Houses as his competitor, but under very different auspices and with most unfortunate results. At an early day in the session, "Mr. Husband presented a petition from Henson Tapley of Granville county, complaining of sundry grievances." Mr. Person, one of the most remarkable men of the times, an earlier, more adroit, courageous and successful reformer than Husband, "presented a petition from the inhabitants of Bute county, complaining of the many exorbitant and oppressive measures pursued by public officers, praying relief," &c. He co-operated with Husband during the previous session openly and heartily, and their united efforts, as is manifest from the Governor's correspondence, were not entirely thwarted by the sudden dissolution of the Assembly. His character and history must be reserved for future analysis and elucidation. It is to be regretted that the task, at all times difficult, has been deferred until the contemporary actors in the leading scenes of his eventful career, like himself, have passed away,

and like him, left but scanty materials for an authentic narrative.

On the 20th of December, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, "to take into consideration the conduct and behavior of Mr. Herman Husband, both as a member of this House in particular, and a member of the community in general." Mr. John Campbell, Chairman, reported, after some time spent in their consideration, the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That it appears to this committee that Herman Husband, a member of the committee, is one of the people who denominate themselves Regulators, and that he hath been a principal mover and promoter of the late riots and seditions in the county of Orange, and other parts of the province.

"Resolved, That it appears to this committee that a letter published in the North Carolina Gazette, of the 14th of December, directed to the Hon. Maurice Moore, Esq., at New-Berne, and signed by James Hunter, is a false, seditious, and malicious libel.

"Resolved, That it appears to this committee that the said Herman Husband was the publisher of the said libel.

"Resolved, That it appears to this committee that the said Herman Husband was guilty of gross prevarication and falsehood, on his examination before the committee on Propositions and Grievances, relative to the said libel.

"Resolved, That it appears to this committee that the said Herman Husband hath insinuated in conversation, that in case he should be confined by order of the House, he expected down a number of people to release him.

"Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee that such an insinuation is a daring insult offered to this House, and tending to intimidate the members from a due discharge of their duty."

Then the question being put the said resolutions were agreed to by the House.

"Resolved, That the conduct of the said Herman Husband, both as a member of this House in particular, and of the community in general, hath justly incurred the contempt of this House, and rendered himself unworthy of a seat in this Assembly.

"Resolved, That the said Herman Husband be immediately expelled from this House.

"Ordered, The said Herman Husband appear at the bar of the House, and that Mr. Speaker pronounce the said sentence. Whereupon the said Herman Husband appeared at the bar of the House, and Mr. Speaker pronounced the said sentence accordingly.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the Public Gazette."

The Governor convened his Council the same day, submitted a copy of the foregoing resolutions, and desired their opinion whether he should order the expelled member into custody, "considering it may be of fatal consequence to the country, should he be suffered to rejoin the Regulators in the back settlement of the province." The Council requested the Chief Justice, who was present as a member, to issue a warrant for his arrest on the charge of libel. He was arrested and committed to prison forthwith.

On the 7th of February the Governor read to the Council a letter from Francis Nash, of Hillsborough, enclosing the depositions of Reuben Tedrow and William Douglass, dated the 2d instant, stating that the Regulators were assembling with a design to go to New-Berne, and enquire into the cause of Husband's confinement; to release him from jail, and to lay New-Berne in ashes. It appears that they were to begin their march from Sandy Creek (within their settlement) on Monday, the 11th." The Governor, by the advice of his Council, immediately issued his proclamation "to prohibit all merchants, traders and others, from selling or supplying any persons whatever with powder, shot or lead, till further notice."

A special Court of Oyer and Terminer, summoned by the Governor, for the trial of the Regulatrs, opened its session at New-Berne the next day. On the 8th, the Attorney General sent to the Grand Jury an indictment against Husband for libel, "who not finding a bill, and the Chief Justice not seeing cause to bind Husband over to his good behavior, he discharged him from his confinement the same evening."

Husband had been in jail fifty days, awaiting a trial upon a charge, in relation to which there was no evidence to induce a Grand Jury, sitting in New-Berne, in the midst of panic and excitement, without a parallel in the previous or subsequent history of the town, to find a bill or authorize the Chief Justice to require a recognizance to keep the peace.

The General Assembly had been prorogued on the 26th of January. A single incident will close our history of it for the present. Remarkable as it is, it is not as extraordinary as subsequent proceedings to which we may have occasion to refer hereafter. Fanning, six times a convict of record in the Superior Court of Orange of the crime of extortion, "after the strictest examination of the facts laid to his charge, both as a representative of the people, and as a member of the community," is transformed by the resolution of the General Assembly, into "a just, fair and honorable man." Husband, six times acquitted by juries in Orange and Craven, of all the offences alledged against him, stands convicted on the legislative records, of "gross prevarication and falsehood," of "libel, riot and sedition."

Notwithstanding the prevalent impression in relation to the servile, and at the same time despotic, character of Chief Justice Howard, it is apparent that his course towards Husband was merciful, as compared with the Governor's, and that while to the latter he was the least, to the Regulators he was the most acceptable of the three judges.

It is not surprising that the expulsion by the Assembly and the imprisonment by the Council, of Husband, should have produced intense excitement among his constituents. On his release from prison, he stopped at Maj. Hunter's, in Wake, where the militia of that county were assembled. His friend Butler, on the receipt of a letter from him at Mimms', proceeded immediately to the great body of the Regulators and informed them of his release, on which they at once determined to return home, stating that "their only object was to release him." On Saturday, the 16th of February, thirteen wagons that had crossed Haw River, and four others on the southwest side, returned. They represented their numbers at 2,200, but it is supposed "there were very few more than 300 men, well armed."

On the intimation of the Governor, on the 23d, to the Council, that the insurgents might come down to support such of their ringleaders as might be prosecuted at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, to be held in March, a line of entrenchment previously begun was directed to be completed. It was 1,500 yards in length, extending from the Neuse to the Trent, and including all the inhabited part of the town.

The subsequent history of the leaders to the close of life—the defeat of the Regulators at Alamance—and their final triumph at King's Mountain, may, if the patience of the writer and reader shall prove equal to the task, form the subject of a fourth and last chapter.

WINE FOR MATHEMATICIANS.

(TO BE TAKEN WITH "NUTS.")

*"Oudeis ageometretos eisito."*PYTHAGORAS.—(*Inscription for his Academy.*)

"THE science of Mathematics, in its most general form, may be defined as follows: All the parts or constituent quantities of any phenomenon being connected by definite relations, general methods may be established by whose aid one set of these parts may be deduced when the other parts are known. Such general methods form the sum of all possible mathematics. Viewed in this light the subject in question ought to be the basis of all scientific study. It demands an eminent logical faculty."

PROF. NICHOL.—(*Cyclop. of Physical Science.*)

"These grounds are quite sufficient for deeming mathematical training an indispensable basis of real scientific education, and regarding, with Plato, one who is *ageometretos* as wanting in one of the most essential qualifications for the successful cultivation of the higher branches of philosophy."

MILL.—(*Logic.*)

"From this we may conclude, not that arithmetic and geometry are the only sciences which we must learn, but that he who seeks the road to truth should not concern himself with any matter of which he cannot have as certain a knowledge as of arithmetical and geometrical demonstrations." DESCARTES.—(*Rules for the direction of the Understanding.*)

PASCAL'S TRUE LAWS OF DEMONSTRATION.

"1. Define nothing which cannot be expressed in clearer terms than those in which it is already expressed.

2. Leave no obscure or equivocal terms undefined.

3. Employ in the definition no terms not already known.

4. Omit nothing in the principles from which we argue, unless we are sure it is granted.

5. Lay down no axiom which is not perfectly self-evident.

6. Demonstrate nothing which is as clear already as it can be made.

7. Prove every thing in the least doubtful by means of self-evident axioms, or of propositions already demonstrated.

8. Substitute mentally the definition instead of the thing defined.

Pascal affirms that the first, fourth and sixth rules are not absolutely requisite to avoid erroneous conclusions; but the other five rules are indispensable. He also remarks that although they may be found in our or-

dinary books of Logic, yet none but geometers have recognized their importance, or been guided by them." BLAKEY.—(*History of Logic.*)

"The utility of the mathematical sciences, as they respect the individual, may be comprized under these two heads; first, they excite attention and diligence, and give the mind a habit of clear and demonstrative reasoning; and secondly, they free the mind from prejudice, error and superstition." SWALE.—(*Apollonius.*)

"By perpetual examples the mathematics teach us to conceive with clearness, to connect our ideas and propositions in a train of dependence, to reason with strength and demonstration, and to distinguish between truth and falsehood. Something of these sciences should be studied by every man who pretends to learning, and that, as Mr. Locke expresses it, not so much to make us mathematicians as to make us reasonable creatures."

WATTS.—(*Logic.*)

"Mathematicians, from plain and easy beginnings, by gentle degrees, and a continued chain of reasoning, proceed to the discovery and demonstration of truths that appear at first sight beyond human capacity. The art of finding proofs, and the admirable methods they have invented for singling out and laying in order those intermediate ideas that demonstratively show the equality or inequality of inapplicable quantities is that which has carried them so far and produced such wonderful and unexpected discoveries." LOCKE.—(*Essay on the Human Understanding.*)

"I agree with Mr. Locke that there is no study better fitted to exercise and strengthen the reasoning powers than that of the mathematical sciences; for two reasons; first, because there is no other branch of science which gives such scope to long and accurate trains of reasoning; and secondly, because in mathematics there is no room for authority, or for prejudice of any kind which may give a false bias to the judgment."

REID.—(*Intellectual Powers.*)

"The science of Metaphysics bears a strong analogy to that of Mathematics; and both are admitted by the best judges, to form an excellent course of mental discipline." YOUNG.—(*Intellectual Philosophy.*)

"The habits of mind which mathematical studies have a tendency to form are valuable in the highest degree. The most important of all is the power of concentrating the ideas which a successful study of them increases where it did exist, and creates where it did not. A difficult proposition, or a new method of passing from one proposition to another arrests all the attention, and forces the united faculties to use their utmost exertion. The habit of mind thus formed soon extends itself to other pursuits and is beneficially felt in all the business of life."

DE MORGAN.—(*Study of Mathematics.*)

"If a student so apply himself to the admirable elements of Euclid, or to those of Legendre, or to others which need not be specified, as to understand and feel the force of each demonstration, and trace the exquisite concatenation and mutual dependence of the parts, his logical habits of arrangement, and the classification of his thoughts in reasoning must be improved." DR. GREGORY.—(*Preface to Trigonometry.*)

"To have studied for one year the lessons of geometry we hold to be a better preparation for becoming practically and in effect a good reasoner, than to have been made acquainted with all the prescriptions of Logic."

DR. THOMAS CHALMERS.—(*Posthumus Works.*)

"From an observation of many years, I venture to suggest, that the chief natural superiority manifested by the favored few over their competitors in the intellectual conflict, is to be found in the facility with which their attention is directed and confined to its proper objects. That youth may be regarded as fortunate indeed, who in early life can restrain his wandering thoughts and tie down his mind at will to the contemplation of whatever he wishes to comprehend and make his own."

"Among the best results which attend a course of regular academical education, is this exclusive and concentrated direction of the mental powers to their appropriate objects. [In it] the student is introduced to the study of Mathematical science, where proposition leads on to proposition in regular order, and his attention is necessarily enchained to each truth as it follows with logical certainty from truths previously demonstrated."

JUDGE GASTON.—(*Address at Chapel Hill.*)

"Superior to the logic of the schools the mathematical sciences never show their power by giving to error the semblance of truth; they do not attempt to substitute specious and dazzling rhetorical figures for the stern syllogism of eternal truth, or to lull the judgment by a flow of select and high sounding words, and still less to captivate our suffrages by eloquence; but their language, however unadorned, always carries with it the most complete conviction, and scepticism vanishes before it."

CHEVALIER D'ESTIMAVILLE.—(*Scientific Journal.*)

"Pure mathematics do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties intellectual; for if the wit be dull they sharpen it; if too wandering they fix it; if too inherent in the sense they abstract it."

"If a child be bird-witted, that is, hath not the faculty of attention, mathematics give a remedy thereto; for in them, if the wit be caught away but a moment, one is to begin anew."

LORD BACON.—(*Advancement of Learning.*)

"The author is acquainted with instances of the signal advantage derived from a study of Euclid, (pursued not with the design of becoming

mathematician, but simply of learning to reason) as eminently calculated to apprise one of existing deficiencies, to test the native strength of the intellect, to fix a wavering one, to invigorate a weak one. The exquisite and faultless Logic with which each demonstration is fraught cannot fail of producing the happiest effect upon a mind, of even but average capacity bent, upon becoming familiar with the process."

WARREN.—(*Law Studies.*)

"Geometry will afford to the young lawyer the most apposite examples of close and pointed reasoning."

LORD ASHBURTON.—(*Letter to a young Gentleman.*)

"The highest general truths, on any subject within the grasp of our thoughts, are only verbal propositions expressing the highest conceptions we have yet formed within our minds. But there are many truths the investigation of which our common language cannot reach, partly from its association with things around us and with the common actions and passions of our nature, and partly from its unmanageable complexity. Hence men have been driven to invent a new language, the symbol of pure abstraction and the fit instrument of pure intellect. Such is the language of mathematical analysis, and it was by the help of such a language that Newton interpreted the enigmas of the skies."

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—(*July, 1845.*)

"That the study of mathematics and their application to astronomy are full of interest will be allowed by all who have devoted their time and attention to these pursuits, and they only can estimate the delight of arriving at truth, whether it be in the discovery of a world or of a new property of numbers."

MRS. SOMERVILLE.—(*Mechanism of the Heavens.*)

"There are few so unacquainted with Mathematical learning, but are sensible that the study of Analytics is very necessary, especially in our days; they cannot but be apprised what improvements have already been made by its means, what are still making every day, and what may be yet expected in time to come. For which reason I shall not amuse myself with making unnecessary encomiums on this science, which stands in no need of any such recommendations."

DONNA MARIA AGNESI.—(*Analytical Institutions.*)

"When we survey the marvellous truths of Astronomy we are first of all lost in the feeling of immense space, and of the comparative insignificance of this globe and its inhabitants. But there soon arises a sense of gratification and new wonder at perceiving how so insignificant a creature has been able to reach such a knowledge of the unbounded system of the universe—to penetrate, as it were, through all space and became familiar

with the laws of nature at distances so enormous as baffle our imagination; to be able to say, not merely that the Sun has 329630 times the quantity of matter which our globe has, but that a pound of lead weighs at the Sun 22 lbs. 15 ozs. 16 dwts. 8 grs. and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a grain. And what is far more wonderful, to discover the laws by which the whole of this vast system is held together and maintained through countless ages in perfect security and order. It is surely no mean reward of our labor to become acquainted with the prodigious genius of those who have almost exalted the nature of man above its destined sphere, when, admitted to a fellowship with these loftier minds, we discover how it comes to pass that, by universal consent, they hold a station apart, rising over all the great teachers of mankind, and are spoken of reverently, as if Newton and Laplace were not the names of mortal men."

LORD BROUGHAM.—(*Pleasures, &c. of Science.*)

"If man has ever been permitted to see otherwise than by the eye, it is when the clairvoyance of reason, piercing through screens of epidermis and walls of bone, grasps amid the abstractions of number and quantity those sublime realities which have eluded the keenest touch and evaded the sharpest eye."

"Although the philosophy of Newton has, since his day, enjoyed such signal triumphs, it has yet other strong holds to storm and other conquests to achieve. In his survey of the sidereal and planetary domains the practical astronomer has, in the present century, laid open new fields of research ripe for the intellectual sickle and fitted to yield the accomplished analyst the richest harvest of discovery."

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.—(*Life of Newton.*)

"Intellectual labor shows itself in all its exalted grandeur, where, instead of requiring external material means, it derives its light exclusively from the sources opened to pure abstraction by the mathematical development of thought. There dwells an irresistible charm, venerated by all antiquity, in the contemplation of mathematical truths, in the everlasting revelations of time and space as they show themselves in tones, numbers, and lines."

A. VON HUMBOLT.—(*Kosmos.*)

"Sir William Hamilton's glorious plea in behalf of metaphysics, and his amusingly earnest depreciation of physics and mathematics as means of liberal culture are neither of them satisfactory, in so far as they assume intellectual gymnastics to be the only end of education; and it would be easy to show by extracts from his own writings, that in his sober judgment he would take a much wider view of a generous education than that which in the warmth of controversy he has set forth in writing."

"We are to assume that whatever is true is worth knowing. The

moment that we cease to make our studies general and confine ourselves to one branch, no matter how lofty, we become specialists. The mere metaphysician or philosopher may be as profoundly lacking in judgment and taste as the mere mathematician or the mere physicist."

REV. THOMAS HILL.—(*Address before the Phi Beta Kappa.*)

"Mathematical science merely pushes to the highest possible degree the same kind of researches which are pursued, in degrees more or less inferior by every real science in its respective sphere."

COMTE.—(*Philosophy of Mathematics.*)

"Physics with their laws, Mathematics with their sublime ideas, especially Philosophy which cannot take a single step without encountering universal and necessary principles, are so many stages on the way to Deity and, thus to speak, so many temples in which homage is perpetually paid to Him."

COUSIN.—(*The True, Beautiful and Good.*)

"Mathematics furnishes us with the noblest examples of abstract truths in the Universe. It forms the very frame-work of Nature's harmonies and is essential to the argument for a God. Instead of having no connection with religion it lies at the foundation of all theism."

PRES. HITCHCOCK.—(*Sermons.*)

"When the firm basis and sure principle of some real and actual fact is once given, then the further scientific development, derivation and wider deduction from this first foundation may be carried illimitably onward. And even because it is exactly in mathematics that the illimitable procedure of scientific development manifests itself most signally, and is at the same time not inconsistent with the greatest rigor of form and certainty this science will furnish perhaps the most appropriate and pertinent illustration."

SCHLEGEL.—(*Philosophy of Life.*)

"It is evident that no other study can exceed the mathematics, not merely in the variety of their applications to the service of man, but in proper dignity and importance."

"It would be a grievous wrong to mathematical science to rest its importance mainly on a utilitarian basis. The great truths with which it deals are clothed with an austere grandeur, far above all purposes of immediate convenience or profit. It is in them that our limited understandings approach nearest to the conception of that absolute and infinite to which in most other things they aspire in vain."

EDWARD EVERETT.—(*Address at St. Louis.*)

"There is a broader basis than that of numerical accuracy for maintaining the central position of Geometry among the sciences. It is that of form—the grand type of structural combination. This element may often be deficient in the technical mathematician, but is the characteris-

tic feature of the imperial intellects of Geometry. It equally belongs to great ability in every department of knowledge and art, and directs all successful effort. It is the power of combining innumerable details into a consistent whole, the highest exertion of human genius—and that which approaches nearest to the act of Creation.”

PROF. PEIRCE.—(*Address before the Am. Assoc. for Science.*)

“And thus you have a short history of the origin and progress of the Mathematics. From which appears the antiquity, excellency and dignity of this science. Certainly the same eminent persons in the commonwealth of learning who discovered Philosophy discovered also the Mathematics. Like two sisters born at one birth, whom if any one would violently separate from each other he certainly attempts to break off their native concord with most notable injury and, as it were, cruelty to both; so it will be like to happen here that, Mathematics being plucked away from her, Philosophy must needs languish and pine away.”

WHISTON.—(*Elements of Euclid.*)

“How great a Geometrician art thou, Oh Lord! For while this science has no bound; while there is ever room for the discovery of new theorems even by human faculties, Thou art acquainted with them all at one view, without any train of consequences, without any wearisome application of demonstration. Thee therefore do I take hence occasion to love, and rejoice in, and admire; and to pant after that day, with the earnest breathings of my soul, when Thou shalt be pleased, out of thy bounty, out of thy immense and sacred bounty, to grant me the favor to perceive, and that with a pure mind and clear vision, not only these truths but those also which are more numerous and more important and all this without that continual and painful application of the imagination which we discover these withal.”

(DR. ISAAC BARROW.—*Preface to Appollonius.*)

“Who is he that hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the Spirit of Jehovah, or being His counsellor hath taught Him? All nations before Him are as nothing, and they are counted to Him as less than nothing.”—ISAIAH 40: 12, 13, 17.

THE FOX-CHASE.

A Parody on Part of "The Battle of Ivry."

BY W. S. PARK.

Oh! how our hearts were beating,
When, in the early morn,
We saw the pack of lusty hounds,
And heard the cheerful horn!
There were the well-trained beagle-dogs,
And there the dark brown tan;
There Peter Jones had brought his pack,
And better never ran.
Yet there were "curs of low degree,"
The curses of the land,
But all together, curs and hounds,
It was a famous band.
And, as we looked on them, we thought
The hunting would be fine;
What would a fox's chances be
Against our twenty-nine?
And we cried out with mighty shout,
Which made the welkin ring,
And gave three cheers for all the dogs—
Nine for the leader Spring.

Our gallant host then rode before,
In sporting costume drest,
A fox skin cap was on his head,
A fox's tail his crest.
He looked upon the gallant hounds,
And joy was in his eye;
He looked upon the low-bred curs,
And his look was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us,
And rode from side to side:
To all our men, in deaf'ning shout,
"Death to the fox," he cried,
"And if my trusty steed should fall,
As fall full well he may—
For never saw I till this morn
Such fences in the way—
Press where ye hear the leader's yell,
The rest will round him cling,
And be your guiding sound to-day,
The bark of brave old Spring!"

Hurrah! the dogs have got the scent;
Hark to the mingled din
Of man, and steed, and horn, and hound,
Soon will the chase begin!
The fiery Squire is pricking fast
Across old G—d's plain,
With all his yelping worthless curs,
To lead them in the train.
Now, by the lips of those ye love,
Fair gentlemen, to-day
Ride for your ladies' favors now;
Join, join now in the fray!
A dozen spurs are striking deep,
A dozen hats in air,
A dozen youths are pressing close
Upon the fox's lair:
And in they burst, and on they rushed;
While, swift as eagle's wing,
Before the fleetest runners still
Pressed on the brave old Spring.

Now, praises to Diana,
The day at last is ours.
Weave, weave, ye lovely maidens,
Your garlands of bright flowers!
Give to your gallant lovers
All honor, for the day
Has well been won, and proudly
They have borne them through the fray!
See, the field is heaped with wounded,
Bleeding hounds and yelping curs;
And here are broken stirrups,
And there are broken spurs!
Then let your hearts be joyful,
And crown each lover's brow;
The fearful strife is over,
Bestow the favors now!
Then blessed be Diana,
Who can such victr'y bring
To huntsmen; and thrice honored
Be the brave old leader Spring!

MACAULAY'S ENGLAND.*

BY D. L. N.

THE historian is a great public teacher, having unnumbered ages as his theme and unnumbered people as his audience, and, as such has always been honored. The cultivated and fastidious Grecian, who daily wandered through the Elysian groves of literature, holding sweet communion with the Homeric history of sacred Troy, revelling amid the luxuriance of the imaginations of a Sophocles and an Euripides, a Sappho and an Alcæus borne away on the wings of the Eloquence of the fervid Demosthenes, and the haughty Pericles, drinking in the words of wisdom rolling along in a rich and vigorous tide from the almost inspired lips of a Solon and a Socrates, cultivating and refining his taste for the beautiful by gazing on the Olympian Zeus of Phidias and the Helen of Zeuxis, and the proud Roman who boasted of his Cato and his Cicero, his Virgil and his Horace, as well as the rude Briton, listening to the gray haired minstrel singing of the deeds of his sires—these offered their oblations on the shrine of Clio, and crowned with laurel her devotees. And succeeding generations have joined them in their anthems of praise and placed high in the Temple of Literature the statue of history.

The historian is also the great preserver, the most direful foe of oblivion. He alone saves the glory and deeds of men from obscurity, and pours through the gloomy halls of antiquity a rich golden light imparting new beauties to every object. The steel-clad warrior, the impassioned orator, the acute philosopher and the far sighted statesman, all owe an incalculable debt to the humble scribe. Sallust has immortalized the ambitious Jugurtha, fierce as the lion of his own Numidia and cruel as the hyena of the plain, and the virtues of Cyrus and the bravery of the Ten Thousand gleam forth from the glowing pages of Xenophon; and the time may come when Washington shall be known only in Irving's sweetly flowing periods, and Napoleon's mad, glorious career shall be marked on the historic map alone.

He who writes a history attempts one of the highest efforts of genius. To search extensive libraries to read documents upon which the dust of ages has accumulated, to spend years in wandering from place to place in quest of material, to hold the scales of justice with an equal hand, inclining neither to the right nor to the left, and to work up the facts thus obtained in such a manner as to coalesce in harmonious unity the truthfulness of history with the interest of fiction, are labors which daunt the

* This article was written before the death of Macaulay.

proudest intellect and weary out the most untiring energy. But the historian is well repaid for his exertions; for as the fixed and immovable sea-shore drives back the ocean tide, so does the foundation upon which his fame rests roll back the black waves of the river of Lethe: his name lingers on men's lips, his works are remembered as long as that nation whose greatness he has recorded is numbered among the nations of the earth, and even when its nationality has been lost, and its name cast out, then shall his fame grow brighter and brighter.

From the foregoing we deduce, that the three great requisites of a good historian are a towering intellect, unceasing industry, and a judgment free from all bias; and in the further discussion of our subject we shall attempt to show in what respects Macaulay attains unto this standard and where he falls short.

Above all other nations has England been peculiarly fortunate in her historians. Hume, renowned for the vast sweep of his intellect, and the extensive range of his information, who has been recognised as the founder of a new system of Philosophy, and as a great sun of genius around which, revolve the lesser lights, has snatched from antiquity's corroding grasp the records of her glory, and affixed them on the eternal pillars of Time. He has made known to the world her rise and progress, her dynasties and governments, her victories and defeats, her triumphs in civilization and the arts, and her struggles for liberty and christianity. Extending from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the abdication of James the second, he has woven a rich piece of historical tapestry, which for beauty of design and skillfulness of execution has never been surpassed. Fox and Burke, senators bearing on their Atlas-like shoulders the weight of empires, and orators noted for the splendor of their diction, the brilliancy of their rhetoric and the cogency of their reasoning, turning aside from the hustings and forsaking the council chamber have encircled around the brow of their country wreaths of never dying fame. And now Macaulay the essayist, the poet, the statesman, the orator and the philosopher designs "to write the history of England from the accession of James II., down to a time within the memory of men now living."

He has indeed proposed to himself a noble task, and one which demands the highest order of intellect for its completion; for within this period are embraced events of transcendent importance and discoveries of momentous interest. War stamped his foot on Europe's crest and deluged continents in blood, Revolution raised its discordant voice, hurled the Stuarts from the throne, and crowned a stranger, kindled France into an universal blaze, and gave birth to a Washington. Science sent her votaries far and wide, and inspired a Newton as he unrolled the blue scroll of Heaven, and wrote thereon his fame. Religion battled with the infi-

del host, and built its altars in the very temples of Paganism, and Liberty's star rose over the desolation of an old world, and shone upon a new land and a new people; and to fulfil this purpose he is of all men most competent. Thomas Babington Macaulay is a mental Titan. Remarkable for the vastness of his conceptions, the profundity of his thought, the daring flights of his genius, and his unlimited store of useful knowledge, he has impressed on the rock of ages the prints of immortality.

His vast mind grasps every subject, comprehends every mystery, and makes the whole world tribute to its powers—nothing so high which it cannot reach, nothing so deep which it cannot fathom. He is at home in every arc of the cycle of learning, and as the bird of Jove in his majestic and unrestrained career, now pierces through the lowering and threatening clouds, now sweeps along the smiling earth, now flaps his broad pinions over the hoary deep, now seats himself in splendid solitude on some craggy cliff—so does Macaulay wander through every region at will and overcome every obstacle. No bounds can be placed to his empire, no fields forbidden to his footsteps. He strikes every chord, and is proficient in every note. He strings the lyre and sends forth lofty music; he handles the mysteries of philosophy; penetrates into her most secret recesses, and overleaps her most formidable barriers; communes with departed ages; saunters along the corridor of Time, revealing to men the pictures adorning its walls; grappling with the law he proves himself a master of all its details, and, thoroughly comprehending the complicated science of statesmanship, his voice has been heard in the councils of his nation, uttering words of wisdom and of truth. As a poet, his stirring ballads of the old Roman legends excite within us a noble fire, and as we are hurried along by his majestic strains, we see brave Horatius breasting the fretting waves of the yellow Tiber, and hear Virginius pleading for justice and chastity; as a philosopher he has given the most luminous dissertation on the Baconian system ever written, and has illumined it so brightly with the brilliant flashes of his genius, that the careless student can easily understand it. As an orator his addresses are cherished, and are found in libraries side by side with Pitt, Peel and other great masters of eloquence. As an essayist he stands unrivalled and unapproachable, wielding a trenchant pen, and possessing a style of much beauty, his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, serve as models for purity of thought, attractiveness of narrative, and strength of reasoning; and though that time-honored periodical can boast of its Smith, Jeffreys, Brougham and a host of others, yet none has given it more eclat and shed a brighter halo of glory around it than Thomas Babington Macaulay, and it now remains for us to determine what niche he shall fill as a historian.

Of all the works issued from the fruitful press for the last three or four

decades none has excited more notice than the one now under review. Its appearance was awaited with much anxiety, the critic giving a sharper point to his pen, and the man of letters anticipating a rich literary repast. And when it greeted the world it was hailed with applause, mingled with a few hisses from the envious and the prejudiced. At one leap Macaulay had attained the highest pinnacle of literary fame, and had fixed himself forever in the remembrance of ages. But his history has been subjected to the severest criticism, and the pruning knives of the self-constituted judges of literature have been applied in the most merciless manner. Writers, goaded on by their opposition to the political tenets of the author, and maddened by the sight of his victorious career, have exerted themselves to the utmost, and have spent days and nights in essaying to bind this Sampson of learning with the green withes of their abuse. John Croker Wilson remembering Macaulay's scathing review of his edition of Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, which, for severity of sarcasm and keenness of stinging ridicule, has never been excelled, also brooding over the numerous discomfitures which he had encountered at his hands in debate on the floor of the House of Commons, and wishing to satisfy that revenge which he had nourished with such assiduous care for so many years, dipped his pen in the gall which poisoned his own heart, attempted to show imaginary faults in style, and unpardonable errors in historical statements, and stigmatized it as a history unworthy of credence and undeserving of praise. Pamphlets have been written in reply to principles enunciated in this work, and the admirers of Wm. Penn, not at all pleased with the portraiture of that gentleman sketched by the delineating pen of Macaulay, and considering that it devolved on them to give the truth as it is, have issued facts invalidating, *in their opinion*, the charges preferred against their hero, which facts have been pronounced by some to be perfectly overwhelming and covering the slanderer with confusion. And even now quite a vigorous writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* who is thought to be no less a personage than Sir Archibald Alison, who has converted the whole history of Modern Europe into a vast argument in favor of the Tory principles and in defence of the measures of that party attempts to fasten on Macaulay the charge of prevaricating history to satisfy his spleen against Marlborough, and the writer rivals Billingsgate in his low slang and abuse.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity he displays, and the tact with which he presents his authorities, he has signally failed in his effort; and the character of the great captain is indeed such as described; but as a ship richly freighted with merchandise, departing from the harbor, is checked and perplexed in its course by numerous barges thronging around it, yet when it reaches the broad open sea, it can unfurl every sail, tighten every

rope, and bound merrily over the foaming billows, so will Macaulay, freed from these literary harpies by the hand of oblivion in ages to come, float down the silvery stream of fame, acquiring new honors and gathering fresh laurels.

In the preparation of these volumes the author has displayed conclusive evidence of indefatigable industry. His authorities are numerous and of the most trustworthy character. The work is not a mere repetition of the fruits of the researches of preceding antiquarians, but original documents have been examined, private and public libraries have been searched, the archives have been visited, the cobwebs of antiquity have been brushed aside by an eager hand, and now treasures have been revealed. Macaulay having retired from political life to pursue the avocations of the scholar, seems to have devoted all the energies of his lofty intellect to the accomplishment of the task to which he has applied himself, seeking out with avidity, every little tract, political squib, gay song, cutting pasquinade, and, in fine, everything which would, in the remotest degree, tend to shed light upon past occurrences and to illustrate the thoughts and customs of the people. No care has been too great, no expense too much in the searching out of the truth. The slowness with which the parts are produced, though often the object of the petty sarcasm of some unable to estimate the amount of toil and time which such a Herculean labor requires, is the best guarantee for the truthfulness of the facts therein stated. To prepare a work which will stand for ages as a proud monument of the genius of its builder and which will serve as a book of reference for future generations must require years for its execution. To distinguish the true from the false amid the chaotic mass of contradictory evidence presented, to discover that middle course which will escape Scylla as well as avoid Charybdis must necessitate deep, long and anxious thought. Macaulay evidently belongs not to that class of authors who, at the sight of a few gold pieces, and at the bidding of the publisher will prepare a profound history of all nations in a few months, and who can load down countries with their disquisitions on the rise and progress of every people on the face of the earth. Such men forget that it is not the "blear-eyed Chrysippus," whose volumes are read, and whose thoughts are eternal. But as the artisan on the eve of erecting a great, gorgeous temple, summons to his aid skilful workmen, and sends them into the forest, into the quarries and into the mines, and when the wood is shapen, the stone hewn and the metal prepared, then lays the corner stone and rears the stately edifice, a thing of beauty and permanence; so does Macaulay gather around him the researches of years, and the fruits of an extensive reading and builds thereon his literary fame. Owing to his extensive researches and independence of thought, he has stripped

Wm. Penn, "the man of peace, the friend of the Indian," of his hypocritical robe, revealing him as a low intriguer, a base sycophant, and a contemptible traitor; and John Churchill, the great Malborough, appears in his true colors as a chieftain of unequalled skill and bravery, never suffering a defeat, as a statesman of unsurpassed sagacity, accomplishing as much by diplomacy as he did by arms, as a man of polished manners and pleasing exterior; but also as a miser, a rogue, a betrayer, and as a builder of fame on his "sister's dishonor." James the Second, the bigot and the seducer, the naval hero and the arrant coward, receives no mercy at his hands, and the gay, voluptuous, beautiful women who thronged the dissipated court of Whitehall, owe no debt of gratitude to him, who has recorded their excesses. Macaulay is the people's historian, not confining his narrative to crowned heads and titled families, but associating with the humble yeoman, he speaks of his acts, tells us of his customs and manners, his works and sports, his opinions and deeds, his instruments and possessions. Reading his description we become acquainted with those bold men who discomfited the proud legions of France, and made themselves masters of the seas—we enter into their houses, sit by their hearths, and listen to their talk.

The second chapter of the first volume bears the impress of much care in its preparation, and is one which ought to be closely studied; for it presents a complete picture of English life during the reign of the Stuarts. The great and distinguishing characteristic of his history is the vividness of the style and Circean charm of the narrative. Over every page are scattered in lavish profusion gems of thought of the first water, and the whole sparkles with the corruscation of the author's genius. Within the entire compass of literature, both ancient and modern, nothing can be found equal to the introduction to the work in the calmness of its dignity and majesty of its strength, the words bearing along with them tremendous weight, and affecting and awing the soul like the measured tread of an advancing host. Macaulay is not of those who deal only in figures and dates, discarding all thoughts that would embellish, and render their productions embodiments of dullness, who load down their writings with tedious essays on ethics and politics, and whose volumes decay on the shelf; but he gives full scope to his imagination, clothes the dry bones of the past in flesh and breathes into them the breath of life. He throws himself amid the scenes which he describes, becomes a participant in them, presents them to the reader with all the fidelity, freshness and enthusiasm of a spectator, and enchains his attention with the exciting tale. He hurries over the field of battle with William and stands by his side as he wages war with the experienced Luxembourg, mounts the walls of Namur with gallant Cutts, and unfurls the English

banner over its ramparts; whispers words of caution into the ears of the cunning Godolphin, and holds light converse with the gay Dorset. The past is transformed into a great picture in which are represented, in vivid colors, the characters of history's grand drama. We see the vivacious Charles encircled with his wits, dallying with the charms of his mistresses and quaffing the ruby sparkling wine, now we stand beside his bed, and hear the groans of the king of Britain as he wrestles with the king of Death. Here fierce armies led on by skilful generals meet in the dreadful encounter, and the heaven is darkened, and the earth reddened; there orators and statesmen of gigantic genius mingle together in the debate, discussing questions of vast magnitude, founding codes of laws, systems of government and originating great ideas; Somers enunciating his new principles of liberty; Halifax contending for the rights of the Englishman, and Montague giving birth to the financial prosperity of his country.

This work possesses all the charms of romance, and in its perusal we become as deeply interested as we do in Bulwer's last brilliant dashing production. The man of fashion and the close student can read its pages with the same interest; and young ladies generally so averse to everything that requires anxious thought, and who delight themselves with the fates of the imaginary heroes and heroines of Bonner's sheet, study these volumes with pleasure and profit, and we even know one who, not at all satiated with her first reading of this history, has determined to re-peruse it. In the grouping together of his materials, Macaulay displays the skill and taste of a master artist. Like the worker in mosaics, he arranges the various events with the greatest care and the utmost fastidiousness. We meet with no overstrained descriptions, no *vain* strivings after niceness of expression, no far-fetched similes; but we read epic history in its loftiest strains, freed from all the shackles of number. The style of this history is in fact word-painting—and as we read the animated report of the trial of the seven bishops, we see those prelates armed with holy zeal, withstanding the encroachments of tyranny and baring their bosoms to the fury of the storm, and as they float down the noble Thames to the gloomy Tower, we hear the joyous shouts of the Londoners hailing them with applause. It is all indelibly fixed in our mind as if a Michael Angelo had sketched the scene and we had gazed long and anxiously on it. Yet it is in the pencilling of the characters of the leading personages that Macaulay puts forth his might and extorts our highest praise. In this department he cannot be equalled, and he stands like a Saul in the midst of his literary brethren. By a single stroke of his pen he often reveals the hidden thoughts of the statesman, pierces through the breast-plate of the warrior, and penetrates the reserve of the king. At his bidding the wily Leeds, the conscientious Shaftsbury, the wire-working Sunderland,

and the sporting, electioneering Wharton, all stand out from the canvass in life-like relief. Although encompassed with clouds of glory and separated from us by a long period of time, they are not strangers, but we know them as we know our intimate friends, acquainted with their ways and conscious of their faults. In this faculty of description is Macaulay's great power over his reader, and in it he delights the most. He, indeed, possesses the eye of a painter with the pen of a ready writer. Shunning the terseness of Tacitus, the looseness of Herodotus, and the floridness of Xenophon, he expresses his ideas in words of simplicity and force. One is not hindered by frequent parades of the author's classical learning, struggling over the latin, and wondering at the strange letters staring him in the face, but the words have the good old Saxon ring, and fall musically on the ear. This is truly an English history of the English people and the English constitution.

Yet, while we cheerfully accord to Macaulay unceasing industry and a lofty intellect, we must confess that he has not preserved himself altogether pure from partiality. This is indeed a mole on a body of beauty. But in extenuation of this fault it may be urged that he has long been a prominent leader of the Whig party and has received high honors from it. Its principles are fixed in his mind, and its founders are highly esteemed by him: while all that is Tory excites his anger, and imparts a bias to his judgment. He fought with his opponents in political strife and in the composition of his history he has still retained some of his bitter animosity. Now and then the partisan appears and supplants the humble recorder. This is not indeed openly done; but as the operator by the skillful arrangement of his foot-lights brings one portion of the canvass in beauty before the eye, and imparts a strange deformity to another, while both in fact are the same, thus does Macaulay so apply his colors that the Whig wins our admiration and the Tory our hatred. And on account of this some have gone so far as to pronounce this the history of a party. The accusation is false: but it must be acknowledged that there is some ground for it. A perfect history has never been written and in all probability never will be. A man cannot strip himself of all his prejudices and free his mind from all favoritism. And especially is this so in treating of religion and politics. Hume has been considered as impartial in reference to the church, since he believed in no creed; but in discussing civil affairs his faults are glaring and numerous, and can it be expected of Macaulay with his intense love for the protestant faith and his principles calmly and dispassionately to recount the enormities and vile excesses of the Catholic hierarchy and to record the weak and dangerous measures of the Tory faction without giving utterance to his heart-felt indignation? Must he wade through the pollution and iniquity of a debased, bigotted

court where virtue was sold, and modesty was unknown ; must he lift up the veil and expose the despicable cunning and bribery of the narrow-minded legislator without, expressing his abhorrence and warning the youth of his country? And if in the fervor of his spirit he swerves from the straight line of the truth shall we heap abuse upon him and become blind to his genius? No!—let us cherish his noble history, the proudest monument of learning ever reared by mortal hand, let it be found in libraries, consulted by the lawyer and the preacher, the merchant and the statesman. Let it go wherever the English Bible is found, English freedom is known, English enterprise felt and English arms feared, telling to future centuries the downfall of Catholicism, the rise of Protestantism, the overthrow of tyranny, and the birth of freedom of conscience and the liberty of the press. And when England's greatness shall have decayed at the touch of time, when the lion shall no longer wave in triumph over the bristling battlements, and Britain's cannon no longer thunder forth defiance to the world, when the great mart shall be desolate and become one vast pile of ruin, when Albion's harbors shall have been deserted, her quays mouldered, her fortresses crumbled and her cities forsaken, then let Macaulay be hailed as the great historian, and his volumes be found in the hands of the New Zealander musing over the fallen grandeur of a once powerful nation. Let him tell the all-absorbing the all-mournful tale and perpetuate his country's fame. And if the time should ever come when the Anglo-Saxon speech shall be no more spoken, when the language of Shakspeare and Milton shall become mute, then let Macaulay's pages be studied by the scholar and treasured by the *literati* as Livy is in the Latin and Thucydides in the Grecian tongue.

CANST THOU TELL WHO SHE COULD BE?

BY W. S. PARK.

Last night, while I was dreaming,
A lady came to me;
She was most fair and lovely,
Canst thou tell who she could be?

I know not that she came *indeed*,
It may have been the dream;
And, yet, I scarce can think it such,
So real did it seem.

Her form was—oh! 'twas perfect,
And her step was light and free;
Her hair was black and glossy,
Canst thou tell who she could be?

Her dark eyes shone *so* brightly
From 'neath her pearly brow!
And from them beamed intelligence,
Canst thou not tell me *now*?

"Eyes are the windows of the soul,"
And thro' her's I could see
One that was pure and stainless, oh!
Who could the lady be?

Upon her cheek the blushes
Came forth but to flee,
And leave them pale, yet lovely,
Dost thou know who she could be?

I gazed upon her pretty lips;
They smiled so charmingly
I wished that I could kiss them, yet
Oh tell me, who was she?

But, when she held before my eyes
A heart, my own I knew,
(No other lady has my heart,)
Ah! *then* I saw 'twas *you*!

THE MIND--ITS PLEASURES WHEN WELL CULTIVATED.

BY STARK.

METAPHYSICIANS have speculated much relative to the phenomena of Mind and Matter. Almost every shade of opinion has had supporters. Some have denied the independent existence of Mind—some of Matter—and others of both. Although many of these speculations now seem to be the wild chimeras of blind enthusiasts; yet they have served a valuable purpose, in showing the nature of our knowledge upon these subjects—the difficulties which impeded the progress of the enquirer—and as containing much useful information amid the accumulated rubbish of exploded dogmas. The world has without due consideration, I think, branded these men as “crack-brained” philosophers; for every candid enquirer must admit, that they were men possessed of a very high order of talent—if they were not men of genius—that their opinions were not espoused as the creations of an idle and unbridled Fancy, but that they were adopted after a long, patient, and, oftentimes, painful investigation. Notwithstanding the many fanciful theories of the schoolmen and doubts of skeptics, every one that reflects—that believes in matters of fact—must be conscious of a something within himself, that “thinks, wills, remembers, and reasons”—that hopes and fears—that is capable of joy and sorrow—that revives impressions long since passed away, and is provident of the future, and this is what has received the name of Mind. It is also plain, that all these functions are not discharged by it with an equal degree of facility and precision, at all periods of life. Although possessed of the utmost beauty and symmetry when it comes forth fresh from the hands of its Creator; yet it is but a germinal seed, in its embryo state, and needs the fostering care of indulgent hands and is susceptible, under proper culture, of development to an unlimited extent. It is, so to speak, a spark struck from the Divine essence and, when fanned by the life-giving breath of knowledge, bursts forth into a holy and beautiful flame, becoming more and more like the bright seraphs that burn, with ever-increasing brilliancy, around the throne of the great First Cause. The inability of earth-born pleasures to satisfy its craving appetite, is a sufficient evidence to warrant me to conclude, that the Mind is, in its essence, independent of the body and is, to some extent—although almost inconceivably inferior to it—allied to that All-Wise and All-Pervading Energy who has made and who yet sustains and directs the monuments of the stupendous machinery of the universe, with a wisdom and a uniformity far beyond

man's finite conceptions. From the pebble that glitters on the strand to the gigantic mountains whose snow-capped peaks rise aloft to welcome the genial rays of the morning sun, or veil themselves with the fleecy clouds, no void is to be found. Everything is beauty—everything is symmetry—everything is perfection.

“In the perfect circle of creation, not an atom could be spared,
From the earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round the thorn.”

In the department of animated nature, in which I embrace both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, even greater beauty—greater symmetry—greater perfection—and greater uniformity are everywhere to be found. So regular and so systematic are the gradations from vegetable life, that Naturalists are yet undecided as to which kingdom, certain species most fitly belong. From the lowest species of Radiata up through Articulata and Mollusca to Mammalia—the highest species of Vertebrata—the utmost beauty, symmetry, perfection, and uniformity are observed at every step in the ascending scale. Beyond the highest subdivision of the class Mammalia includes man—the crowning work of his Creator's hands—the culminating point of perfection in the wide circle of creation—who stands towering far above the “dumb driven cattle,” like some tall monarch of the forest amidst the dwarfish shrubbery around him. It is necessary, perhaps for me here to remark, that I am not an advocate of the Development Hypothesis. I have no sympathy with the theory, as I conceive it to be subversive of the doctrines of Revelation whose testimony is direct, that “out of the dust of the ground,” God made man. Although God did create, in order—first the material world, afterwards, the vegetable world, then the animal world and, last of which, man and seems to have performed his work in a series of regular ascending gradations; yet each species has a character peculiarly and distinctly stamped upon it as its own, and the succession of being is not, at all, that of ordinary parental descent; but as the learned Agassiz has well remarked: the link by which they are connected, is of a higher and immaterial nature, and their connection is to be sought in the view of the Creator himself.

In the language of Dr. Dick, “man is a compound being”—composed of Mind and Matter, each essentially distinct and different in their natures; yet so intimately and mysteriously associated together as to act and re-act upon each other in obedience to certain laws, unknown in a great measure, to every one except to Him who made them and joined them together. His body, “fearfully and wonderfully” made, as it is, considered as a piece of mechanism, is, undoubtedly, the most beautiful and perfect of its kind, exhibiting the wisdom and design of its Maker in every joint and muscle—all its parts being so accommodated to, and affected by, the various circumstances surrounding it in the external

world, as to afford him every possible gratification. Although it is true, that he, in common with the “beasts that perish,” has a body curiously wrought; yet he differs from, and is superior to them, in this: that he is possessed of a rational and immortal Mind—“that thinks, wills, remembers, and reasons”—and while the tenant of a clayey habitation, its vigor may be much trammelled by the infirmities of age; yet its innate strength remains unimpaired, and its aspirations are unlimited by time or space, and although it has had a beginning, yet like an essence of Deity himself, its existence will be co-extensive with the ceaseless ages of eternity. The marks of design in whatever thing exhibited, are regarded as “*prima facie*” evidence, that He who so formed it had a specific purpose in view, and the greater the skill displayed in fashioning it, the nobler the object it was intended to accomplish. Now, if this principle be applied to man, it will be found that although he is composed of two parts, essentially distinct and widely different in their natures, as well as in the functions they respectfully perform; yet they form one harmonious whole—unity of design being everywhere manifested. His body is curiously and delicately wrought, furnished with many and varied appliances for holding intercourse with the outer material world—not, indeed, simply sufficient for the sustentation of animal life, but capable of affording him numerous exquisite pleasures, and Dr. Wayland teaches, that men having a capacity for enjoyment, indicate that it is the will of the Creator, that they should be made happy by the exercise of their faculties upon their appropriate objects. If this is true of the body, it is much more so of the Mind, which must exist.

“When coldness wraps the suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die—it cannot stray,
But leaves its darken’d dust behind.”

Its structure is infinitely more curious and delicate—its functions more important—its nature more noble—its aspirations more exalted—and the pleasures it is capable of enjoying infinitely more lasting, exquisite and refined than those of the body. Its capacity for happiness then is very great, and as happiness consists in the exercise of the internal faculty upon its corresponding external object, the more numerous and refined these are, the greater will be the aggregate of man’s happiness; and there is an innate and irrepressible desire of happiness deeply rooted in the breast of every sane man, and this I think is one of the great incentives to action in all men under every possible circumstance. “Happiness,” says one of Alabama’s once most most gifted Divines, “is the end and aim of our existence. This was one great end designed by the Creator himself, in peopling our world with myriads of active, sentiment beings

all capable of enjoyment, and all in eager pursuit of it—that, in the happiness derived by his innumerable creatures from the exercise of their wonderful powers, amid the countless variety of objects everywhere presented to their research—his own matchless excellence might be displayed—a rejoicing world reflects His benevolent image, and the shout of gladness, and the hum of busy enjoyment coming up from every part of this world, might reach heaven; a ceaseless song of praise to the great Beneficent, and be echoed and re-echoed from world to world, from star to star, from sphere to sphere, a tide of vocal bliss rolling its sounding billows o'er every world, laving the foot of the eternal throne, booming its loud signal tones through all heaven's bright palaces and loftiest arches, heard by every celestial ear—a tide that should be fed and sustained in its constantly swelling floods, by myriads and myriads of streams that gush ever fresh and ever strong from myriads of glad hearts. Should any one be disposed to deny that “happiness is the chief end and aim of our existence,” he must at least admit that there is not a nobler pursuit—that it is *one* among the noblest objects to which the soul of man can aspire. Now, it is evident to every one that the nobler the object of pursuit, the greater the reward offered—the more worthy it is, and greater is the incentive to strive to obtain it. And as the Mind, regarded simply as a piece of mechanism, is so much superior to the body, so are its pleasures much more exalted, for it is as true as it is trite,

“That those who think must govern those who toil.”

Intellectual pleasures, when weighed in the balances of a sound discriminating understanding with pleasures of sense, are lighter than air; somewhat like the resplendent beams of the noon-day's sun compared with the feeble corruscations of the humble fire-fly. The organs of sense were doubtless given to man to be subservient to the Mind—his nobler part—in order to afford it the means of becoming, in some measure, more assimilated to its great Prototype and Author. While the union exists between his material and immaterial natures, both must receive his care and attention; but it seems nothing but reasonable that this should be done in proportion to the prime excellence of each. Sensual pleasures, when kept under the restraints of a chaste and discerning judgment, both expand and invigorate the Mind, and the pursuit of them, thus far and for this end, is not only proper, but absolutely necessary. But if man makes the gratification of his animal propensities, for the present, the “chief end and aim” of his existence, as, I fear, too many do, he certainly drags himself down from the commanding position in the scale of animal existence, upon which his beneficent Creator has been pleased to place him, and makes himself even more despicable than the “beasts that perish.” No one can for a moment think that faculties so exalted in their nature

as those of the Mind, were given to man for pedantic show—to be trifled away in listless ease; for they are susceptible, by proper culture, of being developed to an indefinite extent, so that his life is rendered both useful and pleasant; and he that neglects to improve them, acts in direct opposition to the will of his Creator, written upon heavens broad arch in rainbow-tints, and declared by the ceaseless songs of praise that well up, ever fresh from the grateful hearts of a rejoicing world, and destroys his own peace and happiness. The pure and refined pleasures which a well cultivated Mind enjoys, should operate as a powerful incentive to urge every one on in the pursuit of knowledge, “for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.” It is knowledge that builds cities—fills up valleys—scales the mountains—perforates the earth—circumnavigates the globe—looks into the volcano—dives into ocean’s depth’s—ascends to the sublime—contemplates the distant—nothing is too insignificant for its cognizance—nothing too exalted for its reach—and nothing too remote for its grasp. Though clouds of ignorance hover over, and Egyptian darkness enshrouds the intellectual horizon, “let education, with her magic wand, but touch the mind with its dissolving influences, and forthwith the of clouds superstition, the mists and fogs and clouds of prejudice vanish from the mental sky; the sun of truth with light effulgent penetrates the dark chambers of the soul;” so that the beauties and wonders of this mighty universe blaze forth with dazzling brilliancy upon its bewildered vision, beneath the resplendent rays of everlasting truth. In the bosom of every son and daughter of Adam, there is an innate craving after knowledge—a longing desire and relish for intellectual pleasures. Curiosity is never satisfied, but like the daughter of the horse-leach, its cry is still “give, give.” The world generally will honor—although it may occasionally let him starve—the man of solid learning—the possessors of a well furnished and well disciplined intellect. I have never met with any one who would not gladly accept, as a gratuity, a well cultivated Mind, if it were possible for such a thing to be bestowed; or who would not pay cheerfully and largely for it, if he had the means, were it possible for such a thing to be bought and sold. But many, too many, I fear, when they reflect, that such things are not obtained by hereditary descent, that their is “no royal road” to learning; but that it is the reward of individual diligence and exertion—that they must trim the midnight taper to obtain it—allow their zeal to become cold—they lend a too willing ear to the siren song of ease and permit her enticing notes to lull them to repose, beguiling them from the paths of usefulness, of virtue and of honor, and difficulties like Alpine mountains robed in all the hideousness which a fruitful imagination can engender, loom up in the distance as impregnable barriers in

their pathway up the rugged steep where "fame's proud temple shines conspicuous from afar;" so that they become contented with as little mental discipline as will *barely* suffice for the discharge of the ordinary duties of life. The love of money and a vain grasping after the deceitful bauble of popular applause, take possession of the soul and mental cultivation is neglected. This is a marked feature in the utilitarian spirit of the age in which utility—its prime criterion for everything—is estimated in dollars and cents. Utilitarians will readily admit that an improvement in machinery which facilitates the money making process, is beneficial; but they think the pursuits of the antiquarian and the study of a dead, or a foreign, language in the highest degree useless and nonsensical; for their conceptions of the "useful" is confined to the single point of making money. This is, I think, especially characteristic of the American people, among whom everything is done by "steam at high pressure," and it seems to me to be the inevitable tendency of republican institutions. Minds reared under such influences must, of necessity, become impatient of restraint; and hence arises that lawless spirit which so much distracts the councils of the nation. To say that every one desires happiness, is but the enunciation of a "bald truism;" yet many mistake the true road to its enjoyment. Few discipline their Minds to search after truth for its own sake yet "the love of truth is," or ought to be, "the inspiration of the scholar." But those who do so, revel in pleasures of which the untutored Mind can form but little conception. A magic spell seems bound up in the words "I know," whose gentlest whisper warms up the soul and sends a thrill of joy through the whole attenuated frame; "it is for the honor of *kings* to search out a matter." When after a long and patient investigation a truth, like a ray of celestial light, strikes the Mind, who can wonder at the man if, like Archimedes, he runs forth and cries out, "Eureka?" for there is pleasure in searching after truth, pleasure in finding it, and pleasure in enjoying it. The acquirement of a truth however little and unimportant it may seem to be, never fails to gratify the Mind. Take, for example, the art of composition. Every one, no doubt, recollects how difficult it was for him to frame neatly even a very few lines the first time he attempted to write; yet who, when absent, would forego the pleasure derived from an exchange of thought with the loved ones at home for any consideration? Now, if so much pleasure can be derived from an acquisition so small, who, but the happy possessor himself, can form any just conceptions of the pleasures which a well cultivated Mind enjoys? Their increase is like a geometrical progression of an infinite series, or like the cloud Elijah saw from Carmel's height: small at first, but soon overspreading the heavens; for as like produces like, so thought engenders thought, and to think soundly to one accustomed to the exercise is pleas-

ure *indeed*. The well cultivated Mind spurns the grovelling and unsatisfying pleasures of earth and mounts up on the wings of fancy and soars aloft in the elevated regions of a chaste and fruitful imagination, regaling itself with the sweet “music of the spheres,” holding communion, as it were, with a higher order of created intelligences. The possessor of a well trained and well furnished Mind derives pleasure from everything that meets his gaze—the works of nature are but an immense volume laid open to his enquiring eye. If he is disposed to interrogate nature with regard to the structure, time and mode of formation of the globe, and resorts to “*experimentum crucis*” as a final test, each particle as removed from its ancient resting-place reveals to his scrutinizing glance, the secrets of its creation. The uncouth fossil remains, looked upon by untutored minds as worthless trash, are to him the great alphabet of Nature emblazoned with radiant light upon the portals of her spacious temple, disclosing the mysterious operations carried on within her laboratory, and he values them higher and his eyes rest upon them with more intense delight than ever the eye of beauty gazed upon the most precious gem that ever received a polish by the workman’s art, as he, with untold pleasure, deciphers from them, as the faithful records of the history of creation, its age and periods of formation.

The beautiful landscape which art can but feebly imitate—the lovely flowers which deck the fertile vales, unfolding their beauty to the genial rays of a summer’s sun, with fragrance lading the balmy breeze, or with dew-drops glistening in their petals like tears which suffuse the tender maiden’s deep expressive eyes—the harvest-fields draped in colors of golden hue, whose luxuriant crops promise an abundant recompense to the diligent husbandman—all afford him an exquisite pleasure.

The purling brook and limpid stream,
The gently whirling rill,
Which murmurs in the sunlight’s gleam,
With music’s sweetest trill;

the hoarse mutterings of the thundering cataract and .

The tender strains from tiny throats,
Which fill the groves with dulcet notes—

all, alike, make sweet music to his ears ; for to him all sounds are but an harmonious combination of sweet concords. If he turns his eyes to the heavens and beholds the eye of day, radiant with glory, just gilding the eastern sky, dispensing light and life to a rejoicing world, or views the full-orbed moon sitting “silver on the sea,” or looks upon the twinkling stars, so profusely scattered o’er, and so beautifully adorning the nocturnal heavens, “throbbing like pulses in the void immense,” all of which he can readily conceive to be the centers of mighty systems revolving with wonderful velocity through the boundless realms of space ; his soul must

be lost in profound admiration and emotions which no tongue can utter—which no language is adequate to express—must thrill through his feeble frame, and exclamations of how beautiful! how wonderfully beautiful are thy works O Thou who rulest in the realms of bliss!—must burst spontaneously from his lips.

Such are some of the pleasures which a well cultivated Mind enjoys while contemplating the phenomena of Nature. It can wander far beyond the confines of human vision, through the illimitable regions of space, beholding the beauties and wonders of creation. But this is not all. Every man of cultivated intellect has a never failing fountain of pleasure within himself whose vivifying waters are sweet to his soul. Let the well disciplined Mind turn and look upon itself, shutting out the disquieting cares of the world. Although much time must be spent in providing the requisite means for sustaining animal life; yet whether Mind or body be exercised, relaxation, at certain periods, becomes absolutely necessary to restore the wasted energies to their accustomed vigor. These seasons are fit opportunities for meditation, and the well-disciplined Mind is disposed to commune with itself concerning those things most congenial to its nature, and enjoys a slight foretaste of that bliss which awaits the redeemed in heaven. Though troubles harass the man of cultivated intellect, and he meet the ingratitude of a heartless world, or see his darling hopes scattered on the winds; yet he despairs not; for casting his eyes far down time's dusky vista, he sees the auspicious dawns of hope's bright star which indicates to him some pleasing change. He remembers to preserve his equanimity under all circumstances, neither being too much elated by success nor unduly depressed by disappointments. When communing with his own thoughts who can properly estimate the pleasures of such a man as a LaPlace or a Newton, of a Raphael or a Titian, of a Handel or a Mozart, of a Milton or a Hamilton, of a Chatham or a Calhoun, when unmarred by moral depravity? Such men live a treble life: in the past, in the present, and in the future. Their eyes are not as other men's. They see the present result of an action and can predict, with almost unerring certainty, its influence upon the future. They are like Scipio never less idle than when at leisure, and never less alone than when alone. Going back to the period, when the universe was spoken into existence, and following the meanderings of the stream of time down to the present, they can see all the mighty changes which have taken place. In passing along they can see powerful empires and kingdoms rising, progressing, and sinking again into oblivion like waves of the mighty deep. They can associate with the hoary sages of antiquity, hold sweet converse with Socrates and Plato, and learn from them the introduction and the progress of Literature, of Science, and of Civilization

the heroic deeds of brave and ambitious warriors—the sacrifices which noble patriots have made—who are they that have been a curse, and who are they that have been a blessing to their fellow-men. Perhaps, the meditative mood comes o'er them in the quiet hours of the “stilly night,” when the sable curtain of darkness enshrouds the earth and no sound, but that of the plaintive murmuring wind disturbs the peaceful calm that reigns supreme throughout nature’s wide domain, then “memory,” as it is wont to do, “brings the light of other days around” them, and all the pleasing reminiscences of their past lives pass in review before them, and they recall to mind the many pleasures of the past, and remember with grateful hearts how often they have been preserved from sudden and impending dangers—thus the brittle thread of life is both lengthened and strengthened and they live again in the good old days of yore. But unless the heart be schooled and the affections preserved pure and chaste, these moments bring nothing but the bitterness of wormwood and gall. When the moral constitution is wrecked by licentiousness, there is no real happiness. Then sorrows are multiplied with the increase of knowledge, without being attended by any alleviating circumstances; for it is now regarded as a universal law, that education makes the Mind more susceptible of impressions, whether they be good or bad. The pangs of bitter remorse must ever mar the enjoyments of such men as Byron and Voltaire. Their cup of pleasure is full of bitterness—the adder’s poison is mingled therein. The man of cultivated intellect, sunk into the depths of depravity is but a demon in human shape almost a terror to himself. He loves not seasons of retirement; for then a violated conscience speaks out; hence to drown its voice and soothe his lacerated feelings, he seeks the intoxicating bowl and engages in all the frantic orgies of the bacchanalian revel, or in some other licentious amusement equally destructive of health and life. The base prostitution of his mental powers will most assuredly be visited upon his own head and he will find that the “way of the transgressor is hard.” In the pride of his heart, while young, he may smother the fire that burns within; yet his premature gray locks will remind him of “the sins of his youth,” the Autumn of his life, if he chance to reach it, will be miserable, and his declining sun will go down under a cloud. There will be nothing to cheer him—none to console and comfort him as he is going down into the “valley of decision”—into the land of forgetfulness. But it is not thus with the man whose intellectual and moral natures have both been disciplined in virtue’s school. He has no such gloomy forebodings. His pleasures increase and his hopes brighten as years roll away. Having arrived upon the brink of eternity, he walks thoughtful and full of blissful expectations on the shore of that vast ocean upon which he must sail so soon—views with complacency his past life, seeing nothing which calls for tears—no-

thing which calls for bitter lamentation—and looks forward into the future with fond anticipations of a speedy entrance upon the enjoyment of that state of happiness and peace which will never end. To him the “hoary head is a crown of glory,” and he realizes to the fullest extent the feelings of the poet, when he said: “A Deity believed, is joy begun; a Deity adored, is joy advanced; a Deity beloved, is joy matured.”

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION UPON RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CHARACTER.

TO MOST men it may seem unnecessary and indeed contemptible at this late day and in this enlightened land, to vindicate Education from the charge of fostering infidelity. That the introduction of the true religion has ever been its sure precursor and that neither has been able to reach its full development without the aid of the other is a principle so well established, that the idea of their incompatibility has come to be despised. Yet there are some, in our own time, professing Christians even, who seem to think that Education tends to beget pride in the human heart—to make men too self-reliant, and to weaken the dependence he should naturally feel upon the Author of his being. And here, let me ask, is there not too much ground for such a belief? When we look into the world around us, how many do we see vain and conceited, and of whom it may with truth be said, “they are mad with too much learning.” None, I think, will deny that there are such and it becomes necessary to account for the fact. Many reasons can be given for the existence of proud men. Vanity is, perhaps, the most universal attribute of our nature. It pervades all classes of society and is found in all conditions of life. The meanest wretch that lives in poverty and shame, and the rich monarch upon his jewelled throne, look upon themselves with equal admiration. The Indian chieftain bows to each morning’s sun and points out the track he is to pursue in the heavens, and the splendid Herod sits in judgment, receiving the adulation of the sycophantic multitude, and “gives not God the glory.” That the learned, then, are sometimes proud affords no evidence that Education has made them so. But even granting that they are more presumptuous than the ignorant, must we attribute the fact to intellectual culture, or can it not rather be traced to the depraved character of the individual, or to the imperfect development of that which is good in itself?

This is an important thought, and to unfold it will be my object in the few succeeding pages.

For the sake of argument, I will grant that learning begets pride; and by pride I do not mean an inordinate self-esteem and a contempt for the rest of the world; but that nobler impulse which enables one to appreciate his own worth—teaches him that he is to live for something, and makes him tremblingly conscious of the weight of responsibility which must of necessity rest upon every one, within whose frail tenement of clay is lodged an undying soul, with almost boundless capacities for progression and retrogradation. But if there be a man in the world so narrow-minded and contemptible as to claim infallibility and set himself up for a God, let me refer him to these beautiful and expressive lines:

“Go wondrous creature—mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run;
Correct old Time and regulate the sun;
Go teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,
Then sink into thyself and be a fool.”

In treating this subject I shall attempt to prove, in the first place, that Education tends to increase our piety; and, secondly, our benevolence. Man alone of all the animate creation is endowed with reason. God made him in his own image and gave him a living soul. By transgression he fell from his high estate, and sin almost defaced his original likeness and sank him to a level with the brutes. The true object of Education is to wash the filth from his moral nature—to give him back the form he had lost—to elevate and restore him to his pristine purity. Man in his fallen state can neither understand nor appreciate God's greatness or his goodness; but let his intellect be sharpened—his morals purified and he at once learns to love and adore him. The base can no more love the noble than the noble the base. The vile worm can no more love the aerial butterfly than the butterfly the worm. That is a blind philosophy indeed, which teaches that unlike dispositions have peculiar attractions for each other. Contrast when too striking engenders disgust rather than admiration. The more, therefore, one knows of the attributes of Deity, the nearer must his soul be conformed to God's image. Let me illustrate this by reference, first to Astronomy.

This is the science which first did homage to the infant Messiah. It was a star, which twinkled over Bethlehem and sent a cheering ray to dissipate the gloom which enveloped the virgin Mother, and which pointed the mountain-shepherds to “the place where the young child lay.” It is a science, with which no one can be intimately or even indifferently acquainted, without having his views enlarged and his religious nature improved. How sublime must be the astronomer's conception of God's cre-

ative power. He stands in his observatory on a clear, still midnight—the west wind is lulled to sleep, not even a zephyr fans his cheek—the unnumbered host of jewels in the sky above seem in their mild lustre to speak only of heaven—all nature lies around in soft repose—and to divert himself, he points his telescope towards the stars. What splendors burst upon his astonished vision! Instead of seeing little lights, mere candles in the firmament, to cheer the benighted traveller on his lonely way, a countless host of shining *worlds* crown the arch of heaven. Here Mercury with his scarlet mantle wrapped snugly around him, pursues his rapid flight; and fair Venus follows gracefully at a modest distance. A space of darkness succeeds, when fiery Mars, in his swift chariot dashes round the world. Then mighty Jupiter moves majestically through space—king of them all—whose single nod or slightest deviation from his accustomed track would throw both heaven and earth into confusion. Triple-belted Saturn scarce keeps pace with his proud son. Herschell next shows the dim outline of his face, and in the far distance revolves the planet Uranus. But his admiration is turned to reverence, when, after repeated observations—for weeks—for months—nay, for years' he finds their motions governed by laws as fixed as those of day and night. Wild comets, too, darting apparently at random through the blue ether as surely describe their elliptic curves as the seasons return in order. And when he sees those clouds of worlds and distinguishes there system upon system, all obeying the same great principle, he revels in a new world of beautiful creation—learns to appreciate the “starry fable of the milky-way,” and is transported with praise and adoration for Him who who holds them all “in the hollow of his hand.”

But the objector may point to Laplace and Verrier and urge that Education does not make man a christian or a moralist. This power has never been claimed. I only contend that it must *increase* our piety—not *create* it. All the genial warmth and refreshing showers of Spring cannot make a plant shoot up if the germ be not there; though they surely tend to quicken its growth. But Newton, who far excels them all, ascribes to Deity those wonders which his own great mind had fathomed, and to-day “his name is written in the prismatic colors which beautify the rainbow, and the apple falling from the parent tree commemorates his brilliant discoveries.”

Perhaps the Geologist has, not fewer, certainly not less convincing, proofs of the existence of a God. Pursuing his investigations deep down into the bowels of the earth, he finds graven in the solid rock in well defined and unmistakable characters a record of beings that lived and died untold centuries ago, which naught but the mighty fiat of Jehovah could have called into existence. The rocks themselves are divided by natural

boundaries into various systems, each rich in fossils, animal and vegetable, peculiar to itself. The Silurian contains only the lowest specimens of life, while those of each succeeding formation, ascend by regular gradations to more and more perfect development till in the Alluvial deposits, the principle of division of labor, arising from complication of structure is most fully and beautifully illustrated in the human frame—the last work of Deity—the crowning glory of creation. If we trace the progress of creation and observe all its phases, we cannot but be struck by the wonderful system which pervades the whole work, notwithstanding the apparent confusion. Though species may have died out and orders been lost sight of, yet the types have never changed. The four Great Kingdoms have each a representative, meagre and imperfect, it is true, but yet a representative in all the formations. In view of these facts and considering the vast preparations made for the convenience and necessities of man—especially during the Carboniferous period—surely none can fail to recognize the hand of an over-ruling Providence, and to read

“Sermons in stones—books in the running brooks
And good in everything.”

A geologist in his leisure walks, if he accidentally observe a pebble by the wayside may read in it an interesting chapter in the history of primeval time; and to him no less than to the Naturalist, an animalcule, thousands of which sport in a single drop of water, is as much an evidence of a God as the brightest seraph or the highest archangel.

The marvellous works of art also to an educated man bear strong marks of a higher Being. Place an untaught rustic under one of Egypt's pyramids and he would gaze for a moment in stupid wonder and then his grovelling thoughts would turn away and seek some more congenial object. But let the scholar occupy the same position, or let him even in *imagination* wander among the mouldering ruins of some deserted city and from them estimate its former greatness—or visit the gorgeous palace of some eastern monarch—or stand on the Aeropagus—or view the splendid statue of Venus de Medici—or the stupendous castle at Moscow—or stalk among the massive tombstones of Westminster Abbey—or look upon the great Colossus at Rhodes, and as he gazes upon these almost superhuman efforts of genius must he not be transported with love and praise of Him “who is the source of all mind, whom to know is the highest wisdom, whom to serve is happiness, whom to love is heaven.”

The footsteps of Deity are stamped upon the very face of Nature, and the external world administers abundant though silent rebukes to those would-be wise men, who call this earth the child of chance. What rational man can observe the wonderful order which obtains in the structure of plants—beginning with the seed, which often proves to be a perfect tree

in an embryonic state—then the roots and stems, all made up of little cells preserving an arrangement so regular that the most fastidious botanist could not wish them to be more symmetrical—and, lastly, the leaf, which is in itself a wonder so admirably is it adapted to perform its functions—who, I ask can look at these and not perceive the finger of God?

And how interesting it is to consider what care the great Maker has taken to provide His creatures with all the comforts and conveniences of life. Let the husbandman but sow his seed and there are elements in the soil which cause it to sprout—to develop itself—and with little labor an abundant harvest yields to his sickle. But the beneficent Creator—

“Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
Hath made all Nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear.”

Let one but look around him and a thousand heavenly visions burst in rapid succession on his sight. Let him but open his ears, and songs of myriads of the feathered tribe—the hum of insects and loved voices all meet in sweet concord and drown one another in bewitching harmony.

The seasons, too, and their remarkable adaptedness to our wants and tastes, bear no little evidence of a divine origin. Springtime comes with her buds and birds to cheer us—Spring blossoms into Summer with her sunshine and flowers—Summer mellows into Autumn with her harvests and her fruits—and “golden Autumn sinks slowly into her wintry tomb” to afford a time for rest. The character, also, of the seasons has an important moral; for “what were the sunlight worth if clouds did not sometimes obscure its brightness—What were the Spring or the Summer, if lessons of the chilling Winter did not teach us the story of their warmth

The splendors of the starry world—the fossil revelations of the earth’s crust—the magnificence and beauty of external nature—the order and design of God’s works—His adaptation of means to ends—His benevolence and kind providences—these the ignorant never know—never appreciate—and consequently cannot but be ungrateful to Him, who gave them all. Truly, knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to God.

In the second part of my subject I shall attempt to prove that, Intellectual culture tends to increase our benevolence. But little need be said on this point. If from the historic page we glance through the dim vista of antiquity and catch a glimpse of the manners and customs of nations, that have long since passed away, the truth is at once brought home to us, that wherever Education has been, there refinement and morality have marched hand in hand, dispensing the light of liberty and shedding copious showers of heaven’s best gifts. Arabia when in her glory could boast of her alchemists. Assyria of her astrologers—Egypt of her sages—Greece and Rome of their wise men and philosophers. In all coun-

tries where the mind has been cultivated, darkness has given place to light—bigotry and crime to benevolence and piety—and there, too, has been developed the social principle that strong bulwark of defence against vice and treason, and that great protection to virtue and chastity. By it the golden links have been forged and the magic chain been wrought which, encircling whole nations has bound them together as one family; and by it a healthier tone and a fresher vigor have been given to society everywhere. On the other hand, wherever we see ignorance and superstition, there a moral night envelopes everything in its murky folds—there murder and bloodshed are rife, and there woman, the world's brightest ornament, finds her dearest rights trampled upon and her person violated with impunity. This fact was painfully illustrated throughout the Middle Ages; when Troubadours prostrated their best talents to write obscene verses—when every man kept his mistress and love itself was but a refined passion.

The very principles of our nature, too, tell us that our minds were given to be improved and stored with useful information, for

“Man loves knowledge, and the light of truth
More welcome strikes his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear—
Than all of taste his touch.”

The only true source of happiness must be of an intellectual character. Our physical constitution forbids that any other enjoyment should be of long duration. The miser may for a little while gloat over his gold and consider himself blest in its possession; but an awakened conscience soon stings him to the heart. The libertine may indulge his base passions to their fullest extent and lay the flattering unction to his soul that none enjoy life more than himself. But alas! tired nature revolts at his horrid crime and ere long, with a shattered constitution and a deep remorse, he is compelled to drag out a cheerless and hopeless existence, and at last sinks into a dishonored grave dug by his own hands. Indeed all the capacities of the body for gratification are, at the best, limited or ephemeral in their nature. Not so with the immaterial part of our being. The mind of a savage has been beautifully compared to a jewel in a sealed casket; which, when brought to light by Education and purified by Religion shines like a ruby and sparkles like a diamond. Besides its brightness is permanent—unlike the painted insect which displays its gaudy colors for a single day, it lasts forever, growing brighter and brighter till the end of time.

But this article has already been extended beyond the limits I had set. If these crude thoughts, thus loosely thrown together, shall convince any believer in the incompatibility of Education and Religion of his error, or strengthen the convictions of the wavering, my object will have been accomplished. Fondly hoping that my zeal may not be misconstrued nor my fervor ridiculed, I dismiss the subject—trusting, that it will be taken up and elucidated by some more accomplished scholar and maturer thinker.

HOW SHALL THE UNION BE PRESERVED?

BY THETA.

IN a time of party strife and political faction like the present, it behooves every lover of liberty to consider well the causes which have brought about these sectional animosities, and to endeavor to discover some effectual remedy for the baneful evils which now infect the nation. It is the duty of every man, whether acting in a private capacity or as a public functionary, not only to investigate the causes which have led to the direful results which we now witness throughout the Union, but also to determine with himself the course most proper to be pursued, and to recommend it, whatever it may be, to the consideration of those who hold the reins of government. Our Union is tottering under the blows which noisy demagogues have inflicted; its lofty pillars seem ready to crumble; and the fabric must ere long fall, unless firm hands arrest it in its downward progress. The assistance of every patriotic pen, of every liberty-loving voice, of every staunch, unwavering heart is needed; for the support that upholds a tottering edifice must be firmer and stronger than the force that pulls it down. And what cheek turns not pale, what eye does not weep, what heart does not mourn, when the painful spectacle is presented of thirty-two States, claiming to be free and independent, and bound together by the ties of common interest, involved in civil broils and political feuds? Well may age stand aghast when it views the harmony that existed sixty years ago between the sister States now changed into universal discord; well may youth blush for shame when it contemplates the sad and sudden decrease of our Country's glory. But hope is yet left us—Peace has not yet bid her last farewell to America, and she may yet perch with benign influence upon our national institutions, and revive the glory that perished at her departure. But is the course which men are universally pursuing throughout the Union calculated to restore the national harmony? Nay, is it not maliciously intended to produce the opposite result? That there are men, even citizens of America, who would gladly overthrow our glorious edifice of constitutional liberty, no one, who takes an impartial view of their actions, can doubt. Nay, more. There are men dwelling among us whose selfishness and ambition would prompt them, were it in their power, to tear down the splendid structure and to erect a throne of despotism upon its ruins. Shall this state of things continue? Shall the selfish ambition of these men be gratified? Forbid it, Heaven. Patriotism protests against it, and methinks 'twould disturb even the peaceful slumbers of the de-

parted heroes of '76, to undo the splendid work which their own hands once wrought and their own prayers once blessed.

Sectionalism, developed into the formation of sectional parties, and increased by the agitation of sectional questions, has been, no doubt, both the remote and the direct cause of the lamentable state of our political affairs which we now witness. By sectionalism, I mean inordinate love for one's own section, accompanied by an equal disregard of other sections of our common country. Now, I would not condemn the love which one cherishes for his own section or State, when it is moderated by a proportionate regard for the whole country; but unless such be the case, I deem it unjust, ignoble, dangerous. Should the child cling devotedly to the breast that gives it nutriment, yet curse the mother? And yet those who profess to love their own section, yet hate the Union, are guilty of a crime scarcely less unnatural. Sectionalism has naturally led to the organization of sectional parties; which, existing in different parts of our country, have roused, by agitating sectional questions and engaging in sectional quarrels, a feeling of hostility between themselves, which now seems to pervade the whole Union. And could it be otherwise? Party strife has severed many a strong tie of affection, and selfishness will break the bond that binds the hearts of brothers.

Nor is the press free from blame—that instrument which was intended to echo the spirit and sentiments of the people, and by this means to exalt and to bless us. I would not have the liberty of the press curtailed; nay, I rejoice in its freedom—yet that freedom when abused becomes a condemnable evil. When John Brown, with his petty, hot-brained followers, undertook his hellish scheme and dared to make an assault upon the peace of the Old Dominion, the whole Southern press, from Texas to the Carolinas, echoed and re-echoed with the clamors for redress or disunion; while that of the North commended, with loud acclamations, the reckless intruder, and apparently in the proud confidence of his innocence of crime, demanded a fair trial, as if there existed a doubt that such would be granted. The one deified him, called him hero, patriot, sage; the other denounced him as a blood-thirsty, ambitious ruffian, and the veriest fool. Both seemed to be deaf to the voice of conscience and of duty amid the general din; and the columns of every newspaper were filled with the names of John Brown and his guilty associates. Many of them predicted a speedy dissolution of the Union, and others foresaw all the horrible calamities of civil war but a short distance in the future. And yet these papers professed to echo the opinions and sentiments of the people. Why, John Brown would have been hanged without a murmur and speedily consigned to his well merited oblivion, had not the press brought him so conspicuously before the public; which latter was proba-

bly the ultimate end of his fiend-like ambition. *No one* will doubt that the press created unnecessary disturbance. It made the public mind apprehend dangers that were entirely beyond a reasonable expectation, and inflamed the two great sections of the country, the one against the other. It infused a new bitterness into the agitation of the slavery question; which is calculated to alienate the two sections from each other, and which can certainly never be peaceably settled by angry disputes and insults.

But the radical cause of the animosity now existing between the North and South, lies in the manner in which our youth is educated. At the north, principles of hostility to the South are instilled into the mind in infancy; their youth is taught to consider the institution of slavery as a direct violation of moral and religious right, slaveholders as cruel tyrants, and universal freedom the revealed will of God. Southerners are told to fear abolitionists as their most bitter and implacable enemies, and as robbers who would deprive us of our lawful property and cut off all means of its recovery. This is the original cause of the strife which now prevails, and it cannot fail to lead to worse results unless speedily remedied.

I come now to the second and by far the most important part of my subject. How shall the hoarse clamor of discordant factions be hushed? How shall we escape the angry storm that now overshadows and darkens our political horizon? How avert the flood that seems ready to deluge our land in blood? In a country so wide as our own, it is natural that there should be conflicting interests and sectional jealousies. But these are evils which must not be aggravated and increased, if we would preserve the rights secured by our Constitution. No country which is inwardly torn by strife and faction, can long remain prosperous and happy. History furnishes numberless examples to establish the truth of this proposition. Carthage, Rome's proud rival and once invincible enemy, still found it impossible to withstand the blows of foes from within; and though her lofty columns are now crumbled into dust, and the days of her glory as if they had never been, yet her name is written on the page of history—a solemn warning against a suicidal policy like her own. Let the people of the United States divest themselves of all sectional prejudice, and cultivate feelings of mutual forbearance towards each other; let them temper their devoted sectionalism by universal patriotism and liberal principles. These and these only will reconcile the two great divisions of our country, and cement the parts of our Union more firmly together. But how can *this* be accomplished? Is it not a labor too great for human effort? Are not men's prejudices too deeply rooted to be fully eradicated? In truth it may not be done in a month, or a year, or ten years. But time and an honest effort will effect much. Let men teach their children to venerate our Constitution, and to cherish feelings of brotherly kindness for citizens, in every part of our Union; let them instill into the youthful mind the principles of a liberal education and a deep reverence and regard for our whole country; and in the course of a few years our future will be bright and our people happy. Much good, too, might result from a mutual association between the North and the South. And instead of treating a stranger from either section with neglect or indifference or insult, as is often done, let him be welcomed as a brother. A Southern man, educated at the North might learn that there are patriotic

hearts and honest and virtuous minds *there* as well as in our own sunny clime; that there are as warm souls and bright faces there, as those which grace our own fair Eden. A Northern man, educated at a Southern University might learn to respect our institutions and to appreciate the benefits of slavery; might find here too those hearts tender, which they are now taught to consider cruel and oppressive. Until such a course as this is pursued, we cannot reasonably expect a peaceful settlement of our difficulties.

But men must also learn to disregard the clamors and false assertions of demagogues. There are certain men whose low selfishness and mean ambition prompt them to inflame the public mind by framing falsehoods whenever such an act seems likely to remove an obstacle in their desired path to glory. Although they harangue the people under the garb of patriotism, and pretend to have the interests of the Union at heart, yet they only resort to these means as a source of popularity; political distinction is the object of their ambition and this they seem determined to attain at any sacrifice. They make people believe they wish to quell the disturbances, which they pretend have resulted from evils in our political system, yet which themselves in fact have created. All such demagogues should be treated with contempt and consigned to the oblivion which they so justly merit. Of course it is only the ignorant who suffer themselves to be deceived; yet by far the majority of our population are in want of a good education. So much greater then is the harm which these public office-seekers do. Therefore, a universal dissemination of knowledge is to be recommended. It would tend to liberalize the minds of our people, to refine society, to improve our morals and to benefit our whole country; and it would rid our public offices of many who are unworthy to hold them.

The North and South are mutually dependent upon each other. Deprive the one of our corn or cotton, and it must starve or freeze; and to take away from us the trade and manufactures of the North would weaken, if not sever, the bond of our Union. And yet the two great sections stand aloof from each other, as though they were two separate nations and, I had almost said, as two enemies. And shall this continue? Has every spark of that holy fire which warmed the breasts of Revolutionary heroes, been extinguished by the flood of fraternal strife which has deluged our land? Has Washington's example been forgotten, and is the efficacy of his instructions no longer available? Young men of America, ye who love your country, whose nerves are yet unstrung and resources unwasted, prepare to exert your every effort in behalf of your country's welfare; for upon you must ere long devolve the heavy responsibilities of this government. Love not your native state less, but the Union more. Cherish liberal principles and feelings of mutual forbearance toward your fellow-citizens in every part of this Union; for upon these and these alone does the perpetuity of our institutions depend. Devote yourselves to your country's well-being and in her happiness only seek your own. Freedom will rejoice in your success, and tyranny will exult in your failure. Trust in the Being who presides over the destinies of nations, and He whose strong arm has never failed to support the right, will crown your efforts with success.

EDITORS' TABLE.

JOHN G. SAXE.—On the morning of the 13th ult., a large assembly, consisting of the Faculty and Students of the University, and the ladies and gentlemen of the village, convened at Girard Hall to hear a Poem recited by the above-mentioned gentleman.

When the Marshals, on duty for the first time and clothed in all the good looks that could be mustered on so short notice, had succeeded in finding seats for the ladies and removing the hats from the heads of young gentlemen in the gallery, Mr. Saxe was conducted to the rostrum and introduced by the President. He is a fine looking, portly gentleman, has a very intellectual face, and as much fun in his eye as in his poems.

He began with an exclamation which we have often used when warned by the Printer that the next "form" would be the Editorial—"Oh for a subject!" After a few lines very wittily describing the difficulties of his search, it seemed that the subject was found, and it was—Love! "He has brought 'coals to Newcastle,'" thought we—"talk of Love to those who think of little else!" But we soon found that he intended taking a more comprehensive view of the subject than College boys are wont to do. He first spoke of "Love of Country," describing the Statesman and the Demagogue. In the next place, of "The Love that makes the world go round:"—first, Youthful Love; at the mention of which each Freshman's hand instinctively sought his heart, and a world of sighs escaped their lips as Mr. Saxe, giving a peep at his youthful days, told the sad tale of faithless *Julia*, and described the *Coquette*. Then Manly Love; in speaking of which he described the Model Husband; and then the Seniors, the grave and dignified Seniors who will so soon be men of the world, and model husbands all, very complacently stroked their beards, or beardless chins, and were unconsciously borne away into—dreamland. This Model Husband, however, we were sorry to hear, was "drawn mainly from imagination;" but our sorrow was turned to gladness when he next told of the Model Wife, and stated—yes, distinctly said—that he had found her in real life. Bless the mark, then there are model wives in this mundane sphere! No journeys to Utopia after them; no flights to the moon; "no nothing," but to walk out very quietly, on a bright Spring morning, and find a *real Model Wife*! Thank you, Mr. Saxe, for the suggestion.

He last gave a description of Love Divine and closed, leaving the audience more than pleased, and so much amused that they have not ceased to laugh yet; and the Freshmen, while helping Xenophon to tug his ten thousand up hill, have often to let go and laugh heartily at his remembered jokes.

At night he delivered a prose lecture on "Poetry and the Poets," but, as we have already exceeded our space, we can only notice this briefly. One part of it, however, we must speak of, since it nearly concerned our poetical contributors; we are sorry to say that he rather made light of these gentlemen—and ladies. Many, seeking popularity, would, while speaking of this numerous class, have gone on from compliment flat—to *flatter*. Not so he: hewing right and left, he so thinned their ranks that, after he had finished, there was not one who would own that he had ever written a verse for the Magazine in his life. "What a pity," quoth our croaking friend, "that so many fine young poetical sprouts should have been so ruthlessly cut down by John G.'S axe."

After the Lecture Mr. Saxe recited one of his published poems—The Proud Miss McBride. We had often read this poem, and had thought it witty; we had also imagined that the young lady was rather proud, but we found after hearing the author repeat it, that we had formed both of the wit and the pride a very inadequate conception.

THE POETRY OF OUR STREAMS.—It has been said that there are few or no poetical associations connected with the streams and valleys of America, in comparison with those of the Old World; that, either because our country has not been long enough inhabited by civilized people, or because their names cannot be twisted into measure, they have not been consecrated; that their names call to mind no loves like that of Burns for his Mary; that it would sound ridiculous to say "Flow gently, sweet Mississippi."

It may be presumption in us to oppose our opinion to that of the writer, but we are very loath—we cannot stand quietly by and see our country stripped of its greatest beauty, without, at least, a word in opposition.

From childhood we have loved our streams, our valleys and our mountains; we have ever thought that the sun shone as brightly on our hill-sides, that the birds sang as sweetly in our trees, that the breezes were as fresh, that the brooks danced as merrily, that the flowers bloomed as lovely near our own home, as in those Eastern climes of which we read in Fairy Tales; and we yet know of as silvery streams and as beautiful glens in our own Old North State, as Burns ever sang of in Scotland; we yet

"———Know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook."

Nature has been prodigal of beauty to our streams, and they ask not from the feeble hand of man poetical associations. It may be true that, from the shortness of time that our country has been the home of our race, it can boast of fewer poems written in its praise than the Old World; still there are many: Campbell, we dare hope, was not wholly unsuccessful in throwing around the Valley of Wyoming the beauty of poetry. Moore could find poetical inspiration on the banks of the Mohawk, and found, we apprehend, no difficulty in incorporating the name into a beautiful poem. He could find in an old Indian legend of the Lake of the Dismal Swamp the subject of one of his finest productions; and he failed not to see the poetical beauty of a simple cottage beneath the green elms. Had he written of the Mississippi he would, probably, not have told of its fitness for a trysting place, but would have described, not less poetically, its majesty.

No! while we can sing of the Indian wooing his bride on the banks of the "blue Juniata," while we can repeat with pleasure

"Swannanoa, nymph of beauty,"

while we can remember the beautiful names that the Indians have left us, we cannot agree that our streams and valleys, either in name or association, are unpoetical.

WINE FOR MATHEMATICIANS.—This article has been contributed in answer to "Nuts for Mathematicians," which appeared in our February Number. The opinions cited by both are of the very highest order, and, when such "doctors disagree," of course we have not the presumption to offer a word of our own; but does it not seem strange that God would have allowed that to be poisonous to the human mind which reveals, to a greater degree than any thing else—His own Word excepted—His might and majesty; and which, too, is absolutely indispensable to our enjoyment, our comfort, and, we had almost said, our existence?

We are not particularly fond of Mathematics, as a study, (vide "Reports of Scholarship for the Sophomore Class of '57,") but we have always thought, and still think, that it very properly holds a high position in our course of instruction.

A NORTH CAROLINA POET.—George Moses Horton—more generally known as "Poet Horton"—"the subject of these brief memoirs," is a negro and a slave, belonging to a gentleman of an adjoining county. At an early age he felt, rankling within him, and ever and anon twitching his heart-strings, the real poetical inspiration which induced him to apply himself to the Science of Letters; this he did with such untiring zeal and industry, that in a short time, and with very little aid, he became quite a proficient both in reading and writing. His inherent love for poetry was very much enhanced by the perusal of an old hymn book, the property of his mother; having mastered which, he applied himself to Campbell's poems and committed to memory the whole of the Pleasures of Hope.

One fine morning it occurred to him that there might be other combinations of the alphabet having measure and rhyme and thenceforth he was a full-fledged poet.

The late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, whose husband was then a Professor in the University, having been pleased with some of his verses, took great interest in him and bestowed some pains on his instruction; he afterward showed his gratitude for her kindness by writing an eulogy on her at her death.

Some years ago he had printed a book of poems which, on account of his pecuniary difficulties, never emerged from a dark corner of the printing office. It can never shine forth, but by the reflected light of Twenty-five cent pieces.

He lives, at present, by his talents, writing acrostics etc., for the students, at a quarter of a dollar each, which enables him to hire his time, and devote his attention exclusively to the Muses. He has favored us with a sight of the manuscript of another book of his poems which, from the length of his subscription list, we doubt not he will be able to publish by the next Commencement. It will be rather a large book, the manuscript contains 229 pages letter-paper closely written.

His price will be one dollar per copy.

All who have graduated here within the last thirty-five years no doubt remember the sable poet, and will need but the statement above to induce them to send on their names as subscribers.

We give below a specimen of his writings:

GOOD-BYE.

I leave thee, with a falling tear,
And mount the fleeting car;
'Tis death to part with one so dear—
For to my view thy charms appear
Like some revolving star.

I leave thee, but with deep concern
Which hope cannot remove.
Oh! do not my affection spurn,
But patient wait till my return,
And prove the truth of love!

I leave thee, but I love thee yet,
The queen of ev'ry bloom;
I never shall my choice regret
Until the sun of life shall set,
And love sink in the tomb.

Oh! Lady, take these lines to heart!—
The last fond tale I tell,
Is that my own dear love thou art;
Then, till we meet no more to part,
My Lady, fare thee well!

AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1860.—The following article has been handed to us too late to appear in the body of the Magazine but as it should appear this month, we have with pleasure given it a place in the Editor's Table:

This is one of the best annuals with which we are acquainted, and has from its commencement occupied a distinguished niche in our sanctum. It is always on our desk, and we have been in the habit of appealing to it to decide many a *questio vexata*, and its verdicts have usually been regarded by us as satisfactory. Great pains seem to have been taken in its composition, to render the varied and valuable information it imparts accurate and reliable. Some slips of the pen, or some unending pranks of an unmentionable personage who shows his "smutty phiz" in printing offices, may occasionally be detected; for instance, at page 314 of the present year, we find "John W. Ellis, of Salisbury county, Governor"—a piece of *news* to us, and which may render the future residence of his Excellency rather problematical.

We have taken up our pen, however, not to point out the few blemishes which may have unavoidably crept into the work, but to express our regret for what is to us a diminution of its value. Previous to its appearance we annually furnished ourselves with Blunt's edition of the Nautical Almanac and sometimes with the *Connaissance des Temps*; but finding from frequent and numerous comparisons, the American Almanac contained all that we deemed requisite for our purpose, we discontinued the foreigners and confined our patronage to home manufacture. We have had the temerity to take charge of the chariot of Apollo, for the benefit of the Chapel Hill people, and now and then to go on a hunting expedition with Miss Dian; and though we found her "*semper varium et mutabile*," yet she discoursed so wisely and so well; was such a "good whip;" introduced us to so many notabilities, and was generally so very companionable that we prized a flirtation with her. She is not very young, to be sure; her face is somewhat wrinkled; she has often a faded appearance; moves with a sort of staggering gait, and seems almost out of breath, yet she is still beautiful. Like many other belles, she has had not a few enemies who have industriously circulated reports injurious to her reputation. Under the sobriquet of "*La Lune Rousse*" she is evil spoken of by sober people; housekeepers affirm that she looks with an evil eye on fresh meat and it putrefies, and, what is far worse she is reputed to be a lithobolist. Of the first two charges she is entirely innocent, but over the last we desire to draw the veil of charity, because her friends say she is troubled with *Gastrodynia*, and during its paroxysms her irregularities indicate that she is *non ipsa*. There is one trait in her character, however, which as lovers of truth we feel bound to disclose, and which we very decidedly disapprove—she keeps late hours and loves a reel in her spacious hall. But she does not waltz; she tolerates no such impropriety, though some ungallantly boast of having ascertained the dimensions of her zone. We beg our readers' pardon for wandering so far from our subject; but when a lady crosses our path we are very sure to forget where we are, and our thoughts ramble.

The Editor, or some one else for him, in the present edition of the American Almanac has left out "The Table of Occultations, the Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites, the Ephemeris of the Sun, the true and apparent places of the Pole Star and the principal fixed stars, Dr. Young's Tables of Refraction, and the Sun's Parallax in Altitude." Now, we desire to see these things restored, that we may again hold the reins of Apollo's steeds, and share with Miss Dian the pleasures of the chase. We care not to be told there are other publications where such things are to be found. We want to see them where we have been accustomed to look for them for the last 30 years; we want to know and see when our favorite mistress, in the excitement of pursuit, rides over a star without endangering her neck, and we want to say to the aforesaid Editor—

Restore the missing tables to their place,
And mark the ruts and stumps in Dian's chase.

OMICRON.

A MISTAKE.—“A Native of the Old North State,” a gentleman residing in Tallahassee, Fla., has called our attention to a statement, in DeBow's Review, concerning our University which is wholly incorrect.

In the November (1859) number of this Review it is stated that “Dr. Maxcy was transferred from the Presidency of Union College New York in 1804 to that of North Carolina of which he became the heart and soul for nearly a quarter of a century.”

This gentleman, knowing that this was an oversight and that the honor of being President of the University of North Carolina at that time belonged to Dr. Joseph Caldwell, wrote to the Editor of the Review giving a correct statement of the facts, which resulted in the following:

“*Erratum.*—On page 575, of November number, it is said that Dr. Maxcy was the head of the University of South instead of North Carolina.”

To those not knowing the facts this is utterly unintelligible; but even if this “*Erratum*” had been correct, such an important mistake certainly demanded more than three lines in an obscure corner of a Magazine to set it right.

The truth of the matter is that Dr. Maxcy, then President of Union College, New York, was, in April, 1804, elected to the Presidency of South Carolina College, and entered upon his duties there in November of the same year. He was the “heart and soul” of that Institution nearly sixteen years, having died June 5th, 1820. Dr. Joseph Caldwell, as stated above, was at that time President of the University of North Carolina.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF EDGEWORTH.—The thanks of the corps are tendered to the young ladies of the Edgeworth Seminary for the very complimentary invitation which they have given us to attend their Festival on the 5th of May next. Some of us will certainly visit Greensboro' at that time and pay our *devoirs* to the Queen.

The military displays on the occasion will no doubt be very fine, since some of us know the “Guilford Greys” to be a very superior company; and the display of fireworks will be very brilliant; but we would ask, beforehand, to be excused if our attention should be directed more particularly to the ladies—if we should discover a *more* brilliant display in their eyes. Unlike the poet, we could never think of “fair women and brave men” at the same time, but were always engrossed by the former; so on the presentation of the flag we have little doubt that we will think far more of the fair hands of her who presents it than of the company, or of the valorous deeds which the gift may inspire.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHY OF DR. CALDWELL.—We have just taken from the press a neat pamphlet of 68 pages 8vo. bearing the above title. Everything concerning the first President of the University is of deep interest to North Carolinians, but these articles, on their appearance in the Magazine, judging from the many notices which they received from the press of not only our own State but of many others—were read by *all* with the greatest pleasure: the Autobiography especially, from its simplicity of style and minuteness of detail, is very pleasing and instructive. It can be obtained, price twenty-five cents, from C. P. Mallett, Chapel Hill, W. L. Pomeroy, Raleigh, E. J. Hale & Son, Fayetteville, G. H. Kelly, Wilmington, and other booksellers throughout the State.

SENIOR SPEAKING.—The Annual Festival of the Senior Class will begin at Girard Hall on the afternoon of Monday 31st inst. A longer notice has been crowded out.





N. Jocelyn.

D. C. Homan.

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

E. Mitchell

Engd. for the Philanthropic Society in the University.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

Vol. 9.

MAY, 1860.

No. 9.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.*

JEREMIAH XIII, 23.—Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.

I SHALL take occasion from these striking words of Scripture to address you, my hearers, on THE FORCE OF HABIT. You all know that a habit is formed by the repetition of any act, until, by frequency and long familiarity, it becomes easy and natural. Hence it has grown into a proverb that "habit is a second nature." Of how much moment then must it be, to mark with especial vigilance, and to guard with especial care, that season of life, when the habits begin to be formed, and the character is beginning to assume that shape which it will carry through the whole of our earthly sojourn, and which will affect our destiny for eternity! It is

* This discourse was delivered to the Students of the University of North Carolina, March 31st, 1833, by WILLIAM HOOPER, then Professor of Ancient Languages in the University, and by them solicited for publication. We have been requested to re-publish the discourse, as it is one of great worth and as there are few copies of the former edition in existence. In complying with the request to allow its publication, Dr. H. addressed to them the following note:

Young Gentlemen of the University:—I dedicate this Discourse to your service. At your request I have submitted it to the press. As a literary effort I am sensible it presents no claims to such partiality; but as containing important truths, worthy of being often held up before your minds and reflected upon again and again, I have thought it might not be entirely undeserving to pass it into a form that should give it a chance of more durable utility than mere evanescent utterance can ever effect. God grant that the considerations here urged upon you, may frequently recur to you in the hour of need. I have labored many years in endeavoring to communicate classical learning to the youth of North Carolina; but all that I have done in that way affords me less comfort in the retrospect, than the possibility that something I may have said in the sacred desk, has had a share in forming a youthful heart to virtue, and leading it to seek acquaintance with God. If in the course of my connection with the young men of this State, I have met with any success of this kind, I must esteem it as my most precious earthly reward, and the most valuable fame I could inherit.

because most of my audience are at this critical period of their lives, that I think no subject on which I could possibly address them, is more appropriate to their condition; no one, which could more justly claim their deep and serious reflection. It is not merely to fulfill a customary round of duty: it is not merely to occupy you the usual time with the expected pulpit performance, and then to let you go away, our minds being well satisfied if the end be gained of having kept up for another Sabbath the decent observance of our religion, and of having thrown out some thoughts acceptable to your present hearing. No, my friends; we aim at something more than this barren discharge of a periodical duty, or this half-hour's occupation of your minds. It is with the cherished hope and the fervent prayer that something may be dropped at this time, which may occur to your meditations at many a future day, and have some operation in regulating those habits which are now fixing themselves upon you, that I have chosen the words of the text, as the subject of my present address. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" exclaims God by the mouth of the prophet to his people, now become obstinate and inveterate in their wickedness: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Here the doctrine is taught that when habits of evil are formed, they cleave to us with as close and inseparable a tenacity as the complexion of our skin; and that you might as well expect the African, by an act of his will, to become white, or the leopard to change his spotty hide, as to expect those addicted to sinful courses to renounce them, and to become good. The comparison is certainly a most striking and forcible one, and conveys little less than the absolute impossibility and hopelessness of a recovery from vicious habits. I will not go so far as to say, that by likening moral reformation to two natural impossibilities, the divine word means to pronounce moral reformation to be utterly impossible. But this I may safely say, that by the comparison, God evidently intends to teach us that a return from evil habits is extremely difficult and improbable, and would be almost as miraculous a departure from the usual laws of the moral world, as the voluntary assumption of a new skin by the Ethiopian or the leopard, would be from the laws of the physical world. So our Saviour declared the salvation of a rich man to be more difficult than the passage of a camel through a needle's eye—a natural impossibility; but at the same time brought the case within the reach of divine omnipotence and mercy, saying that "with men such a thing was impossible, but not with God." Most certain is it, then, that the Maker of our frame here calls upon us to mark and take notice of an important and most inflexible law of our moral constitution, to-wit: that **WHAT WE ARE MADE BY LONG HABIT THAT WE SHALL CONTINUE TO BE THROUGH LIFE.**

I say further, that our observation of human nature abundantly confirms the doctrine, and proves that men are carried onward by old habits with a certainty and fatality almost as rigid as that which propels the rivers onward to the ocean. Let none complain of this law of our nature. Let none say, why was man made so much the creature and slave of habit, that when once entangled, he loses all power to extricate himself. We might as well quarrel with the law of gravitation which destroys the life of a man who flings himself from the top of a precipice. The same law of physical nature which makes the fall from a precipice fatal, and which brings down heavy bodies with destructive force upon thousands of human beings, that same law holds the earth in its orbit, binds all its millions of inhabitants to their homes upon its surface, makes the showers descend to gladden the fields, and rolls the waters that would otherwise stagnate and poison us, with healthful currents to their mighty reservoir.

Nor is this *moral* law, whose stubborn strength is so much complained of, less a proof of the wisdom of the author of nature than the other, nor is it less remarkable for its salutary than for its pernicious effects. It is by habit that all the most necessary acts of life are rendered easy and pleasant. By habit we learn to walk, to speak, to read and write, to perform all manual operations with facility and despatch. By the power of habit are all those acts carried on which minister to the wants and convenience of life. By the power of habit is the printer enabled to combine his types into words, with a rapidity astonishing to the eye and surpassing all previous belief, and to prepare for us those thousands of volumes which are continually filling the world with intelligence and delight.

This same principle of our constitution is no less subservient to the passive, than to the active powers of man. It enables us to endure with ease, hardships that were at first intolerable. It enables man to breathe with impunity the pestiferous atmosphere of crowded manufactories, to reside in every climate, and after spending half his life among northern snows, to go and spend the remainder in the torrid zone.

Now let us mark the influence of this powerful law of nature upon our moral conduct. We find from personal experience, and we know from observations on our fellow-men, that our natural appetites acquire strength from every indulgence; that at first it is comparatively easy to restrain them within lawful barriers; but that habits of excess render them imperious and uncontrollable, so that we are dragged on after them, as by an invisible chain, whose strength bids defiance to all our resistance. This is the case with respect to our natural appetites. And it holds equally in relation to our artificial appetites. A man may contract such an appetite for tobacco, opium, or ardent spirits, as to crave these naturally distasteful articles with a rage of desire, equal to natural hunger and thirst. It is

mercifully provided, however, by the constitution of our nature, that habit may be made as powerful an auxiliary to virtue as to vice. By means of it not only sensual appetites and evil passions become dominant and irresistible, but the numerous train of virtues, to which our nature is less inclined, and the incipient practice of which requires so much heroic resolution and self-denial, all these feel the benign force of habit, and become in time, not only easier of performance, but as fixed and certain in their operation on our conduct,* as are any of our natural instincts. We are then creatures of habit. Whatever becomes habitual becomes easy, whether it be virtue or vice. Whenever we have formed a habit, we seem to act almost mechanically in obedience to the habit without an effort of the will. Indeed, so prone are we to repeat habitual actions, and so little reflection and virtuous resolutions are we conscious of in obeying good habits, that it seems as if they were hardly entitled to a moral character; so nearly do they approach to being involuntary, like the play of our lungs and the beating of our heart. The time and sphere, then, for virtuous choice and virtuous determination, is in the outset of life. It consists in oft repeating those acts which lead to good and valuable habits, and in denying again and again, as often as they solicit us, those acts which lead to vicious habits. Here, then, my young friends take your stand. Resist the beginnings of evil; yes, the beginnings: That is the

*The reader will thank me for enriching my page with the following profound observations: "Experience," says Mr. Stewart, "diminishes the influence of passive impressions on the mind, but strengthens our active principles. A course of debauchery deadens the sense of pleasure, but increases the desire of gratification. An immoderate use of strong liquors destroys the sensibility of the palate, but strengthens the habit of intemperance. The enjoyments we derive from any favorite pursuit, gradually decay as we advance in years; and yet we continue to prosecute our favorite pursuits with increasing steadiness and vigor. On these two laws of our nature, is founded our capacity of moral improvement. In proportion as we are accustomed to obey our sense of duty, the influence of the temptations to vice is diminished; while at the same time our habit of virtuous conduct is confirmed...It is thus that the character of the beneficent man is formed. The passive impressions which he felt originally and which counteracted his sense of duty, have lost their influence, and a habit of beneficence is become a part of his nature....We might naturally be led to suspect that the young and unpractised would be more disposed to perform beneficent actions, than those who are advanced in life, and who have been familiar with scenes of misery. And, in truth, the fact would be so, were it not that the effect of custom on this passive impression is counteracted by its effects on others; and above all by its influence in strengthening the active habits of beneficence. An old and experienced physician is less affected by the sight of bodily pain than a younger practitioner; but he has acquired a more confirmed habit of assisting the sick and helpless, and would offer greater violence to his nature, if he should withhold from them any relief that he has in his power to bestow. In this case we see a beautiful provision made for our moral improvement, as the effects of experience on one

important juncture. Yield to the beginnings of evil and you are undone.* Your ruin can be predicted with almost as much certainty, as that of the bark which is floating towards the cataract of Niagara. Are you now free, unfettered by the toils of vice? Give not up I beseech you, that glorious, that blessed freedom. Let not the persuasion of the miserable victims of vice involve you in their degradation. What! Would you let a slave persuade you for the sake of companionship, to share his chains and his stripes? Would you let a man, who was fool and madman enough, to set fire to his own house, persuade you to set fire to yours also, that you might both be in the same condition? How would you feel towards the man, who should seize your hand, run with you to the verge of a precipice, and then throwing himself over endeavor to pull you along with him? Would you not wrench your hand from his detested grasp, and recoil from him with horror and indignation? Yet you can smile with complacency upon the companion, who, himself the slave of vice, would have you to forsake the paths of innocence, and join him in his wicked courses, merely that he may have countenance and society in vice! You can put yourself under the guidance and conduct of such a veteran in profligacy, if he will but take hold of your arm, say "come along," and laugh at your timorous scruples! Oh there are no words adequate to express the abhorrence due to those, who, not satisfied with being ruined themselves, practice their accursed arts in seducing young and thoughtless

part of our nature are made to counteract its effects on another."—*Philos. of the Mind*, vol. 1, p. 386.

These remarks of Stewart were suggested by the following passage in Butler's Analogy. "From these two observations together, that practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts; and that passive impressions grow weaker by being repeated upon us; it must follow that active habits may be gradually forming and strengthening by a course of acting upon such and such motives and excitements, whilst these motives and excitements themselves are, by proportionable degrees, growing less sensible, i. e. are continually less and less sensibly felt, even as the active habits strengthen. And experience confirms this; for active principles at the very time they are less lively in perception than they were, are found to be, somehow, wrought more thoroughly into the temper and character, and become more effectual in influencing our practice... Let a man set himself to attend to, inquire out, and relieve distressed persons, and he cannot but grow less and less sensibly affected with the various miseries of life, with which he must become acquainted; when yet, at the same time, benevolence, considered not as a passion, but as a practical principle of action will strengthen and whilst he passively compassionates the distressed less, he will acquire a greater aptitude actively to assist and befriend them," &c.

These remarks of both these profound and sagacious writers, I have been very willing to transfer to this place, at once to give a more durable value to this pamphlet than it would otherwise possess, and to tempt my young friends to dive for other pearls in the same deeps.

* Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.—*Ovid*.

minds from the paths of rectitude, and glory in the propagation of vice. If those who turn many to righteousness shall receive an extraordinary reward, surely

——— There is some chosen curse
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man—

that finds an alleviation to his own misery in undoing others, or can look around with a devilish joy at the desolation he has spread. Yet it is to be feared that this enormity is often committed within Collegiate walls, erected for the nursery and culture of all noble and generous sentiments. Yes; we are obliged to believe that here, even in this very place, are simple-hearted, unsuspecting, moral young men, year after year, gradually contaminated by those who are older than themselves, and who, instead of being their guides to virtue, use the influence of superior age to decoy them into sin. Ye unfeeling seducers of youthful innocence! Is it not enough that you feel yourselves the miseries of remorse? Have you so much malignity within you, as to find a solace to your pains in making others as wretched as yourselves? Is it not sufficient to stab the peace and wreck the hopes of your own parents, must you also stab the peace and wreck the hopes of other parents? Ah, if you have any pity or generosity left in your souls, if you would not, like satan, enter paradise, and blast, out of sheer envy, the purity and happiness you cannot partake, leave uncorrupted those who yet walk in their uprightness; who promise to be the joy of their friends, and the hope of their country. If you must have companions of your guilty pleasures, take those who are already corrupted. Let those who take hands, and rush together into the vortex, and find a mad delight in riding round and round in the inebriate whirl of waters, which are just yawning to engulf them, let these, I say, be all equally ruined, equally bereft of conscience, equally lost to hope, with scowling despair written on their foreheads. Methinks it ought to melt with sorrow the heart of a young man, not lost to all sensations of humanity, to lead astray another younger than himself. Should we not suppose that honor and every kindly feeling of the soul would rise up in his bosom in behalf of yet untarnished virtue, and induce him to thrust back from his company, the young proselyte who was ready to yield himself up to his ruinous example? How much more worthy would it be of every generous emotion, for those who have contracted any unhappy propensity, when they see others beginning to go the same way, rather to put them back, and say: "as for ourselves we cannot help indulging in these things, but you who are yet safe, and not fatally bent towards these destructive courses, you we advise to keep yourselves far from them." This is no more than that common charity which we all show to each

other, when we have unfortunately taken a disease. We tell how we contracted it, and caution others against the same imprudence.

There are various evil habits to which your circumstances expose you, some of which I will mention, and leave it to your good sense and to your consciences to apply the same reasoning and expostulations against those which I may not mention, but which you know threaten to ensnare you. With respect to them all I beg you to carry along with you, ever fresh in your memory this admonition, that "habit is a second nature," and that you may as soon expect any animal to act in a manner contrary to its nature, the lion to eat straw like the ox, and the wolf and the lamb to lie down in amity together, as for those to learn to do good who have been long accustomed to evil. Beware, then, how you fall into the habit of what is wrong, and beware of the first act, lest that be the foundation of a habit—lest that give the soul an impulse from which it never, never shall recover. If you are enticed by your own desires or by the arts of others, RESIST, as you would resist an attack upon your life, fly from the temptation—fight against the insidious passion, trample it under your feet and grind it to powder. When you are sailing by the rocks of the Sirens, trust not your ears to the soul-subduing song; but like Ulysses and his crew, stop fast your ears and let yourself be bound to the mast until you have passed the danger. Or to quote you a better example, like the young and virtuous Joseph, snatch yourself forcibly away and flee far from the tempter and the temptation. Listen to the affectionate counsel of Solomon, the wisest of men: "My son attend to my words: incline thine ear unto my sayings: Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. Hear, then, my son, and be wise. Be not among wine bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty. Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Oh, how exactly true have miserable thousands found this to be to their eternal cost.

I mentioned that there were some habits to which your circumstances render you peculiarly obnoxious, and against which, therefore, every one among you ought to case himself in triple armor. Here I cannot do better than copy a passage from Dr. Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, a book which, along with some doctrines of dangerous tendency, contains many valuable rules for the conduct of life. "Man," says this celebrated author, "is a bundle of habits. There are habits not only of drinking, swearing and lying, and of some other things which are commonly acknowledged to be habits, but of every modification of action, speech and thought. There are habits of attention, vigilance, advertency, of a prompt obedience to

the judgment occurring, or of yielding to the first impulse of passion, of extending our views to the future, or of resting upon the present, of indolence and dilatoriness, of vanity, of fretfulness, suspicion, captiousness, of covetousness, of overreaching, intriguing, projecting. In a word, there is not a quality or function either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature. A rule of life of considerable importance is, that many things ought to be done and abstained from solely for the sake of habit. We will explain ourselves by an example: A man has been brought up from infancy with a dread of lying. An occasion presents itself, where at the expense of a little veracity, he may divert his company, set off his own wit with advantage, attract the notice and engage the partiality of all around him. This is not a small temptation. And when he looks at the other side of the question he sees no mischief that can ensue from this liberty, no slander of any man's reputation, no prejudice likely to arise to any man's interest. Were there nothing further to be considered, it would be difficult to show why a man under such circumstances might not indulge his humor. But when he reflects that his scruples about lying have hitherto preserved him free from this vice; that occasions like the present will return, where the inducement will be equally strong but the indulgence much less innocent, that his scruples will wear away by a few transgressions and leave him subject to one of the meanest and most pernicious of all bad habits—a habit of lying whenever it will serve his turn; when all this, I say, is considered, a wise man will forego the present, or a much greater pleasure, rather than lay the foundation of a character so vicious and contemptible."

I quote this passage, not with entire approbation, because I think whenever we are tempted to a deviation from truth, even in trifles, that a regard for the sacredness of truth, an abhorrence for falsehood, a reverence for conscience and a fear of God, ought at once to rebuke away the plausible deceit, independently of the consideration that it will lay the foundation for a bad habit. But the reflections suggested by Dr. Paley, may well come in as powerful auxiliaries, to back the instant and spontaneous refusal of an honest mind. They are reflections too, which might probably operate with considerable force on many who think very lightly of occasional falsehood in trifles. Such persons should weigh well the danger of trifling with a tender conscience—of diminishing that awful veneration for truth which we ought to cultivate—of gradually breaking down the barrier in our moral feelings between right and wrong, and at length of violating truth with as little scruple in the most important matters as at first we did in the smallest. Let these reflections, I beseech you, have the weight they ought to have in checking that levity with which an

excuse is fabricated for neglect of duty. It is fashionable to think and speak of such fabrications as not at all criminal or dishonorable—as quite pardonable. “It is only baffling the Faculty by presenting an excuse which they cannot refuse—they cannot have the face to dispute our word, though we can have the face to make our word unworthy of their confidence—we are not bound to observe faith with the Faculty.” What a shocking doctrine is this, that you should not be obliged to observe faith with any and with every one! Is this the casuistry of Colleges? I hope not. I hope that not many among us have adopted principles so loose. For, depend upon it, my young friends, that the person who can consent to violate truth whenever it suits his convenience to make up an excuse from collegiate duty, cannot have a very delicate sense of moral obligation on the score of truth, and it will not be surprising if he soon lose credit for veracity with his companions. In all communities there will be some who will fall in with every vicious habit that happens to be fashionable, and will carry it just as far as they dare carry it, without forfeiting their character. They have no fixed principles, no firm integrity of purpose, no independent rule of action, no settled habit of doing what is right at once, without waiting to see if public opinion will not countenance an aberration. Such persons are mere moral chameleons;* they take their complexion from surrounding objects. Let them be at Rome, they will be like those at Rome; or if at Botany Bay, their plastic character can easily be moulded into an assimilation with the manners and morals of that famed colony of convicts. Let it be the fashion to swear, to drink, to seduce, to fight duels, to spend their money in gaming and have none to pay honest debts with, to *break*, and live in the same style after their bankruptcy as before, these obsequious apes of *the mode*, without a moment’s hesitation give into follies and vices that chance to prevail and are glad when the laxity of public morals will prevent such practices from rendering them infamous. Now these persons are withheld from the worst actions only by the fear of disgrace. They are not ashamed to commit the acts themselves, but only ashamed of the detection of them. If a person has contracted such principles in a college, wonder not if in subsequent life you find him careless of veracity.†

I might enter upon the same course of reasoning with regard to many other bad habits, such as swearing, idleness, encroachment upon your

* As the chameleon which is known
To have no colors of his own;
But borrows from his neighbor’s hue,
His white or black, his green or blue—*Prior*.

† During the last war, I happened to travel, in one of our public conveyances with a young officer of the army. Having occasion to stop in one of the cities, I accompanied him into a shop where he inquired the price of a sword. He

neighbor's time, making a joke of taking any article of a fellow-student's property, &c. These things are done thoughtlessly, but must injure the delicacy of moral principle; they must gradually impair virtuous sensibility; or, as Mr. Burke beautifully expresses it, "that chastity of honor which dreads a stain like a wound." Let me advise you, whenever wrong practices prevail in college, not slavishly to fall in with them, and say: "Why, nothing is more common among us; nothing is thought of such things." Rather oppose the weight of your influence and example against such practices, and if you should be singular, dare to be singular in a good cause;

Rather stand up assured, with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on your side.

But I pass over all other habits as of minor importance, that I may occupy the remainder of my time in speaking of one more dangerous and fatal than all the rest. You cannot be ignorant that I allude to the appetite for spirituous liquors. That the most powerful arguments and expositions against this propensity, are much needed in every college, is unhappily too well known. It is wonderful that when the whole country is covered with monuments of ruin produced by intemperance—of intellectual and moral worth, once high in dignity, now abject and prostrate—of families once happy and prosperous, now helpless, broken-hearted and struggling for subsistence—it is wonderful that young men, seeing so many of these monitory spectacles before them, will venture to taste the liquid poison which has spread around them this desolation. Yet strange to tell, they will rush upon the peril without even the temptation of appetite. Yes many a youth, it is to be feared, has here* begun to drink when he had a positive dislike to the taste of spirits, merely for the sake of appearing sociable and manly. But soon he pays dearly for his temerity and vain-glory. Soon the insidious passion fastens itself upon him—

declined purchasing then, but told the shop-keeper he would "step in to-morrow and look at them again," when he knew that we were to depart in a few hours! I blushed for him, that a soldier, whose glory it is to scorn whatever is false and disingenuous, should value truth so little. Will you say, this was a trifle? Well, so was the temptation a trifle, and I am not sure that the same man, upon the occurrence of a great temptation with the hope of concealment, would not have lied in the most important matter. Yet if a person had offered to doubt this man's word on any occasion, he would have been ready to run him through the body.

* The writer would not be understood to intimate that the habits of the students whom he addressed were worse, or their temptations greater than those of members of colleges generally. He feels it as due to them to say on the contrary, that a Temperance Society embracing a considerable number of the students belongs to the college, and that he believes parents encounter no greater risk in venturing their sons at this than at any other similar institution. So far as he has had an opportunity of discovering, an appetite for drink is as little indulged in this college as in any other.

he contracts a liking for stimulating drink, which perhaps shows its immediate effects in slackening his exertions in his class, creating an aversion to labor, a distaste for his studies, and a fondness for idle company. No wonder now at the oft-alleged excuse of sickness, for absence from duty. For what else can be expected after such indulgences, but lassitudè, and drowsiness, and nausea? No wonder if, presently, college restraints and requisitions become intolerable, and an application is made to his parent, requesting that he may be permitted to return home, in the midst of his collegiate course. Then may we predict his impending ruin with mournful certainty, and resign him up with despair to the despotism of a habit which overleaps all the barriers that parents and trustees and preceptors could throw in its way! May I not be speaking to some now, who are conscious that this habit has obtained an almost complete ascendancy over them? Do they not feel its despotism over the will? Do they not find themselves totally unable to resist the cravings of appetite, although they know the danger of the habit that is growing upon them? They know it, but alas! it is too late—the pleasure of present gratification is all they care for, and they purposely shut their eyes to the probable issue of these things. But others can see it, if they will not. Yes; we can calculate upon the premature ruin and early death of such a young man with almost as much confidence, as if the deep, hollow cough, the hectic flush and the wasted form marked him out as the victim of consumption; I say with almost as much certainty; because the very same experience that teaches us the laws of the natural world, teaches us the laws of the moral world. The very same observation that makes us know the cough, the hectic flush, the wasted form, the hemorrhage from the lungs to be alarming prognostics of dissolution, enables us also to know that the morning dram, the evening carousal, the secreted bottle, the tainted breath, the flushed or the pale face, the ill-gotten lesson, are alarming presages of a habit of incurable intemperance. And we anticipate the speedy and mournful issue of the one, with as little danger of mistake as the issue of the other.

Will then any one who is sensible of being in the very jeopardy I describe, say, "What must I do to be saved?" I reply, even symptoms of consumption have been removed by an early resort to the proper means. And it is with this very hope of your taking a timely alarm, and adopting the proper means of recovery, that I ring these admonitions in your ears. I would depict with all my powers the terrible danger of an *incipient habit*; that those yet free may keep free; may come not nigh the slippery verge; and I would sound a still louder alarm of the awful issue of *confirmed habit*, to those who are just beginning to feel its force, I would say to them: feel and act as if you were sliding with smooth and

pleasant motion down a mountain's icy breast, that overhung a yawning abyss. You are beginning to descend, but the declivity is yet gradual, the way is smooth, and your motion is not rapid enough to alarm you, but only sufficiently so to animate your spirits, and to excite a glorying of mind at the bravery of your enterprise. Your older and more experienced friends stand on the neighboring heights, and watch with considerable anxiety your thoughtless career. They cry out to you, and tell you of the precipice ahead. Be advised—let not their warning voice be neglected—throw yourself from the flying vehicle that is hurrying you to destruction; grasp at every twig that will arrest your progress, and strain every muscle and sinew to regain the summit from which you so heedlessly set out. But if you refuse; if you laugh at the idle fear of your friends; if you flatter yourself that you can stop long before you reach the precipice, all they can do is to look on with silent agony at the approaching catastrophe. They could tell you if you would hear them, that the declivity is every moment becoming steeper—that the velocity of a falling body is every moment accelerated—that the twigs along your path which once might have arrested you, will now snap in an instant before the violence of your motion, and onward, onward, onward you must go until you reach the verge, then take the awful leap and disappear forever! And if such a fate as I have described were to befall you, in the literal sense of the description, it would be less mournful than that it should befall you in the allegorical sense intended. For then you might die comparatively innocent and respectable. Your friends might not see your mangled corpse, nor feel disgraced by your death. But who can do justice to the feelings of those parents whose son, just ripening into manhood, is dying before their eyes, the loathsome victim of his guilty excesses! How shall they escape from the hideous spectacle? Their own house, the only place they have to lay their head, the birth place of their children, the spot where are clustered all their comforts, the peaceful sanctuary of their old age, becomes the hospital of their reprobate son, worn out with intemperance. He occupies one of the chambers. There, while they lie on their sleepless beds in a neighboring room, (I have witnessed something of what I describe,) they hear his calls for drink, his disgusting belches, his horrid execrations against himself, and ever and anon a groan, bespeaking misery too big for words to tell! And is this the return you make, degraded young men, for all the loving-kindness of your parents? Is this the way you requite the father that dandled your infancy on his knee, and from that time till the present, has been toiling to provide for your happiness? Is this your gratitude to the mother that brought you into the world, that cherished you at her breast, that tended your cradle with throbbing temples and an aching heart, that

watched you all along your playful boyhood with ceaseless tenderness, and that at length let you go from under her eye to a place of education, only from the confidence (a confidence alas too much misplaced) that the principles and the gratitude with which she had imbued you, would forever forbid you to distress her by a vicious life? Surely this, if anything in the world, realizes the fable of the frozen viper; that as soon as it was thawed into life, struck its envenomed fangs into the bosom that warmed it.

But I would not stop at the exhibition of the temporal, the earthly consequences of this worst of habits. Could I do it, I would disturb the slumbers of the dead—I would evoke from their tombs the myriads that have gone down thither before their time, the victims of drunkenness. I would array their ghastly spectres in a long line before you, sire by the side of son, and brother at the right had of brother. I could call upon them to tell you of the first steps that led to their undoing; how they first trifled with their enemy—how they, in thoughtless boyhood, mixed with idle company; made drunkenness a subject of jesting; took a glass among their jovial friends, merely to appear social and manly when the liquor was not pleasant to their taste—how the appetite grew with every indulgence, until it was impossible to deny it—until they themselves became the very beastly spectacles of intemperance they had been accustomed to look upon with loathing and contempt; how they lingered upon earth, becoming more and more the sorrow and shame of their friends, and at last sunk unregretted to the grave. I would extort from them “the secrets of their prison house.” I would make them appear before you surrounded with their atmosphere of tempestuous fire—open before you their tortured breasts and disclose within the never-dying worm gnawing on their hearts—tell you with their burning tongues the horrors of their doom, and peal in your trembling ears, the declaration of the Almighty, that drunkards shall lie down in the “lake that burneth with fire and brimstone for ever and ever.” I should hope that such a vision would make you shun for life, the sight, smell and taste of inebriating liquors. Oh! in the contemplation of the manifold and direful miseries that flow from this bane of the human race, one might be tempted to curse the memory of the man that first invented the art of distillation; of extracting *death* from God’s good creatures, intended to be the nourishers of *life*. One might be tempted to wish that every distiller of spirits, and every vender of spirits, and every drinker of spirits, could have their midnight slumbers haunted by the apparitions of pale widows and orphans in their robes of mourning, and by the horrible skeletons of their poisoned husbands, sons and brothers, until their goaded consciences should drive them with unanimous movement, to seize every vessel containing the liquid poison, and throw it into a funeral pile, to make one general

pious burnt-offering to Heaven, while the art of manufacturing the accursed pest, should forever be blotted from the memory of man. But why wish for terrifying visions of the dead to benefit the living? They will never be granted. Nor are we sure that they would prove the means of reformation. For what says Christ, that divine anatomist of the human heart: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rose from the dead." Bowing with unquestioning credence to the divine decision, and feeling deeply the utter impotency of man to help himself, when sunk in evil habits, let us rather urge the poor slave of sin to look with imploring eye to the Heavens, and let us join our supplications to his that the Almighty's arm may be stretched down to "lift him out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay," and to put into his mouth the song of deliverance.

Before I conclude I must take notice of a doctrine held by many, sometimes even urged from the pulpit, which seems to lie as an objection to the argument we have been endeavoring to enforce. It is said that God can as easily convert a hardened profligate as the most correct moralist; nay, that the former will much more probably be awakened from his security than the latter, because the very enormity of his sins serves as an alarm-bell to shake his sleepy conscience, or as the sting of scorpions to rack him with fierce pains of intolerable remorse; and hence we hear it sometimes incautiously asserted that the man of sober, respectable character is in more danger of final perdition than the abandoned, confirmed libertine. What is the direct tendency of such a belief? Why to establish the dangerous paradox, that the more a man sins the better for himself—it will quicken his conscience, and arm it with mighty energy to drive him from his evil courses; and thus his chance of salvation will be increased, the deeper and deeper he plunges into iniquity. What an awful license such a belief must give to vicious propensities, what an additional impulse it must lend to the already imperious rage of appetite may easily be conceived. And yet nothing is more certain, if we are to believe our text and the facts occurring to our daily observation, that the more a man sins the harder he grows, that every new sin stupifies and indurates the conscience, renders a man's retreat more difficult and improbable, and his final ruin more fatally certain. We may illustrate the two cases thus. Heaping sin after sin upon the conscience, may be compared to heaping green wood upon a few coals. The more you throw on, the more you crush the coals, and the greater danger of putting out the fire altogether. If, however, the feeble heat should not expire under this incumbent weight, but should, by great good fortune, once ignite the wood contiguous to it, then all the oppressive heap serves as so much aliment to feed the flame, and to increase the greatness and heat of the fire.

So a profligate's conscience has the almost certain prospect of being seared in final obduracy. But if by one of those astonishing acts of God's special mercy, which it pleases him sometimes to work for the display of his power and goodness, that profligate's conscience is awakened, it will be apt to operate more powerfully upon him—apt to produce more awful agonies of fear, more convulsive struggles to effect an escape, deeper humiliation, and if he obtains pardon, more ecstatic gratitude, that such an enormous transgressor has been spared and purified and blessed. He has had much forgiven, he will therefore love much. But let every man beware how he tries the dreadful experiment of sinning in order to furnish himself with materials for repentance. Enough of these, the most blameless will find who study the holy law of God, and compare it with the evil that is in their hearts. That delicacy of conscience which is the fruit and the reward of a moral life, will, by the aid of God's Spirit, enable you to have a quicker and livelier feeling of what is evil, and to find as copious a source of godly sorrow and humiliation in the secret sins of your heart, as the gross transgressor finds in the recollection of his scarlet and crimson sins. Never have I heard from the lips, never have I read in the secret diary of any penitent prodigal, such deep, heart-touching confessions, of inward depravity and self-loathing, as appears in the journal of Edwards, and Brainerd, and Martyn, and Payson, men who were preserved comparatively pure and free of vicious habits from their tender years. The profligate *may* escape; but he will have reason to remember all his life-time, that he has escaped as by fire. Like one of Milton's infernal potentates, he bears on his marred visage the signals of his unrighteous battle with Heaven.

——— His face
Deep scars of thunder have intrenched.

He will have cause to bemoan, while he lives, his career of profligacy. He will be "made to possess the iniquities of his youth"* in bodily diseases, a shattered constitution, shame for past dishonor, past injuries to others—injuries alas! irreparable; injuries to those who are dead, and therefore out of the reach of his tardy retribution—injuries to those who are living, but irremediably blasted in fortune and reputation, or unconquerably fortified in vice and infidelity. He will find himself reaping the bitter fruits of early crimes, perhaps in the rebellion or lewd lives of his children, vitiated by his bad example and his cruel neglect—in a soiled and polluted imagination, and the pestilent and contaminating recollection of past abominations. These may make him go mourning all his days. To cleanse this heart, this Augean stable, where foul lusts have held their abode for many years, will furnish him with Herculean labor to the end

* Job xiii 26.

of his life. Oh, what untimely, unwelcome intrusions will the visions of former riot make upon his soul, perhaps in his most hallowed moments, perhaps in the very attitude of devotion! How much work will he have to do in keeping out these vile thoughts? How will they, with impudent freedom, rush unbidden into the breast that once harbored, but would now fain exclude them, and with their harpy touch defile the sanctuary of the soul, and the very offering that is there burning on the altar of God!

*Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fædant
Immundo.*

Oh, then will the reclaimed profligate bemoan himself that he ever laid up within him such materials for shame and sorrow, and will envy those whose youth, unstained by vice, have never entailed upon themselves such an inheritance of guilty recollections. You may say that these things serve to humble him. Yes they do, but they often keep him mourning and prostrate, ashamed to lift up his head or exert his hands, when he ought to be up and doing, rejoicing and praising, and acting for his God.

But supposing the hardened sinner's conscience to awake, is he sure that it will awake to repentance? Is he sure that it will not awake to horror and desperation? Is he sure that it will not, like Cain's, drive him out from the presence of God? That he will not quickly draw down again over his eyes, the vail which had been for a moment drawn up, but disclosed prospects too horrible for contemplation? Is he sure that an insulted, aggrieved and outraged conscience, will not, like the ill-boding owl, scream in his ears the shrill note of despair, of sin beyond the reach of God's mercy, sin inexpressible even by the blood of Christ, until it urges him, like Judas, over the precipice of self-murder.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

AN ESSAY.

FROM A. D. 1428 to 1431.

THE history of France presents us with many chapters of deepest interest—the annals of so changeful and heroic a race must necessarily exhibit every variety of incident and vicissitude of fortune. Characters of every hue are introduced to the reader—the awful perils of war—the gentler triumphs of peace—the wild enthusiasm of superstition and the mad revels of infidelity, follow each other in quick succession, like the shifting clouds of a stormy sky. And as this people has ever been distinguished by their national peculiarities, so their history abounds in characteristic features. Among these has been reckoned the unusual influence exerted by females over their destiny. Their monarchs, more susceptible of the tender passion than their phlegmatic neighbors, have been, with few exceptions, much under the control of women; though the king might rule France, the queen (or some one of more questionable authority) generally ruled the king. At times the skilful use of this “Woman’s Influence” formed the most important part of the statesman and courtier’s art. Leaving my readers to assign, for this, the various causes their different temperaments may suggest, I proceed to connect it with the subject of this article.

Never did youthful monarch enter upon his reign with darker prospects than did Charles VII. of France, when by the death of his father (Oct. 22d, 1422,) he was left heir of a dismembered kingdom, oppressed by powerful foes, deserted by his natural allies, stript of half of his paternal dominions. Henry V. of England had died in the midst of his career of conquest and triumph, but his son found an able champion in his uncle, the gallant Duke of Bedford. Victory after victory placed all Northern France in possession of the foreign enemy, till at last the English forces sat down with confident hearts before Orleans—almost the only obstacle to the country’s complete subjection. With slow but sure success the siege advanced—day by day the toils of the foe were wrapt more closely around the devoted city; cries of distress came fainter and fainter from its brave defenders; the gallant Prince beheld his last hope fast waning, and himself unable to strike a blow in behalf of his despairing subjects! Will no one come to his aid?—is there no arm to save—no hand to succor? Alas! his troops are broken and scattered, his strongholds destroyed—his own brave heart sinking in his bosom! A woman comes to the rescue!The adventures and character of Charles were the themes of con-

versation by every fireside in France; his perils and bravery, his youth and beauty excited the warmest sympathy in all whose hearts could feel and minds appreciate the dangers and difficulties of his situation. Earnest prayers went up from virgin lips for the safety of the Knight so devoted to their sex; the humble peasantry wept over the misfortunes of their heroic monarch, fighting so bravely against the foreign and hated usurpers.

In a lowly village called Dom-remy, in the marches of Lorraine and Burgundy, near the vast forests of Vosges, dwelt a maiden whose bosom burned with enthusiasm for her generous Prince. Born of very humble parents, she—the brightest heroine of her country—lived as a simple servant of the village inn. Reared from her earliest childhood amid the romantic scenery of her loved home, enured to hardship and toil, she possessed both the spirit and strength of an hero. Her religion—though pure and spotless in practice—was imbued with the enthusiastic superstition of her times and class, and interwoven with the wild legends of the mountains. The stern deities of the ancients had indeed been dethroned and driven from their accustomed haunts; but embodying the abstractions of their priesthood, the simple peasantry had formed for themselves a purer and more beautiful mythology. Angels visited them in their slumbers, and sweet voices from heaven warned them of coming danger or directed their future actions. Such was the home, such the early associations of “Joan of Arc.” In it read the solution of her marvellous career.

It is evening in the village of Dom-remy. Its humble inhabitants have left their daily toil, and a goodly number are gathered around the fireside of the village inn, to engage in friendly converse and partake of the good cheer bountifully supplied by their host: among them is one the centre of an eager knot, who listen with breathless silence to the tale he is telling with such rapid utterance and vehement gesture; his face is covered with scars; one arm hangs powerless by his side; exposure and suffering have dimmed the fire of his eye and bowed his stalwart frame. But cripple as he is, his countenance is radiant with passion, his voice tremulous with feeling, his form erect and soldier-like, as he sketches the echeckered fortunes of his soldier Prince. His audience are held spell-bound by his thrilling narrative: at times tears stream down their hardened cheeks, as he tells of sorrows undergone—of dangers thickening over their monarch—of sickness, death and peril. Again their hands clutch convulsively as if longing to grasp the sword and rush to the rescue, as he speaks of daring exploits and bold adventure. The women stand close together, tremble and weep. There—close by the door-way—is the Maid of the Inn, her eyes burning with eager enthusiasm, her bosom heaving with struggling emotions, bold imaginations filling her heart. The company has dispersed; the returned soldier wearied with fighting

his battles over again, has sought his couch, little dreaming of the fruit to spring from his words; of the germ budding in that gentle breast. Let us follow the maiden to her chamber and there trace the progress of her mind. Her woman's heart dwells long and sadly over the calamities of her native land; her glowing imagination pictures the youthful monarch as some hero of romance; clothes him with all the mystery and virtues of fairy land. Grief, exultation, devotion—mingled—occupy her mind. Suddenly her countenance is beaming with hope; she remembers the prophecy: "The kingdom lost by a woman, by a woman shall be restored;" lost by the faithless wife, restored by the spotless virgin! May not she be the savior of her beloved France—the restorer of her sovereign! Blessed thought—would that some angel-voice would speak to her from on high, and encourage her great resolve! She falls upon her knees, implores the Holy Virgin and her patron saints to hear her prayer, to save her native land! She sleeps at last but *rest* does not come to her excited spirit; she *dreams*—sweet voices whisper in her ear—heavenly messengers address the humble enthusiast: "Go forth, *you* are the promised virgin; you shall be the savior of your country, your prayer is answered." She awakes pondering over the visions of the night. But what can she do, weak woman as she is? Can her frail arm turn back the invader's legions? can her feeble mind thwart the plans of the brave and crafty foe? Perplexity and distress weigh down her spirits; various plans suggest themselves; again she sleeps—the one which was most pleasing to her fancy, and, perhaps, last occupied her attention, is reproduced—her oracles are again heard—the divine commission is unfolded! This continues for several years, till her highly wrought and sensitive nature is imbued with this one idea. Trained from earliest infancy in the legends of the age and country, she fed her imagination by readily yielding to the belief in her divine inspiration; in her slumbers heavenly visitors summon her to her work; every breeze seems to whisper "Joan, you are the destined savior;" the very bells of the neighborhood monastery chime in unison. At last she hears of the siege of Orleans and the dire distress of her hero Charles; at all hazards she determines to act. Among the villagers was an uncle in whom for some unknown cause she resolved to confide; perhaps her woman's tact had read his character, and she knew that in him she would find a ready believer of her mysterious story. At first he refused her request and derided her plans; but after hearing of her miraculous intercourse with Heaven and catching the contagion of her glowing enthusiasm, his superstitious heart could resist no longer and he promised his assistance in her undertaking. She announced her determination to her family, then her trials began. The indignant father swore that he would rather slay her with his own hand than see her

designs accomplished. The more politic mother—true to her woman's nature—strove by the seductions of love to win her from her purpose. They, too, finally yielded to her obstinacy or—what is more probable—were converted to her belief. Early in the year 1429 she left the home of her childhood and began her wonderful career.

Some royal troops were stationed at Vancouleurs, a city ten miles distant from her native village, under the command of Sir Robert de Baudricourt. To him she first applied, but the hardy veteran smiled in contempt at the wild vagaries of the enthusiastic girl, and even advised the uncle to drive from her these vain imaginations by the wholesome discipline of the lash! Impressed, however, by her importunity and still more by the strangeness of the whole affair, he determined to lay the subject before the king then at Chinon and await his decision. Charles caught with eagerness this faint gleam of hope—the star of his destiny—rising 'mid cloud and tempest, growing fainter and fainter as the darkness and storm of revolution gathered around it—received a new radiance from this heaven-sent messenger. Her advent made an opening for a moment in the gloomy sky, and a bright beam of joy and triumph shone through, following her pathway, destined to become brighter and more glorious, till peace and happiness once more sprang up beneath its genial ray—till the land so long shrouded in thick darkness again rejoiced in the glorious light of freedom from the foreign foe!

Charles determined to try this last resort to re-inspire his disheartened subjects, strike terror to the enemy, and regain the throne of his ancestors. He ordered Sir Robert to send the Maid immediately to his court under a proper escort. She had already won the hearts of the credulous inhabitants of Vancouleurs; her romantic, mysterious, yet consistent narrative; her modest demeanor and earnest yet calm enthusiasm convinced them of her divine mission. All classes and ages and sexes thronged around her, eager to do her service and evince their fervent sympathy. With generous zeal they equipped her for the journey. Clad in man's armor, mounted on a noble black charger, the gift of her newly made friends, she went forth from Vancouleurs. Crowds of citizens accompanied her to the gates; blessings and prayers, without number, followed her, warding off, as watchful guardians, the dangers of the way. 'Twas the middle of February; her road lay for full three hundred miles across a country, devastated by all the horrors of a long-continued civil war and swarming with rude bands of hostile soldiers; over bridgeless rivers; through pathless forests; in the cold and blustering month of February. And she a girl—alone, unprotected, no adviser but her own bold spirit; no comfort but in the contemplation of her noble resolution; yet her heart sank not within her—her trust was still unwavering—her courage unsub-

duced, supported, as she was, by the strength of a holy purpose and all-pervading zeal. Does she not recall a heroine in our own history, who for a lover's sake braved the horrors of the wilderness, and the scalping-knife of the savage? 'Twill be many a year before the name and fate of the fair Pennsylvanian are forgotten by the people of America.

But unexpected perils gathered over her pathway—her very guides are wavering and meditate treachery to their fair young charge! In simple confidence she journeyed from village to village, stopping at each to celebrate the Mass and pray for the success of her mission. Her pure innocence rebuked the unhallowed designs of her companions, as their rough natures yielded to the magic influence of her mysterious character. The court of Charles was by no means unanimous in advocating this last ruse of their monarch; one of its factions finding their interests would probably suffer, and being unable to change his resolution—forgetful of all but selfish motives—determined with the unscrupulous treachery of the times to avoid the danger by murdering its guiltless cause. An ambuscade was prepared to execute their fell designs on her approach to Chinon. Luckily she escaped, perhaps through the fidelity of those very ruffians so lately themselves plotting her death. In the meantime, events were passing which brightened a little the prospects of the Prince. Dissensions in the English Government caused the failure of the usual supplies; the wise and gallant Bedford found his situation daily growing more alarming. Neglected by his confederates at home, without the means of paying his numerous mercenaries, or satisfying his rapacious allies, at variance with the Duke of Burgundy, he saw nearly all his troops disbanded or flocking to the enemies' camp. Charles' forces were now in number at least, even superior to his opponents; but they were of the most motley and licentious character. He knew 'twould entail almost certain failure to attempt any great enterprise with an army composed of such hostile elements, without one principle in common, whose generals quarreled among themselves, and paid but little respect to the authority of their king. Profligacy and vice were their constant occupation, insubordination and revolt the invariable result of attempted control. He resolved with most remarkable wisdom and forethought to rule them through an untried, yet most potent influence, to attack them where they were most vulnerable, to bring this chaotic horde under the dominion of religious enthusiasm and fanatical superstition. For strange as it may seem, this army of robbers and freebooters, this band of libertines with their crowds of mistresses accompanying, was most deeply imbued with the corrupt and erroneous *Christianity* of the age—they never sacked a Church without asking God's blessing, or committed a crime without seeking absolution.

At last the long wished-for day arrived. All obstacles were removed; now she must stand in royal presence; the first great step is to be taken. Three hundred knights are assembled in the splendid hall—the beauty and grace of their party adorn the scene—brilliant illumination throws a dazzling glare over the courtly throng; the king is purposely disguised and stands undistinguished among the multitude. The Maid of the Inn—the peasant of the mountains—the *dreaded sorceress*—a girl of some twenty years, enters clad in her strange attire. Her sweet, open face is tanned by the winds of Heaven, her garments yet bear the marks of her toilsome journey. A murmur of applause is heard as with modest and unaffected dignity, her hands meekly folded over her bosom, her head slightly bowed in reverence, she threads unabashed the crowded room, approaches the *unknown* monarch, and falling at his feet, salutes him as “her rightful king, the heir of France.” In strains of simple and earnest eloquence she tells how God and holy angels had visited her in her mountain home—how she had come commissioned from on high, to save her Prince and rescue her native land from its insulting foes; she describes her perilous journey; the dangers by the way; how the Holy Virgin had been her friend and cheered her fainting spirit; finally she demands troops with which to succor the ill-fated city of Orleans, A wise and crafty ruler art thou, Charles of France! A deep silence follows; the Maiden awaits an answer. The king thanks her for her love and patriotism, but he must examine her divine credentials, and satisfy himself of their authenticity. In the meantime the whole city was filled with enthusiasm; the piety and devoted patriotism of the Maiden had won all hearts. The soldiers clamored loudly for her to be placed at their head; accounts of her miraculous powers were rife; a rude soldier dared to insult her; she pronounced his doom; the same day he died. Committees of divines and others from the celebrated University of Poitiers, investigated the affair; courtly dames examined her person. The unanimous decision was: “The Maiden is of God.” The excitement increased; all opposition gave way before it; her requests are granted. Clad in white armor, mounted on her noble charger, the gift of her friends at Vancouleurs, holding aloft her mysterious banner, she marched forth at the head of her forces on her way to the rescue of Orleans; *with her went the bravest and most skilful of the French commanders*. One spirit moved the whole mass; all were changed; the reformation was entire; the object of the king was gained. The Maiden was implicitly obeyed by the rough soldiery; the riotous multitude became a disciplined army; she commanded them to dismiss their courtezans; immediately it was done. Profanity and robbery ceased within the camp; order and sobriety reigned. Their march was along the bank of the winding Loire. The mild sun of spring

smiled on their journey; the bright star of hope guided their steps; the genial influences of religion gave fervor to their hearts. On a Sabbath morn the army halted; an altar was raised by the rushing river whose waves whispered in unison with their softened and awe-stricken souls; the host worshipped "The God of Battles," and with their woman-leader received the mysteries of their faith! So much was she carried away by enthusiasm, that she longed to unite the hostile nations and lead them on a pilgrimage to the Holy City. Rumors of the approach of this strange company filled with awe and terror the brave besiegers, and gave new joy and hope to the despairing citizens. She entered the city on the fourth of May, 1429; in vain did the gallant Suffolk, and his comrades in arms, endeavor to rally their followers from this sudden panic. They were beaten from their entrenchments; their works were destroyed; their labors brought to naught. The 8th of May saw them in full retreat; Orleans delivered; Joan triumphant. Devoutly they thanked God for His great mercy; they almost worshipped their young heroine and her halloved banner. But her work was just begun, Jargeau—into which Suffolk had thrown himself—was taken by storm; Beaugency was seized, the battle of Patage fought and won over the best of the English generals (June 28th.) Troyes, strongly garrisoned, deemed almost impregnable by its assailants—a place of greatest importance—could resist only three days (July 9th.) Such were the rapid victories of the French under the "Maid of Orleans," which in this short time so entirely changed the face of affairs and struck the death-blow to foreign supremacy in her beloved land. In all *she* was present, in all her magic influence gave courage and resistless zeal to her followers; in all her ardent valor set a noble example to the bravest knight. And when the conflict was over and the carnage was ended, like an angel of mercy, she went among the wounded and dying, alleviating their pains, supplying their wants, followed by the prayers and blessings of those whom her gentle hands relieved; whose last moments her kind voice soothed! What a picture is this, as accompanied by her faithful priest, she passes through the bleeding masses and treads the blood-stained fields. Verily, *then indeed*, she *was* sent of God.

Charles, attended by his army, the Court and the Maid, pressed on rapidly to Rheims, which he entered the 15th of July; nine days before the entry of Henry VI. into Paris. On Sunday, the 17th, the ceremony of his coronation was publicly performed by the Archbishop of the city in the church of St. Remy, with a pomp and splendor suited to the occasion. Most conspicuous among the joyous multitude was the heroine of the campaign, the savior of her monarch. Her holy standard floated proudly in its place of honor beside the throne, borne aloft by her slender form. With tears of gratitude she fell upon her knees before the

king; her prayers were answered; her labors were nigh over; Orleans was saved; Charles was crowned! Here at Rheims she had her first meeting with her parents since their parting so sadly some months before. How changed her condition! The simple peasant girl had become the hope of a nation; the humble servant of the Village Inn was the companion of kings and princes; as noble as themselves. The pageantry of a Court surrounded her. Yet to them she was still the fond and dutiful child, the tender and affectionate daughter; to them she was still the "Joan" of her childhood.

After this their march through the country was like a triumphant progress; cities threw open their gates to receive their newly crowned monarch, multitudes flocked to see him, everywhere resistance faded away at his approach. As soon, however, as fresh troops arrived from England, Bedford marched forth from Paris to watch the movements of the French and await a favorable moment for attacking them. Several skirmishes ensued, but Charles directed his efforts (contrary to the advice of the Maid) against Paris itself, trusting thus to annihilate at once the enemy's power (August, 1429.) Never was a more ill-advised and unfortunate step taken. His forces, after a most gallant assault in which the heroine displayed even more than her usual valor, were driven back in disorder, the Maid herself was wounded, her prestige lost; a gloomy foreboding of her coming sorrows pressed heavily upon her spirits. Still with heroic courage she continued the contest. Again she was victorious—*Pierre-le-Monstiers* was taken. The Duke of Burgundy, ally of the English, was then (September) besieging Compiègne, a post of great importance. The Maid threw herself into it to encourage the distressed garrison. With desperate bravery she lead sortie after sortie against the besiegers. She seems to have sought death knowing that her race was well nigh run. Would to God she had fallen upon the battlefield! One day, loathe to retreat, she lingered in the rear protecting her troops from the impetuous onslaughts of the enemy, the gates of the City were suddenly closed, she was alone in the power of her foes! She was immediately surrounded and though fighting desperately, taken captive.

A prisoner at the mercy of Philip of Burgundy, her fate was already sealed. A year passed in hopeless confinement in various donjons, and we then find her given up to her implacable foes, the furious English.

Her brave heart yet sustains her amid the desertion of faithless friends, the insults of her base captors, the accumulated horrors of sickness and imprisonment. Out upon the treacherous monster, though a diadem does deck his brow and his nerveless hand hold the sceptre, who could use this fair and noble being as the tool of his ambition, and at last basely leave her at the mercy of their common enemy! Shame upon that

boasted age of chivalry which could shed crocodile tears over imagined honor and make asinine speeches on a woman's garter, and thus cruelly condemn the purest and noblest of her sex! But I anticipate. No sooner was she in the fell clutches of the English than they removed her to Rouen, a city of Seine Interieur, there to undergo a bitter mockery of a trial. On the 9th of January 1431 it began. A motley company of priests, nobles, lawyers, &c., constituted the court, with the infamous Lanchon—Bishop of Beauvais—at their head. And under what pretext do you suppose these courtly nobles, these chivalric lords, these pious divines, cloaked their malice against her whose only crime was the salvation of her country? Did they accuse her of broken faith, of blood unjustly spilt? *Heresy* was the share on which they resolved to rest her temporal and eternal doom! Miserable subterfuge; as if that could dim the patriot's glory—snatch away the martyr's crown! The 21st of February saw her confronting her judges; her trial continued till the 27th of May. For three months she underwent the most rigid examination, lead by her subtle persecutors into the mysteries and refinements of their corrupt theology, without an adviser; cut off entirely from intercourse with her sex; placed in the custody of brutal and lustful soldiers, with no defence from their base passions, save the wonderful influence of her character and the strength of her woman's arm. Yet with calm composure and bewildering simplicity, she answered their artful questions, and baffled their cowardly attacks. Weeks passed—nothing had been proved—no advantage gained. But once did she give way for a moment; 'twas "Passion-week" in the city of Rouen; the sweet-toned bells rang solemnly, calling its inhabitants to their devotions. At the close barred-window of the castle, stood the lone captive; her form wasted with disease, her young brow furrowed with care, her burning eyes sunk deep in their sockets, her long and uncombed locks falling in tangled masses over her bowed shoulders. Resting her thin cheek upon her emaciated hand, she looked forth upon the busy scene without. The streets were thronged with people on the way to their several temples; the beautiful spring had clad the surrounding plains with its most charming garb; the majestic Seine wound its way amid the fields and hamlets, bearing its tribute to the mighty heart of France; the pleasant morning breeze brought in its bosom the sweet songs of birds, the merry laugh of childhood, the solemn hymn of praise, and all the varied notes of Nature's music. All spoke of liberty, of peace, of devotion. She alone, at this holy season, was shut out from the sanctuary; she alone had no responsive chord to answer back the melody without! Her heart wandered back to the happy home of her childhood, in the marshes of Lorraine; she thought of her ungrateful monarch; of her aged parents; she longed

to hear again the voices of her angel visitors. What would be her fate! Deserted by *all*; no stay left to support her! The Maiden wept bitter tears of grief and sad despair. They say 'tis terrible to see a strong man weep; to see the drops of untold anguish fall from a bold and dauntless eye; but this strange being, with all of woman's tenderness and charity, but the stern will and unbending resolution of an hero; what agonies must they be which bring that half uttered cry from her lips. But her firmness soon returned; again she bade defiance to her persecutors and put her trust in God. Much stress was laid upon her wearing male garments. 'Twas promised, if she would resume the costume of her sex, she would be transferred to ecclesiastical authority. At last she complied; but this was only another crafty artifice to hasten her destruction. Her former clothes were placed near her; the others were concealed. Spies watched as when left alone, she put on, with manifest delight, the dress in which had been passed the bright days of her glorious career. 'Twas immediately proclaimed that she had relapsed into her heresies; her doom was sealed; her fate pronounced! She was to be burnt alive to expiate her *crimes*. With fiendish rapture the intelligence was hailed by the Cardinal Winchester and the English troops. Tuesday, the 28th of May, saw the completion of the bloody tragedy. As the fatal hour drew near, she seemed to acquire new strength; no weakness and wavering now; she nerved herself for martyrdom! Surrounded by her hateful enemies, she was led forth to meet her awful doom. Three scaffolds had been erected in the market place; on one was the Cardinal's chair, on another sat her judges; high above the third, towered the dreadful stake, surrounded by the funeral pyre. Sermons were preached before the assembled multitude, base hypocrites took God's name in vain, and raised their pious voices to heaven in prayer and praise. The agonies of a cruel death were before her; her body worn out by long imprisonment and wasted by disease, could endure the scene no longer; her woman's heart for a moment found utterance; a shriek of anguish came from her lips, as the fatal flames were lighted, like the last piercing cry of a drowning man. Taking leave of the few friends who yet were left her, she saw the eager tyrants panting for the commencement of her pangs. "Rouen, Rouen, must I indeed die in thee." The flames mount upward; the Maiden is enveloped; they play around her head a halo of glory. Tender to the last, she spent her latest breath lamenting the misfortunes which would visit the scene of her suffering; faithful to the last to her ingrate king and country. Did her angel messengers soothe that awful death? No earthquake swallowed up the ruffian band of murderers; their brutal hearts were softened; they wept over the victim of their hate.

I have thus feebly endeavored to throw some of the charms of imagi-

nation around the true history of a most interesting and remarkable character; every reader, familiar with the annals of France, will see the fidelity at least of the picture. I have not adopted the cold cynicism of English authors, nor perhaps equaled the extravagance of the French. But let every one who would see how others view the character I have faintly drawn, turn to that beautiful production of the German poet, and the pages of Michelet. If I have clothed with any new interest one of the brightest heroines of the past, my object has been attained. Surely *here*, where patriotism is most prized, Joan of Arc will not be forgotten.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

I hope when you read what I'm writing,
You'll forget my lines are but few,
For though here my wishes inditing,
I confess my thoughts are with you.

When charms such as yours we discover,
From our pen disgusted we turn,
When the friend's so nearly the lover,
'Tis his heart not verses that burn.

Though houris to win me were vying,
And sweet stars of that paradise,
I could turn from them without sighing,
To bask in the light of thine eyes.

But vain 'tis for me to endeavor
To tell you how charming you are,
For I know a mirror has never,
Blushed back a vision so fair.

May life like a clear shining river,
Smooth its *roughest* waves at your feet,
May your bark sail onward forever,
To where none but bright waters meet.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

By Moi-même.

NO. I.

PERHAPS it has never occurred to the majority of mankind, to notice the smaller creations of the Universe; to examine the minute details of Nature's handicraft; to note the fragile beauties and chaste elegance of their formation, to equal which, the genius of man has long applied itself in vain. Look we among the grandly sculptured arches of Rome, and the delicate tracings of Grecian porticoes; or, upon the glowing beauties of the yielding canvass, depicted by some master Florentinian hand; we perceive that something is wanting, to make them seem real, living—and *that* something can be added only by Him, who clothes the earth in its rich garments; causes the little plants to spring from their dewy couches; unfolds their lovely petals, with a tender mother's touch; and holds the destinies of man, proud *man*, in the hollow of his hand. I will take from Nature's great storehouse, of useful and entertaining knowledge, a short chapter on "Flowers." Not that I intend to enquire into their formation, or seek to discover the complex laws which govern their growth and decay—but simply to Botanize superficially. There are more languages, perhaps than nations, at least bodies politic recognized as such. On this vast globe of ours—where, in fact, all things, except the good, seem to generate on the telegraphic principle, as fast as a new idea pops its young head into the cerebral windows of our capites, another overgrown shoot from the same branch, tumbles number one, from the roofs of our mouths; or, indicting him of unlawful possession of premises, casts him from the loftiest pinnacle of Digitus, to wander forth into the bleak and barren world of Literature, where not one out of ten earns enough to keep body and soul together. But 'tis not necessary, always, to have tongues to communicate our thoughts; undoubtedly most men are well pleased that their fellow-creatures have lingual appendages, except some poor devil with a scolding wife.—There is a certain mysterious language, taught by sweet Mistress Flora to her devotees, since time immemorial, not requiring a tongue to speak, by means of which, the bashful swain flatters the 'core of his heart' and 'apple of his eye'; or, tenders his hand to the—in the words of Don Quijote—*Señora de sus pensamientos*. A language which tells of binding Friendship, maddening Love, fierce War and gloomy Death. Yes! every flower has a sentiment to impart, and ye need but listen to their tongueless mouths to be wise. But, mayhap, there are those of you

who do not understand the words of the dumb; to such I tender a few remarks, on several natives of the Floral Kingdom. The flower most generally known, and familiar to every youth, maid, man or woman; I will notice, in the first place, the Rose. There being many varieties of roses, each of which tells a different tale, I will take from the whole number, but three. The Red rose, speaks of glowing, living beauty; beauty unchanged by the crow-feet of time; unmarked by sorrow's footsteps. Like unto some blushing lass, just doffing short frocks, and stepping into her teens, intent only upon throwing the darts of her jewelled eyes into the impressible hearts of, some *wrongly* say, moon-struck fools, for how many wise men would there be, were all in love without brains. Who would not be classed under the head of the above category—having the form of a handsome woman before him? Not *you*, nor *I*, my friend! The white rose, gently whispers of delicate, fragile loveliness. In my estimation she ought to precede the 'red rose;' but I must yield to popular opinion, to which in our Democratic country, everything seems to be subservient, and no one can express an opinion of his own—except a Black Republican, and he dares not show his smutty phiz in the South, during this age of 'Tar and Feathers;' for fear of gloriously, in the song of Old Zip, "sittin' on a rail." But I will steer in another direction, otherwise I might be afoul the snag of politics. The withered rose mournfully sighs of blighted hopes—beauty faded—youth changed to premature old age, by sickness or grief. The blighted rose, and also that well known air—"The last Rose of Summer;" always direct my thoughts into a speculative channel, my mind strays into the forbidden paths of the future life beyond the grave; and lifting my eyes upward, I gaze on the deep blue vault of Heaven, gemmed with the countless myriad of the stellar host, and wonder where the Great Jehovah dwells; and which particular star is destined to be the home of my soul, when it shall have left this mortal coil. It is a favorite theory of mine, to imagine myself already *there*, surrounded by loved ones, wandering through beautiful groves, rare birds perched on every bough warbling forth their dulcet notes, making rich harmony to the praise of their Creator; with pearly streams flowing gently through delightful valleys, their banks o'erhung with the gorgeous drapery of Nature's dower—lovely flowers and rustling foliage; while the whole bespeaks peace, and freedom from the ruthless hand of Time, who causes so many and dreary changes on Earth; bringing the babe to manhood—frosting with silver, the dark locks of youth—chilling the body and wearying the heart of the strong man. Nor is there heard the wail of sorrow, nor the agonizing cry of the mother weeping over her children, snatched from her longing arms, to satiate the greedy man of Death—for the portals are closed against *his* fiery darts, as

against the scythe of Time. The Hollyhock has one of the most fitly applied emblems of all plants—Ambition. Its blossoms, from their peculiar arrangement, seem even to strive with each other for the highest portion of their mother stem, and those nearest the top are the first shattered by the storm. Just so with man, he climbs the ladder of fame, nor stops till death checks him, or he reaches the goal of his ambition. Then he stands alone on the bleak mountain top—the cold winds of malice whistle around him, for slander aims her barbed shafts at the highest; chilled through, he often wishes himself back to the starting point, where friendship and love ever smiled on him. But, alas! no such happiness—he has sown, so let him reap! He might well say:

“In vain I search creation o’er,
My spirit finds no rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make me blest.”

Don’t think from the above that I would have you sit in a corner and play *dummy*. So far from it I would advise him so disposed to act to commit to memory these two lines—

“If had be your prospects don’t sit still and cry,
But jump up and say to yourself—‘I WILL TRY.’”

Let there be bounds, however, to your ambition; for else, like Phæton’s unmanageable steeds, it will rush away with you, destroying your whole moral sentiment. And above all things, let your ambition be of the *true* kind. I can say nothing more to the purpose concerning ‘Daisies,’ than is expressed in the following lines, gems of poetical purity within themselves:

“I’d choose to be a daisy
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly
At twilight’s golden hour;
And waking in the morning,
When falls the early dew,
To welcome Heaven’s bright sunshine,
And Heaven’s bright tear-drops too.

“I love the gentle lily,
It looks so meek and fair,
But daisies I love better,
For they grow everywhere.
The lilies bloom so sadly,
In sunshine or in shower,
But daisies still look upward,
However dark the hour.”

Knowing there is a limit to the most good-humored man’s patience; and not wishing to make too great a test of your forbearance, I will close this rather lengthy dissertation with a few remarks on the Violet. A more

fitting representation of modesty could scarcely be found than this little blue-eyed darling, nestling its tiny head 'neath the sheltering verdure of its grassy bed, seeming to say—"pray, dear sir, pass me by." I would recommend this flower to the youthful generation of the present age—especially to the young ladies, who, if they desire to excel, not in the *worldly* sense of the word, should take the violet as their motto. Let them cultivate Virtue and Modesty, the other graces will follow in their train. "For what is more lovely than a modest, virtuous woman!"

I conclude these observations, my friends, with the earnest wish that you may write down what I have said in the note-books of your memories; study and learn more; let no evil flowers take root in your hearts, or if they have already found entrance into your bosoms, pluck them out; for they will grow rankly to the detriment of fair Virtue's blossoms.

In the language of a well-known author: "It matters not what kind of vegetation you are; you will all soon be cut down by the scythe of Time. You don't flourish long before you are lopped off. It has been truly said that you spring up like hopper-grass, grow like pepper-grass, and are cut down like sparrow-grass." Therefore be prepared; remember—" *Mors omnia vincet.*"

SENIOR TOAST.

Fill high, my friends, your sparkling glasses!
 Your hearts and faces too 'twill flush,
 But ah! more dear than smiling lasses,
 The ruby wine to-night will blush.

They say that in its depths deceiving,
 There lurks a deadly snare:
 But Fancy's brighter web when weaving,
 Will hide the snake that's there.

Four years our thoughts have been entwining
 The chords this night must part,
 And tears that in each eye are shining,
 Show they are near our heart.

But in this parting wine commingling,
 Drink down each tear and sigh,
 And while its joy our veins is tingling,
 With smiles let's say "Good-bye."

THE TIDE OF GREATNESS.

BY EDGAR.

As the silver stars that stud the blue diadem of night are gathered into sparkling constellations, so the names of the great are grouped together on the historian's page.

If then, as the Chaldean astronomer of old threaded the intricate pathway of the Assyrian heaven, we turn our eyes to those names which shine in the sky of immortality, we see none whose beams are not reflected by another's lustre. The renown of a Cæsar and a Pompey was eclipsed by the philosophy of a Cato and the eloquence of a Cicero. When the resplendent sun of the Roman empire had left the Italian hills to set in the purple waves of the Bosphorus; the heroism of an Heraclius was balanced by the magnificence of a Chosroes and both extinguished by the youthful vigor of Arabia's fanatic prophet. In the olden régime of sunny France a Louis, a Richelieu and a Mazarin were conspicuous for great and perverted genius, whose every effort was exerted only to fasten the yoke of despotism on the neck of a loyal people. And when their success bore its legitimate fruits, when royalty was synonymous with extravagance, profligacy and oppression, when patience was no longer a virtue, when the concentrated wrongs of bygone ages burst forth in one tremendous flood, when the young child of Liberty expired in the bloody throes of its delivery and left the nation that gave it birth mad with delirium—then her frantic madness strained the sinews of the world, rocked the foundation of society and paved the way for greatness. The very workings of the popular soul, the very agencies that gave birth to this tremendous revulsion seemed themselves to have prepared the heroes who adorned and dispelled its darkness. In France there flourished many remarkable beings, but the great Napoleon whose name will live and whose influence be felt forever is peculiarly entitled to be called the "Child of the Revolution." In England, from which the foaming waters could scarce drive the contagious disease, a master spirit seemed born for every department of life. The actors upon the political, poetical and theatrical stage, often taken as models have been seldom equaled and never surpassed. In Parliament Pitt held the reins of government and with his massive intellect waged a successful combat with Fox famed for his trenchant sarcasm and polished education, and Sheridan noted for lively fancy, generous heart and sparkling wit. The eyes of the world were turned upon that celebrated contest where the utmost efforts of genius and wit struggled for the mastery, now in thunder pealing eloquence and now in polished declamation and where each generous statesman felt—

"That stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

The mantle of the eloquent Burke had fallen upon fit shoulders, for the earnest Grattan, the heart-stirring Shiel and the noble Curran all advanced the interest of the Emerald Isle, and obtained an honorable union for their struggling countrymen. Animated by such souls as these England braved with security the howling storm of revolution and on the bloody field of Waterloo extinguished that ambition which else had securely seated itself upon the neck of a prostrate world. But whilst the hills of continental Europe shook to their foundations with the roar of the cannon whose balls were ploughing its bosom, and its rivers were dyed with the blood of its bravest sons, the gentle muses forsook that stormy scene for the peaceful shores of Albion. There, joyous from past danger, they struck sweeter tunes than e'er before; there with their attendant graces they danced upon the green sward of the Emerald Isle, bathed their snowy feet in the silver tide of Teviot and wandered with awe through the venerable aisles of Newstead. No age has produced a poet like Byron. Though many had flourished before him his mind was strong enough to soar in lofty originality, melt into melancholy tenderness and revel in wanton passion.

"O'er the harp from earliest years beloved
He threw his fingers hurriedly, and tones
Of melancholy beauty died away
Upon its strings of sweetness."

His contemporaries were Southey, Lamb, Coleridge, Rogers, Kirke White and others.

Ireland was represented in this brilliant throng by her own devoted Moore, who satiates with the rich profusion of his style. The land of the Gael, the birth-place of Burns, added Sir Walter Scott, James Montgomery and Thomas Campbell. Then also the British stage rose to that noble importance which has ever since been attached to true theatrical representation. In our own country a Clay, a Calhoun and a Webster were at once the safeguards and ornaments of our free institutions. Is there the same amount of talent in the world at all periods, did the Deity strike off so much of the divine essence and no more for man? Does the great ocean of thought hide from the vulgar gaze the rich gems that lie in its coral bed until national disasters and world-wide convulsions bring them welling to the troubled surface, never, never to sink again? If so this extraordinary gregariousness of great men would seem conclusively to prove that the times "make the man," that is, develop his latent resources and present the opportunity for fame.

In the crowded port of the busy city or on the blue waves of a placid sea, who marks the eagle eye, the brawny muscle and elastic step of the hardy

mariner? In the world as on that vessel it is not until the winds of adversity rock the good ship of State and make every timber crack, that we admire the brave hearts and strong arms that hasten to the rescue.

But as when the storm has spent its fury the ocean subsides, so when the public mind is at rest, public greatness dies away. The childish struggles of our young nation have exhibited more than our share of greatness, and we will have no more giants until society is again in commotion. But let us hope that it may not arise from the shattered bonds of a bleeding Union or the dying agonies of a short-lived independence; but rather from the startling burst of discovery and the sudden desertion of error. Let civilization furnish springs to our growing greatness and the Eastern shores of the Atlantic will be the last to exclaim, "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

RURAL SCENERY.

IN the long list of the places to which we might apply the epithet, "beautiful," we know of none more so, and none that we can better delineate, than a spot situated within the bounds of our own homestead—one not only beautiful on account of its natural scenery, but also endeared to the heart by the early and tender recollections that cluster around it.

Perhaps we may have seen other places as beautiful, intrinsically, but, having no pleasing associations connected with them and affording no sweet solace to memory, as, with extended pinions, it soars back to the events of other days, they are not so agreeable to the writer and they do not thrill the soul with that inexpressible joy which one experiences in describing an old and familiar spot. As the Greenlander spurns the idea that civilized life is better than his own and thinks the frozen regions of the North preferable to those of a Southern clime; so we are accustomed to think the scenery of our native homes inferior to none, to seek no happier region than one that is warmed by a Southern sun and fanned by Southern breezes, wafted from the balmy isles of the tropics.

We know full well that a feeling of State or of national pride would prompt this sentiment, and that we might seem to some recreant to the shades of our fathers, were we to entertain any other; but really the place which we have in our mind's eye is beautiful in itself and we shall proceed to point out some of its attractions.

It is situated on the bank of a small river whose waters "ever murmur gentle cadence in echo to the associations of the past," and whose roar is sweet lullaby to the love-sick soul or despondent heart. From the north side of the stream the land is gradually elevated and is covered with a grove of lofty oak and hickory. The river abounds in fish of the choicest kinds, and half a century ago the shad was common in its waters. On the south bank there is a lofty precipice, covered with the laurel and the muscadine, and constituting the mystic abode of rattlesnakes and ghosts.

Here, in the aforesaid grove, a band of Indians once had their campground and many relics of the life they led and of their customs are still visible. Here, too, in the days of our Revolution a company of Tories concealed themselves, and in a fallen oak that has been thrown across a little hollow to prevent the washing away of the soil, the pegs may yet be seen on which they hung their arms. The writer wishes it distinctly understood that he was not in the neighborhood at the time, nor any body of his name big enough to fight, or drive these Tories from the enjoyment of so beautiful a place. From this secluded retreat they sallied forth at night to plunder and murder the Whigs. There the savage danced and smoked and sat around the council-fire and, when he had returned from an expedition, counted his scalps. There, in the sombre shade of the forest, beneath the mild effulgence of moonbeams the youthful warrior told to the Indian maiden the story of his love.

But another incident is connected with this subject which, to us, affords additional interest, and has contributed to render it an object of fond remembrance. In later years it was the residence of one who sought not the society of men, for whom the wild woods seemed to have a peculiar charm—not merely anomalous, but refusing from choice to unite with his fellow-man in habits and manners, preferring the desert for his dwelling-place rather than the fretful customs of civilized life. His time was employed in hunting, fishing and the cultivation of a small field of corn. If, at any time, he chanced to be thrown into the company of others he appeared to pine like a caged bird for his home of freedom beside the murmuring brook; for he had seen enough of refined and fashionable life to convince him that the happiness and pleasure they offer were not suited to his romantic nature. For these he had sought in many of the fairest portions of the world and sought in vain. But here amid the forests and mountains, delighted by the sweet music of birds and the murmur of silvery waters, he lived and enjoyed the simple pleasures he had found nowhere else. Whether pursuing the deer and wild turkey over the hills and through the valleys, or reposing amid the peaceful bliss and lovely shades of his sequestered cottage, he appeared perfectly happy and he

evidently asked no richer boon than the privilege of passing the remnant of his days at this beautiful place. He had come from beyond the great Atlantic and was versed in the laws and usages of European courts. Intelligence and cheerfulness beamed in his countenance and he was familiar with the works of the finest writers of the continent. 'Twas from his lips we first heard, and were taught to admire, those memorable lines of Goldsmith—

“Ill fares the land to hast’ning ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied;”

and those other words of wisdom, attested by the history of every age—

“For just experience tells in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.”

This spot, then, which we have endeavored to describe, consecrated by sweetest memory and adorned by Nature’s lavish hand, constitutes our *beau idéal* of a beautiful place.

MAN.

BY LINA LEE.

“What a miracle to man is man.”

If this is true, what *must* he be to woman! Woman who from the loophole of her retreat views him—not as he really is—but as he appears to be! With all her weakness, woman looks up to man as her strength, expecting him to display true nobility of soul and that stern, inflexible courage, moral and physical, which forms such a pleasing contrast with her softer virtues. She views him as “born to rule,” not to be carried about here and there, shaken like an aspen leaf in every breeze. Who will say that she is not often sadly disappointed? Is there not danger that during the propitious time known as “leap year” she may make a fatal mistake and risk her hope of happiness upon one who is mentally and morally “below par?”

For the edification of the fair ones, and the general good of woman-kind, I propose to write of the species Man which I have divided into three varieties—

THE DANDY;

THE SENTIMENTAL MAN;

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

The DANDY is the lowest specimen of humanity yet discovered. Strictly speaking he hardly deserves to rank with the true man, but he resembles him in many of his characters and is put in the same species since there is in the animal kingdom nowhere else to put him.

The nondescript known as the Dandy is of exquisite taste in matters of dress. Faultless he is in form, and, thanks to the tailor whom he bribes to make a gentleman of him, his general appearance is often quite pleasing. To this result he devotes his time, his talents, and often far more than his income. Fortunately, or unfortunately, (this I refer as a knotty point to the Editors of the *University Magazine*,) some of this class have hard-working fathers to supply their purses while they pass their aimless lives lounging about the streets, sitting on goods-boxes in front of stores and whittling pine sticks, smoking the best cigars, drinking the purest liquors, making the latest imported patent bows “just from Paris,” and twirling the dearest, sweetest, little gold-headed canes in the whitest of fingers. With a voice silvery toned the Dandy whispers to his fair friend, that her form is sylph-like, her eyes star-gems, her cheeks like the roses, her voice sweet as the low soft notes of an Æolian harp when swept by the fingers of the gentle zephyr, and that “tout ensemble” she is an angel. He forgets that the maiden fair has a large square mirror at home, and that she can use her “star-gems” to discover a truth which all should know—that our Dandy under consideration is a consummate flatterer. He may be seen to the greatest advantage for getting an insight into his “heart of hearts” in two cases. First, when lingering around a church-door in the city, watching for a girl who has the pecuniary ability to take care of him, and is willing to give him under her government an appointment as chief-agent, general “chargé d’ affairs,” with a salary (quite ample considering his attainments) consisting of board and clothes, tobacco and an extra for good behavior. Second, when he plays the ardent adorer to his angelic Evelina, and counts the number of her golden charms, as ever and anon he fills his little round mouth with something to chew. What this is, has never found its way to the public ear. It may be a Salmagundi of rose-leaves, nightingales’ tongues, and veritable nectar; and it may be an aromatic—delicately connected in some mysterious way with the worship of the rosy god Bacchus. Who could presume to give an opinion on such a tender point? Poor girl! like an ugly spider watching

for an innocent fly, he is laying his plans and singing in plaintive tones—

“May I walk into your parlor?”

By the memory of broken hearts, and blasted hopes, and the fading away of the beautiful dreams of girl-hood let her answer, “No.” Go, lay aside your false pretensions and prove yourself a man.” Will not every true heart echo, with pitying interest for the deluded being, “Go!”

The SENTIMENTAL MAN rises much higher in the scale of being than the Dandy. All true men, and women too, by the way, have sentiment, or they would not belong to humanity. But with the Sentimental man “par excellence,” feeling, however strong and correct, produces no corresponding actions. Truth finds its way readily to the intellect, the sensibilities; but losing itself here, exerts no influence on the will. With such a man theory is everything—practice nothing. He dreams beautifully—wildly; but his dreams are never realized. They might be in fairy-land, but never in this matter-of-fact world where man must be really toiling with his hands, his head, his heart—tilling the field, building houses, uprooting evil and implanting good, teaching the ignorant and reclaiming the vicious. The Sentimental Man studies long and carefully the best laid plans for making improvement, approves of them, and dreams on—doing nothing. He thinks of the “good time coming,” when printers and their very “spirits of evil” will get their dues; when editors will be paid as a matter of sheer justice and not generosity, and their duns no longer ring in the delinquent’s ear; when with locomotive speed the inhabitants of this mundane sphere may rise to higher regions, and with a cordial grip shake hands with the “man in the moon.” Alas! for the real good he does he might as well go into business with his friends there. Yet the Sentimental Man is not altogether useless in society. There are stern, unbending natures so coldly calculating that thoughts of beauty never warm their hearts to make them forget the every-day cares of life. The flowers bloom unnoticed, the stream sparkles by, making no music for them, and the brightest robe that Nature wears, speaks not of love, of joy, or hope. Such men exert an influence, and to counteract a prosy indifference to everything beautiful—an indifference mainly the result of that influence—is the mission of the purely Sentimental Man. If he dreams on, forgetful of realities, the world is surely no worse for his dreams. But while I admire his mind and his heart, how I would like just to whisper to him—

“Life is real, life is earnest.”

Lastly, the PRACTICAL MAN. The individuals of this, the noblest variety of humanity, though in many respects they differ, always have

those distinguishing features which it is impossible to mistake. Here is the true gem glittering amid paste and pinch-beck—a diamond of the first water in the great world-mine. With intellect and feeling not inferior to the sentimental man he has that which makes him vastly his superior—fixedness of purpose, and an aim, and a way to do what his judgment approves. To this class the representative men of every age have belonged. The old warriors of world-wide renown not only dreamed of martial glory, but to victory or death they rushed forward amid the trampling of steeds and the ring of steel. The world has not forgotten them. We must admire their perseverance and indomitable will, even while we mourn that they strove not for the good of the world, and the glory of Him who made it.

Law-Givers, Philosophers, Orators, Poets, and Divines—all practical men—have blessed the world with their presence, and then, like the sun hasting to his home in the sea, they have disappeared leaving a lingering glory to lighten up the world for ages. The men eminent in every department of science are practical men. As they pass gloriously down to the silence of the grave, their motto is “Expect great things, attempt great things,” and their influence is not like “foot-prints on the sands” but like letters carved in the solid rock which neither time nor change can efface.

The times demand practical men, men of courage, stern unyielding men true to themselves, their firesides, and their country. The old look with interest to those who enter the arena of life from our college walls, for upon them in future must rest important responsibilities. The hope of all is that they may be in, an eminent degree, practical men, and to the tender mercies of those who are “seeking them for harm” I deliver them during the happy reign of leap-year privileges.

THE METEOR.

(DEDICATED TO AERONAUTS.)

WHILE looking over my diary, a few evenings ago, I discovered, from the observations recorded each day, that, at the end of my first session in college, my aeronautic little "bark" had described something similar to a parabola. And I propose, for the benefit of astrological young men, to *descant* upon several notable points of its course. Yet, romantic friend, don't grow poetically faint, because I have not so far forgotten the "first law of motion," as to divide this report into musical periods, leaving a margin here and there for the repose of the wayworn reader, after stumbling over the mangled ideas, and being wounded as to his taste by the jagged points of my broken hexameters. For I must obey that "grave and comely damsel, Discretion," who advises my real muse to speak *pro-se*. Now you all know, when a fellow "goes to college," the old folks look (often through green spectacles) for their "young hopeful" to become a Milton II. (with two *eyes*, sure enough,) and a Demosthenes too. And, I, not wishing to disappoint them, accordingly, began to look for holes in the sky. The natural consequence was that my brain gave birth to an ode the first Friday night after I reached these "shades." All criticism on which has, necessarily been forestalled, for, 'in truth, every verse that I have ever inched out with the tape of the poet has had the good fortune of being footed out of the sanctum of some ape of an editor who declares that pathetic rhyme is expressly prohibited. However, let me give you a sample of the above mentioned :

Ah! well I mind me of those happy days
 (Then my young moon was in its brightest phase,)
 When the school-path I slowly strayed along,
 Plucked the blue-bottles and heard the birds' sweet song.

Now, it would take an awful poet to forget these joys in a week; and I can't imagine why I did not write in a more *enthymematical* style. And how in the world my moon could grow so mournfully old, in that short time is a much greater mystery to me. It is true that I found "bottles" of a different color, and, indeed, I met with "birds" who sang new songs, and, unfortunately, they recognized relations to the bottles more endearing than can be expressed by the conjunction in my text. But mark the sentiment of the following extract :

And while she gathered the cowslips in the spring
 In her lap the fox-glove I would fling.

Strange collocation! Three years ago I could have interpreted this; but care has so far destroyed my "language of flowers" that I am inclined

to call it quite a *domestic* creature of my fancy. The incredible verse can no more be explained than it can be overlooked. The supposition that foxes wear gloves is irreconcilable with fox-nature, for they are too light-fingered at a chicken frolic to have need of any such incumbrances. But may-be I intended to give her a sly intimation of the love which, as you observe, came in the *end*. The remainder of this pathetic jingle is grateful in thanks to my "lord of the birch," plaintive in the recollection of my tin-bucket music, sublime in memory of my comrades who fell (from a tall tree,) at the battle of a bee-gum, and written in a mood indicative of a youth who is taking a seemingly sad, but really proud, retrospect at the joys of his boyish moon, that has suddenly disappeared below the horizon of a Chapel Hillian.

Next, after this offering at the shrine of by-gone hours, my inclination was to assume the color of meditation, which unluckily proved to be green, as you will discover from my visit to the book-store. When I entered, my nonchalance was striking, for I carelessly walked into the most private part of the establishment, and seizing a pen was scribbling away like a city loafer, when my attention was diverted by an escort to the door. Turning indifferently to a case of books, where my eye fell upon the works of Milton, with the greatest composure I opened my conversation, or rather discourse, with a eulogy on the conduct of the poet while in *Congress*, but I was almost directly insulted by a broad "ha! ha!" from a stranger, who, I surmised, was laughing at my conciliatory tone, after having been invited to the door. So I drew my Latin on him and spouted, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, which so greatly increased the size of his mouth, that I was self-glorious enough to finish my remarks, which were listened to in silence, and the import of which I am now ashamed to expose. However, I purchased the book, and returning to my room, for the first time in my life, read the life of the author; and how great must have been my surprise to learn that he had flourished and died before Washington was born! And now there was but one way to wipe out my disgrace, and that was, to inscribe a few of my touching verses to the blind bard, which I accordingly began thus:

Born of the earth, yet looking to the skies,
What demon's hand hath robbed thee of thine eyes?

Now this was a very familiar manner in which to address the bard, after having accused him of living in this fast age; for he used to say that he had been born "an age too late." And it is a wonder that his spirit was not hovering over to reply,

Born of earth, yet looking to the skies,
Leave me in blindness, if 'tis true
That those who see must see like you!

Well, perhaps I expected about that time that my name would be written on a page more brilliant with glory, than that on which a real poet could ever aspire to have his enrolled. For with my epistle thus begun I was very much delighted. From the rest you'd learn that some great man was very near-sighted. Excuse this *lapsus pennæ*, lenient reader, and I will proceed to examine a bit of my first composition (written in prose, as required by my instructor.) This, of course, was eloquent in the beauties of Nature, sublime in the praise of the stars, and *humorous* only in the Elysian dew of the rainbow. It bore the title of "My future Prospects," and was preambled thus:—Who can penetrate the dark vista of the future? Where on life's ocean shall my boat anchor, that I may inhale the sweet smells that 'the musky winds of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides?' When the Professor read this, he evidently thought that I need fear no sand-banks, as I seemed to be rather superficially launched, for, in fact, he intimated that my parents should not despair in their attempts to raise me (to skim the earth and soar above the clouds) by a current very slight, from the fact that gas is light. After this encouragement, I naturally supposed that my "crown of laurels" was growing on the higher branches of composition; and, in short, I contemplated the issue of an interesting, as well as useful, work to young men, who were about to struggle, (as I had done,) against the adverse winds, that were wont to oppose the rising genius in the path to honor and immortality. And, since they had been softened into refreshing breezes by my energy and perseverance, I intended to hint at the fact by giving my book the title of "*Nil Desperandum—Et De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum.*" Now I had to begin this in a manner that would comport with my other productions; hence the corner-stone of my monument was laid in the following appeal:—Ye who quail in fear before the withering smile of the stranger, and yield to the opinion of every sneerer—who give up in despair at the first childish blunder, and redeem not your honor with the pen of the scribbler—peruse with care this victory of Ichabod, Prince of Poetasters.

Of course, by this time, I had acquired a mannerism, that had the effect of introducing me to (what I then considered) the literary portion of college, so I must take the first opportunity to read this original beginning to one of my fellow-scribblers. Accordingly I read it to a "youth of promise," the next night, about ten o'clock. After hearing which he gave me a knowing glance, and, with the candor of a friend, thought he had "heard tell" of something very much like it; and he believed 'twas to be found in a book written by a general in the American Revolution, and called by the antagonistic title of "Johnson's Wrestlers." Ah me! I then bore an anguish in my heart that he could never know; for with

that announcement he had blasted many a bright hope. Now, he must have been one of those self-justifying and hypercritical "sprouts" who have often grinned at a "hero in gout, or philosopher in liquor;" for he immediately began to have the blues, to be awfully bored, to talk about Horace, and his failing to receive any money from the "old man," to look spice, speak sugar, yawn lemon, and to carefully avoid all mention of whiskey. However, my prospects being gloomy, I persuaded myself that to be acquainted with the wines and warm drinks, if not a requisite, was certainly an accomplishment of the genius. And since he had expressed everything for making the punch except the "drops," I concluded that he was waiting for me to act that "part of the play." So not being anxious to seem a cold water man, I gave him to understand that all I needed was a wink. All things being consequently fixed, I then proceeded with the greatest pains, with scruples none at all, what nature had not filled with brains to fill with alcohol.

A very dissolute, but talented young man, twelve o'clock, found me reveling with a crowd of "literati;" (for if being "used up" justifies the act, the individuals, as well as body should always be written with quotation marks denoting it.) But not wishing on this occasion to be too squeamish about my associates, nor entirely to abandon *my* literary character, I fixed on a mean of behavior not repugnant to either.—(Like M. Jourdain's father, who could sell cloth without derogating from his character as *gentilhomme*: lui marchand?.....il ne l'a jamais été..... il en allait choisir de tous les côtés.....et en donnait a ses amis pour de l'argent.) So I determined to keep vivid the impression of a man of letters by repeating after each drink, "*de gustibus non est disputandum.*" However, I learned, not a long time afterwards, that on the minds of these numskulls I had made the impression of *de maximo inebrio minime sperandum!*

From this night my new moon began to wane. My zenith had been passed, while I was enjoying the pleasures of my own conceit; and it is humiliating to say I hadn't formed the acquaintance of a man who knew his multiplication table!

* * * * *

Many a foolish step have I taken during the interim; but I am no longer moon-stricken. In my first literary freaks I can now discover strange collocations, harsh phrases, occasional solecisms, and frequent obscurities. The diploma, that, in the distance, covered one side of my wall that I intended should be my weapon of defence—a sword in my literary cane, is now but a sheep-skin; and as I am still on this terrestrial sphere, liable at any moment to be drawn aside by the charms of some Aspasia, I begin to fear that I shall never taste the precious elixir of immortality.

THE USE OF IMAGINATION IN THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIE.

SOME there are who hold that the imagination is altogether a useless faculty, having no connection with the sterner duties of life, no place in a well-balanced mind—its highest mission but to while away an idle hour in the weaving of beautiful visions. That this above all the other mental powers is liable to abuse may be readily admitted. It is doubtless true, that he is unfit to contend with the world of cold realities, who has been wont in some day-dreams to live in fairer scenes, to walk with friends more faithful than the earth has ever known. Yet, to show that a faculty has been abused is far from proving that it has no legitimate use. Jack cut his foot with an axe, and smarting with pain threw it down, declaring that it was a useless and dangerous tool: forgetting that its sharpness, the very property which made it so formidable in careless hands, was of the greatest utility when under the guidance of a skilful workman. The creation of a power in the mind argues the existence of a corresponding object in the external world; and the fact that Man has Imagination shows that he is responsible for its use. For the salutary exercise of the Imagination no fairer field could be chosen than the study of history. By history I do not mean a collection of dates interspersed here and there with an account of a battle between such and such leaders, each of whom lost so many men. With this dry skeleton of past ages Imagination has little to do. But if history means the reproduction of the past in all its life-like reality, with its throngs of human beings moved with like passions as ourselves and bent each upon his own schemes, if it means a faithful portrayal of the habits of thought, the manners, and the home-customs of other days; then for its successful study Imagination is absolutely essential. For this is the power by which we transfer ourselves to other scenes and take part in actions not our own. It paints for us a succession of pictures from the dawn of creation down to the present time. This lovely enchantress—Imagination—waves her magic wand, and we see the virgin earth spring fresh from the hands of its Creator—a wildness of beauty unmarred by the presence of man. The scene changes—and behold! the mighty tower of Babel rises, terrace upon terrace amid the hum of those busy millions, the earliest swarms of the human race. We see the workmen hasting to their toil at the break of day, hear the mother singing her child to rest while she prepares the food for her absent husband. And then among the crowd of laborers

and task-masters hear the strange confusion of tongues, behold the start, the blank look of astonishment as there fall upon their ears sounds unheard before. Then comes the separation, perhaps of bosom friends—the slow and halting pace as they leave the scene of their labors and hopes—the lingering look of farewell—and the sons of Adam, hitherto an unbroken family, have parted forever. Again, as time rolls on, mighty nations occupy the stage for a moment and are gone. Ninevah, Babylon, Jerusalem, and Rome move before us, not like spectres—cities of the dead—voiceless in their desolation, but in their living guise, with their hum of every day life, their haughty triumphs, their long procession of drooping captives. We hear the ring of the soldiers tread upon their paved streets, and see the tear-drop tremble on the eye-lash of the beaten slave. One more wave of the fairy's wand, and those olden times vanish like a dream, and we are in the middle ages—the days of chivalry and tournament, of belted knight and high-born dame. In those old feudal halls merrily flows the wine, while the minstrel's song speaks of love and valor, and the maiden listens with a blush to the pilgrim from Palestine tell the daring deeds and the faith of her chosen knight. Thus it is that Imagination is the handmaid of history—indispensable both to reader and writer. Without it, indeed, a man may collect facts and dates, tell of battles and sieges, but after all he can rise no higher than the mere writer of annals. He cannot throw his whole soul into the midst of the events which he narrates, nor clothe his story with the attraction of life and energy. It has been remarked by a modern historian—a master of his art—that Scott's work of *Ivanhoe* is a better history of the times succeeding the Norman conquest—a truer account of the feelings and condition of the people than can be found in Hume's history of England. The effort of a vivid imagination, the transferring of himself from the present to the past, while it sometimes leads him into partiality, is also the secret of Macaulay's power as a historian. If these things are so, Imagination ought to hold a higher rank among the intellectual powers than many are disposed to give it. It should be cultivated—not as a means of killing time upon a rainy-day—not as the resource of silly school girls and *half fledged* poets—but as a *real* help in the improvement of the mind, worthy of attention from those who would read history to advantage and draw from the experience of the past lessons of wisdom for the future.

SAY NOTHING IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

BY RASPBERRY.

THIS has been truly called an enterprising age. Faster than the motion of the earth around the great centre of the universe marches Progress, bearing in her wake a train of mighty ideas and wonderful inventions with which to illumine the world. Long have these rays continued to pour upon us, increasing in brilliancy and intensity until it is a matter of surprise and wonder that another great geological change is not brought about better adapted to the elevated and improved order of the human race. But, whatever may be the real effects of these lights, there are some who are disposed to doubt their pretended advantages and benefits to mankind, who rather look upon them as baleful stars giving more heat than light, such as the heat of the dog star which is followed by days of depression and sickness.

Among the discoveries of the age (not exclusively of this age, for like other great ideas it did not suddenly flash upon the world but has gradually made its way to men's minds) is the fact that every one is born for some favorable purpose, that since man was made for some end he was made for something great. This is a feeling peculiarly characteristic of the American. God did not put him on earth and bless him with a free form of Government to live and die like a common man. He has a great destiny to fulfill and he must fulfill it. As soon as he is born, a nice little niche four-fifths of the way up Parnassus is cut out for him and silently awaits his leisure to take possession. It is this vanity and self-conceit that is the cause of many follies and absurdities seen around us. This it is which has reduced the present state of Literature to such a low ebb. This is the cause why so many articles are written and so few thoughts, and even these few like old wine, are diluted and put into new bottles. It is this which has given foundation to the complimentary designation of man as a "talking animal"—an honor which those chatterboxes the parrots might certainly call in question.

It has been said that "of the making of many books there is no end," and the groanings and tremendous issues of the press amply testify to this. The sea of Literature is lashed into a perfect foam by the splashings and awkward strugglings of men who imagine themselves expert swimmers. There are books upon every subject under Heaven, articles both prose and poetical from the grave dignified Senator to the *sans culotte news boy*. But unfortunately for us who are just born, very few of them furnish material for vigorous and energetic thought—they produce indolence and

inactivity of mind. Occasionally there appears in the literary firmament a book of great value, one which is "the precious life blood of its master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life" but they are rare and seldom meet with their due appreciation. The prevailing taste of the times however is for that kind of food which is light and easy to take but gives no sustenance and he who can contribute the greatest amount of this material is (to use Mr. Dickens' favorite American epithet,) one of the most *remarkable* men of the country. The remedy proposed for this is that whenever any of these prodigies of erudition begin to feel themselves glowing with this sacred fire—whenever they begin to feel this secret influence of Heaven" they should clip the wings of their imagination and ask themselves the common sense question "what have I to say," and if they can give no satisfactory answer to themselves let them throw away their pens and say nothing—write nothing, or at least keep those writings to themselves. "What was to the purpose," says an old philosopher, "I could not say and what was not to the purpose I would not say." Let this rule be followed and what a change there would be in the character of our literature, of our weeklies and periodicals! What an immense amount of paper it would save! What a sweeping clause it would be to those books already written! How few would escape the fate of Don Quixote's library! How many a giant would be reduced to a pigmy! How many a folio to a primer! Minerva would no more be sickened and disgusted with snuffing up the foul incense of self-conceited apes. Simple-hearted Buncombe, no longer deluded by the swelling words of her hopeful sons, would take as much pride and derive greater benefits from their sober common-sense speeches. Then there would be no more such Legislatures as that which after three months' exciting discussion, left upon record as a monument of its ability a law providing for the protection of the *terrapins* of the State.

But the good effects of this rule are not limited to literature. It is one the adoption of which would be profitable in every department or occupation in life. Let the would-be critic, who, as he swells with pride at his thundering words and high sounding epithets, imagines himself a Junius and who is burning to show to the world what a destructive battery of sarcasm he possesses—let him in time reflect that he may not be so skilful in the management of his battery as his model—that he may overload his peices, and let him withhold the match lest the effects of the discharge, like the blunderbuss of Hudibras, prove more dire to the owner than the victim. Yes! it is a wise plan for a fool to hold his own tongue, for it is as good an index of the state of the mind as of the body; the difference being that while we argue from a dry feverish tongue a corresponding disease of the body, our pity is excited and we seek a remedy;

but its foolish prattling testifies to a disease of mind which is incurable and excites contempt. And here might the modern political newspapers learn a lesson—those which pander to the sectional feeling existing in this country—whose columns are loaded with slanders and revilings against one part—who talk loudly of disunion—speak lightly of brothers disbanding and engaging in deadly strife; far better would it be if they had never learned a letter of the English language—if they had never been born than to live thus, disgracing the press which has been called the palladium of our liberties and securing for themselves the curse of posterity.

Yes, ye political Rancey Sniffles, ye will have fulfilled a destiny in thus paving the way to the ruin of this Republic, but it is a destiny marked out for you by the devil and for which he will reward you with an important place in his kingdom. But there is no rule however important or extensive but has some exception, nor is this different from the rest. Heaven forbid that woman should be doomed to eternal silence—that she should be deprived of the mightiest weapon that God has given her. No! Let her talk—let her make political speeches—preach or do anything she likes for if you don't she will do it any way. She may have “nothing to do” and and “nothing to wear,” but she will never be reduced to that state when she will have nothing to say.

MISTRESS KOOLTOU;
HER FORTUNES AND MIS-FORTUNES, AND THE CAUSE OF THEM.

BY EPHOR.

MISTRESS KOOLTOU was a fair specimen of an accomplished and kind hearted woman. Mrs. Kooltou's organ of benevolence was very largely developed, and was to her, poor creature, a source of constant uneasiness and trouble. In early life she had been, according to her own account,—which testimony is, of course, the most credible—quite a belle; had flirted good-naturedly with the beaux; and had eclipsed in attractiveness all her young companions; but owing to her benevolence for humanity generally, and particularly for the male sex, she had been unable to select one from among her devoted admirers, for fear lest she should hurt the feelings, or break the hearts, of the rest—consequently, she had never been married. She was, however, generally called *Mistress*, as a term of respect. Not that she was by her own reckoning—which must have been correct—too old to be married yet; she had only arrived at a certain age; but as she hated to gratify impertinent curiosity, she would never tell what that age was.

There was one old spinster who, envious no doubt of Mrs. Kooltou's former superiority in point of beauty, dared to assert that Mrs. Kooltou had never had a beau in all her life; that Mrs. Kooltou was an old maid—and she particularly emphasised the *old*—not from choice, but necessity—never having been courted in her life; that Mrs. Kooltou had been caught in the very act of pulling the gray hairs from her head before a looking-glass; and as though all this was not enough to satisfy her malice, she positively declared that Mrs. Kooltou was a “perfect fright”—I quote her own words—even when she was young. The silly people seemed to take delight in believing these reports; and some were absurd enough to say that this last charge was evidently true, because Mrs. Kooltou was now by no means a beauty. To refute these assertions, and to convince the candid reader of their falsity, I deem it sufficient to state that Mrs. Kooltou whenever she heard them, invariably folded her hands over her bosom, turned her eyes towards the ceiling, and gave a corresponding twitch to her nose—as much as to say; “Hear how I am slandered, but I defy them all.”

Mrs. Kooltou knew a thing or two about Mrs. Kalt, her enemy; these Mrs. Kooltou would tell—not with any desire to retalliate—Mrs. Kooltou's nose would have a twitch at the very idea of such a thing—but simply to set matters to rights between them, and to give the public timely warning,

that their credulity might not be imposed upon by the idle stories of such a character. Nor could Mrs. Kooltou assert positively the truth of her reports; for she was but a little girl—as she says—when Mrs. Kalt was a woman grown. This Mrs. Kalt took the liberty to deny; but I appeal to my impartial readers if Mrs. Kooltou's reports do not bear about them the evidence of truthfulness?

Mrs. Kooltou had a benevolent heart; not a breath of scandal could be blown into her ear, without exciting her undivided care relative to the matter. Forthwith she seized bonnet and shawl, and hurried to her neighbor, Mrs. Slopkins, to know if she had heard aught of the matter; and to pour her tale, mixed with the finest sentiments of pity—such as, “poor creature!” “I am afraid it's too true, but I hope not!”—into Mrs. Slopkins' ever-ready understanding. After Mrs. Slopkins had heard all the tale and all the sentiments of pity, of course, it was incumbent on both of them to share their information with their acquaintance, and to sift the thing to the bottom; consequently, not a house was there in town that they did not visit—except that of the young lady whom the report most concerned. Their benevolence permitted them to call on Mistress Kalt even and to kindly share their news with her. There are some envious persons who said that Mistress Kooltou was a regular gossip, and was not prompted by benevolence; for, said they, had she been benevolent, she would have visited the party most concerned, if a female, and told her of the circulating slander, instead of opening her budget everywhere else and increasing the evil to the extent of her budget's dimensions. The writer of these sketches freely confesses that this objection staggered him at first; but being determined to find no fault with anything that Mistress Kooltou did, he now delivers the opinion for once and all—and he has no doubt that distant posterity will admire him for his impartiality—that, whatever might have been the motives of Mrs. Slopkins, Mistress Kooltou was animated by only the most praiseworthy intentions; and though he can find no just reasons for arriving at this conclusion, yet he is certain that Mistress Kooltou herself could give a hundred reasons for her conduct, each of which would be perfectly satisfactory to—herself.

But Mistress Kooltou's benevolence manifested itself equally clearly in another manner. Her house was in a fashionable street; for, kind soul, she delighted to look upon the passing crowd, and observe what was occurring in the street—not from curiosity, as Mistress Kalt unkindly accused; for there was not a spark of it in her system (I quote her own words)—and to be ever ready to inquire concerning those whom accident might harm. Not a horse could prance in the street, but Mistress Kooltou flew to the window, and indulged in silence her pity for the rider. Not a rowdy could bawl in the streets at night, but Mistress Kooltou was at

her post, to watch, I have no doubt, lest the poor fellow should hurt himself. In short, nothing could happen, but Mistress Kooltou's benevolence rose to the boiling point, and propelled her, as steam would have done, precipitately to the window. And Mistress Kooltou's benevolence was especially active, and manifested itself in a thousand different ways, towards bachelors old and young—particularly, young. Did one stop a moment in the street near her house, she was sure to put her head out of the window and ask if he had lost anything, or smile upon him benignant-ly and send him on his way rejoicing. Myself, when a wee bit of a younkér, used to stop under that self-same window and wonder why Mistress Kooltou was forever there, bowing, and smiling, and talking to the gentlemen passing by. Alas! poor lady, I know now that her excessive benevolence was the cause of it.

I now come to that part of Mistress Kooltou's history, which I regard as the crowning glory of her life, and which will do more to establish her character for benevolence, than a thousand eulogies however eloquently written—deeds are more eloquent than words; for deeds are the true manifestations of the heart.

A stranger came, and forthwith the news spread from one end of our town to the other. But I must give some account of the character and size of our town, else the reader may hesitate to believe me; for if each of the inhabitants of the town attended to his own business and never interfered with the business of others, or if the town was such a large one, that the arrival of a stranger was an ordinary occurrence, then my story is undoubtedly false; but if neither of the above circumstances be the case, then my story is as undoubtedly true. The town was inhabited partly by women; therefore, some of the people did talk about other people's business. (I regard that as the best and most conclusive *enthymeme*, which I have seen in many a day.) And as to the arrival of strangers, I have consulted an octogenarian, the oracle of our town, with a view to the elucidation of this question; and he assures me that there has been but two visitors to the town since the period of its foundation; that one of them had come about the beginning of the present century, and told the people that our country had really flogged the British in a fair fight and made them acknowledge our freedom, and that the other visitor was this identical one, with whose arrival I began this paragraph. But in order that so rare an event may not be forgotten, I will begin the next paragraph with the very same words.

A stranger came—how? when? where? is he young or old? handsome or ugly? tall and graceful, or is he rotund about the stomach and awkward?—these were some of the questions asked on this important occasion. Pretty young girls, starched spinsters, and frightful old women—were all

to be seen laying their heads together and whispering knowingly, but ominously. Just at this place my readers will doubtless thank their lucky stars, that the idea has popped into my head to give an explanation which I had well nigh overlooked, and without which my whole story would be incomprehensible—I mean, to analyze the character of Mistress Kooltou and Mistress Kalt; and I shall do it according to the most approved plan of modern metaphysics. (Here I have made two *faux pas*; I have confessed, in the first place, my want of art in well nigh overlooking an important item; and, in the second place, I have prepared my reader for a very artistic analysis of character, when I know no more about painting characters, than I do about flying—this parenthesis I intend to whisper into every reader's ear, and if it happen to be a female, I shall earnestly request her not to mention it to any one, not even to her dear friend, Molly Listen.) Edmund Burke makes the suggestion that a man's—and, of course, a woman's—character acts upon his face, and his face reacts upon his character, until they accommodate themselves to each other. He instances, in support of this assertion, that Campanella the physiognomist, when he wished to discover the disposition of any one, had only to compress his own face into a resemblance of the man's whom he was examining, when, lo! the secret passions of the man's soul were laid open before him. If this illustration be true, there are many persons now living who would keep at a very respectful distance from Campanella, if he were living; and if Campanella in the course of his wanderings had chanced to meet Mistress Kalt, immediately on returning to his room he would have opened his diary—if he kept one—and after contorting his face into the ugliest possible shape, would have written in this fashion: Mistress Kalt—ugly—knows it—never married—wants a husband—has a very masculine voice—would be sure to wear the trowsers—sour as a green apple—loves to gossip—very rude—therefore, thinks she's sincere, and tells everybody so—very starched and punctiliously observant of etiquette—has a very pretty, graceful form—knows it—bases her hopes of marrying upon it—features, angular and rigid—disposition, unyielding and severe. I have no idea that I can alter for the better these notes which Campanella would have written on the occasion; so I shall leave the reader to form his estimate from them. Except that perhaps Campanella, if he did write thus, might very well be said to have given outward manifestations that correspond to a particular character, rather than the particular character itself. Pray, sir, is that my fault? I warrant that I will do much better with Mistress Kooltou's disposition, if you will only permit me to work in my own way.

Since my account of Mistress Kalt gives you displeasure, my dear Mr. Critic, I shall adopt an entirely new way in describing Mistress Kooltou.

She had but one motive to action, and that was—benevolence; as I shall prove before the conclusion of my story. The first position that I shall take to prove my point, is upon her face;—(not that I shall really stand with my real feet upon the good lady's real face, but I shall take a metaphysical stand with metaphysical feet upon her face, that I may the more readily draw arguments therefrom) here would be a good place for me to make another long parenthesis within the present parenthesis, but I shall kindly permit the reader to make one for himself—and in drawing her profile I shall be as accurate as possible. Mistress Kooltou's face very much resembled those of certain snow figures which I have seen carved out by school-boys, namely; two holes are dug indiscriminately in the upper part of the face, and a handful of comparatively loose snow is stuck into each hole and protruding out of it—serve for eyeballs; another handful of snow is thrown somewhere in the vicinity of the eyes, but below them—which answers admirably for a nose; a long opening below the nose points out the locality of the mouth; while the chin gradually and gracefully fades into the neck. Why, bless me! instead of drawing her character, I have been drawing her face; but no matter! since I have got her face, I will make it talk for itself. Her eyes undoubtedly say—benevolence; her nose says—absolutely nothing at all, unless when she happens to talk through it, or turn it up; her mouth is full of endearments—and she has a large mouth, without the least stretching—of course, I don't mean, of her mouth, but as far as I am concerned. Having satisfactorily settled the question concerning Mistress Kooltou's benevolence, I am now at liberty to tell my story without fear of further interruption. But it has been so long since I began, and the beginning is so very important, that I must make a new one.

A stranger came—and at the rival houses of Kalt and Kooltou were assembled the female adherents of the respective parties. "Dear me, girls," said Mistress Kooltou, "I do wonder whether he's handsome." There was only one possible way in which Mistress Kooltou could satisfy herself, as to the physical accomplishments of the stranger—to see him with her own eyes and judge for herself. No one knew where the visitor was stopping; and as that was a piece of information absolutely necessary to the arrangement of their plans, a council of war was held on the subject. After a hundred different propositions had been discussed at length, without advancing the cause an inch, the whole assembly were startled by a remark from a very long-faced and sour looking young lady.—"that Mistress Kalt would be ahead of them." They tickled their bumps of invention a little while, and resolved, notwithstanding the violent opposition of Miss Prudent Jones, that some one should be sent to the inn to inquire about the matter. But whom could they send? Mistress Kalt

would suspect something if a servant were to go, and it would never do for one of themselves to go—whom *could* they send?

Luckily, Seth Short and myself were playing at marbles in the street, in front of Mistress Kooltou's house. A bright idea struck them—they would send us. Seth had a cousin—a pretty, blushing, little piece of mischief, named Miss Dimple. Miss Dimple accordingly called Seth to her, and giving him a kiss with the promise of another when he returned, bade him go to the inn, and see if the stranger were there, to learn his name, and to come back as soon as possible. Seth started off, but I was not to be cheated out of a kiss; so I shouted, "I shall go and tell Mistress Kalt." Miss Dimple caught me in her arms, gave me a kiss, and begged us not to tell Mistress Kalt by any means. Young as I was, when I saw my face so near the pretty one of Miss Dimple, and felt her soft lips press mine, I felt that I would not divulge her secret for every cake in Mrs Kalt's house.

Forth to the inn flew Seth and I, with looks as important as though the fate of the world at least depended upon our movements. The first man whom we saw at the inn was the stranger. He was a fat, queer-looking man, with eyes somewhat squinting. A crowd had gathered, but stood at a respectful distance, eyeing him, as they would a tamed tiger, or an anchored comet. Here he was; but how could we get at his name? Not a soul in the crowd could tell us, and the memory of Miss Dimple's kiss, with the promised one in store for us, still haunted us, and sharpened our wits. We agreed that the most natural way of solving the difficulty would be to ask the owner of the name himself; but who was to ask him? Seth was afraid, and so was I. Had he been a boy, I would have pitched into him and flogged his name out of him without any ceremony, and won the kiss; but a grown man—I was afraid. One of two things was certain; either we must lose the kiss, or ask the man; and both of us were resolved to have the kiss, if the man flogged us for our impudence. We hit on a plan—both of us were to ask him at once, and in order to mollify him, were to mention it as Miss Dimple's request. We marched up to him prepared for flight at a second's warning, and began both of us together: "Mister, Miss Dimple, at Miss Kooltou's house, wants to know your name." "My name is Quizby, my little men, and I shall be glad to call on Miss Dimple at Miss Kooltou's, in half an hour," said the stranger.

Back we flew to Mistress Kooltou's house, crying—"We've found out." Miss Dimple caught us in her arms and kissed us. "What did you tell him?" One half of the crowd took Seth, and the others took myself, in order that all might hear. Mistress Kooltou had Seth; Miss Dimple, me. "I told him," said I triumphantly, "that Miss Dimple ('Oh!' shrieked the little lady) at Miss Kooltou's ('Oh!' responded Mistress Kooltou, from the other side of the room) house wanted to know his name." "Oh!

you naughty boy," said Miss Dimple, giving me a shake that made me love her more, "what did he say?" "He said his name was Quizby, and that he would be glad to call on Miss Dimple at Miss Kooltou's in half an hour." "Oh!" shrieked all the young ladies in concert, "where's a looking-glass?" Such skipping over the floor, and smoothing of hair, such primping, and blushing, and all these little, lovable female *et ceteras* I never before witnessed. Miss Dimple looked more charming than ever; Mistress Kooltou was in a fever of benevolence, skipping here and there, and everywhere. She did not forget, in the meanwhile, to give Seth and myself a pocket-full of raisins, which secured our hearty coöperation in the cause.

Presently, in came the landlord of the inn, with Mr. Quizby; whom he introduced to the ladies. It is not my business, however, to go into particulars concerning this eventful visit; Mr. Quizby was delighted with the ladies, and the ladies were delighted with Mr. Quizby. During the night, however, Miss Prudent Jones deserted to the enemy; and on the next morning she introduced Mr. Quizby to the Kalt faction. Then followed a series of plots and counter-plots—parties and counter-parties, balls and counter-balls. Mistress Kooltou desired to attach Mr. Quizby to her faction and herself, merely out of benevolence to that individual; because she feared lest he should fall a victim to the arts of Mistress Kalt. Mistress Kalt desired to attach him to herself; because she wanted a husband, and it would enable her to triumph over Mistress Kooltou. In the meantime, Mr. Quizby was petted and partied quite to his own satisfaction, and quite to the disgust of the staunch old beaux of our town, who were almost forgotten.

Mr. Quizby for a long time ballanced himself between the rivals; inclining now to this side, now to that, he alternately elevated and depressed the hopes of all. Now he would dine at Mistress Kalt's; and and now he would ogle Mistress Kooltou. This morning the Kalt-ites would declare that he had been particularly attentive to their leader last evening; indeed, they had almost expected him to propose. This evening the adherents of Mistress Kooltou would have reason for rejoicing, when they saw him promenading with that lady.

Affairs were, however, hastening to a crisis—Mr. Quizby's purse was getting fearfully lean; so he resolved to do what I shall presently record.

Mistress Kooltou arose as usual one morning; the room seemed in its usual trim; the house had not turned upside down; nor had any convulsions of nature preceeded or accompanied the direful events of that remarkable night. Presently Miss Dimple came in with the information that Mr. Quizby had proposed to her, and that she had refused. Mrs. Slopkins brought the additional news that Mr. Quizby had vanished

without paying his hotel bill—her husband had just returned from the inn, and his news was fresh and reliable. Two visitors brought additional news; until, at last, the fearful truth flashed upon all, that Mr. Quizby had proposed to Miss Dimple and on failing there, had run away with Miss Prudent Jones.

Mistress Kooltou was greatly disappointed, but she soon recovered her wonted smiles. And as the crowning point of benevolence she forgave Mr. Quizby, and even went so far as to express her thanks-giving that he had not married such a bad wife, as Mistress Kalt would have made him. Mistress Kalt never got married; so I have been unable to discover whether what Campanella would have prophesied about her wearing the breeches, would ever have proved itself to be true.

LINES.

BY THETA.

From infancy
I've loved the tree
That shades my mother's lowly grave;
In sorrow there
I oft repair,
And hear again,
And not in vain,
The counsels that in life she gave.

That aged tree
Is dear to me,
Though it recalls a scene of woe;
For can that spot
Be e'er forgot,
Where now repose
The bones of those
Who passed away long, long ago?

And when I die,
Oh! let me lie
Beneath that sacred old oak's shade;
That I may rest
This troubled breast,
From all its woes,
In sweet repose,
Where all my dearest friends are laid.

EDITORS' TABLE.

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D., late Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of North Carolina, was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793. He was the eldest son of Abner Mitchell, a respectable farmer of that township, whose wife Phoebe Eliot, was a descendant in the fifth generation of John Eliot, the celebrated "Apostle to the Indians." Dr. Mitchell was thus a member of a family now very widely spread over the United States, and reckoning many who have exercised much influence in Commerce, Politics, Science, and Religion. His preparation for college was commenced by the Rev. Azel Backus, D. D., who maintained for many years a classical school at Bethlem in Litchfield County, and was afterwards the first President of Hamilton College in New York.

Dr. Mitchell graduated at Yale College in 1813, along with the Hon. George E. Badger, Dr. Olmstead, President Longstreet, Mr. Thomas P. Devereux, the Rev. Mr. Singletary, and others who have been of note in various walks in life. Among these he was counted as one of the best scholars in their class, being especially distinguished for his knowledge of English Literature. He was very popular with his College mates, and the younger members of the Institution especially delighted to do him honor. The College Society to which he belonged depended on him to gain it credit on public occasions. His fine physiognomy, the dignity of his person, the originality of his discussions, and the humor that enlivened them, rendered his orations acceptable to his audiences, and secured him respect from men of taste and education. It was not till the Senior year that he became thoughtful on the subject of Religion. The kind and gentle persuasions of a classmate—a man of humble powers of mind but of exemplary piety—had great influence in leading him to that serious examination of his life and hopes, which resulted in his conversion.

On quitting College, Dr. Mitchell taught in a school for boys, under the care of Dr. Eigenbrodt, at Jamaica, Long Island. Afterwards, in the Spring of 1815, he took charge of a school for girls in New London, Connecticut. Here he formed an acquaintance with Miss Maria S. North, who was the daughter of an eminent physician of that place, and became his wife in 1819. In 1816 Dr. Mitchell became a Tutor in Yale College, and while so engaged he was recommended to the favorable notice of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina; and in 1817 he was appointed to a professorship in the University—the chair of Mathematics—vacated by Dr. Caldwell's elevation to the Presidency.

After spending a short time at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Massachusetts, Dr. Mitchell reached Chapel Hill on the last day of January, 1818, and immediately began to discharge his duties as a professor—a labor from which he ceased only by reason of death. In the discharge of these duties he exhibited an energy, a vigilance, an intelligence, a good common sense, a self-denial, an attention to minute particulars, and a success rarely surpassed

or even equalled. During the thirty-nine and a-half years of his connection with the University, his absences from his post on account of sickness, visits to the seat of government, attendance on ecclesiastical bodies, and from all other causes, did not occupy, on an average, more than three days in the year. Indeed, it may be safely stated that, throughout that entire period, his days and his nights, in term time and in vacation, were devoted to his professorship. No one of the hundreds of Students who have been connected with the University during the last generation will be able to recall the memory of his absence from morning and evening prayers but as a rare exception to a general rule.

Until 1825 he presided over the department of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. In 1825, when Dr. Olmsted accepted a situation in Yale College Dr. Mitchell was transferred to the chair thus vacated and left his own to be filled by Dr. Phillips. As a teacher, Dr. Mitchell took great pains in inculcating the first principles of Science. These he set forth distinctly in the very beginning of his instructions, and he never let his pupils lose sight of them. As a disciplinarian he was vigilant, conscientious, long suffering, firm and mild.

Dr. MITCHELL perished on Saturday, the 27th of June, 1857, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, while attempting alone to descend Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak of the Black Mountain which is in Yancey County, North Carolina. This was the fifth visit that Dr. Mitchell had paid to the Black Mountain, the others being in 1835, 1838, 1844, and 1856 respectively. His object at this time was partly personal, and partly Scientific. He wished to correct the mistakes into which some had been led concerning his earlier visits, and to so compare the indications of the Spirit Level and the Barometer, that future explorers of mountain heights might have increased confidence in the results afforded them by these instruments. His untimely end left both parts of this work to be completed by the pious hands of others.

Dr. Mitchell was buried in Asheville, North Carolina, on the 10th of July, 1857, by the side of one of his College mates. But at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and especially of the mountain men of Yancey, his family allowed his body to be removed and deposited on the top of Mt. Mitchell. This was done on the 16th of June, 1858. There he shall rest till the Judgement day, in a mausoleum such as no other man has ever had. Reared by the hands of Omnipotence, it was assigned to him by those to whom it was given thus to express their esteem, and it was consecrated by the lips of eloquence warmed by affection, amidst the rites of our Holy Religion. Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch its hills and valleys melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day stealing quietly westward, as it lights the mountain tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting, "Well done good and faithful servant."—*Extract from his Memoir by Professor Charles Phillips.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—Since our last issue the Editor's Easy Chair has been so very easy and so many of our regular contributors have found an easy one also that we are unable to furnish the usual variety of reading matter of such superior quality as we should prefer.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to remind our fellow-students that it is part of their duty to write the articles for the body of the Magazine, while it is ours to take care of the Editorial department only. If we had the inclination or the time to furnish material for the former we are too modest to deprive others of that which is intended particularly for their benefit as the depository for their literary achievements. It is their reputation that is involved in the result and not so much our own. In the wide range of history, morals and metaphysics—in criticism and biography—on such topics as these, especially, we know that great improvement could be made by a large majority of the students if they would appreciate the advantages they might secure to themselves by practice in this most important art—the art of Composition. The exquisite force and beauty of expression, the perspicuity and elegance of style that we meet with in the works of the most celebrated authors in every language, have been acquired by practice, by frequent exercise, by a careful and constant effort to cultivate a correct and refined literary taste; and without this exertion and discipline we must not hope to reach any very lofty eminence, in the department of letters. It is not all of a liberal and classical education to become familiar with text books only, but the attention must in the meantime be directed to other objects since what is called relaxation of mind consists in a change of subject; and that time is best employed in composition.

As the Annual Festival of the Senior class will be over with before this number makes its advent, we shall defer any remarks on this subject until our next, when we propose to give an extended account of the various orators of the Class of 1859-60, who have appeared on the stage—not for the last time, though we shall be unable to represent “the Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire” which could be realized by spectators only. At Commencement, however, an unusual display of eloquence will be made to which we invite all those who are fond of “a feast of reason,” and special invitation is given to the ladies, many of whom we hope to see at—Commencement. For them we can say that many of the class are fine looking fellows, many of them handsome, especially the Editors; for, although we are very modest yet we *must* speak the truth, and for their own interest we trust they will come. Opportunities will be offered for a great deal of talking both publicly and—privately, with seats

“For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.”


The College Campus is now arrayed in all the charms of Nature, assisted by the fostering hand of Art, and the soft, balmy air is perfumed by the almost eternal flowers that bloom in vernal beauty along the walks that lead from the Buildings to the Village. If it be true that the noblest traits of character and intellectual progress and development are the effects of such natural scenery—if it is true that it is owing to such scenes as these that a Wallace and a Tell were reared, and, if “the untrammelled element of liberty, the safeguard of religion and virtue” is there nourished to bloom and bless the world—then, surely, it is fortunate for students here that such gay,

smiling landscapes are spread out before them, with forests, hills and valleys extending in majestic grandeur and with the freshness of perpetual morning far away to the distant limits of the horizon; but to us they seem rather to lead to a life of quiet inactivity and poetic fancy. Amid such glories as these, with just enough of "Magna Charta," "the Bill of Rights" and "Admiralty Jurisdiction" to keep one awake, who could feel disposed to sit down and write a lengthy Editorial? But those who visit Chapel Hill during the approaching Commencement will have the pleasure of witnessing and enjoying these things, and we need not further describe them.

After an experience of nearly four years at this honored seat of learning it is perhaps our duty to state freely and fairly what it is that constitutes the sum and substance of College-life with its pleasures and hopes, its alternate gleams of sunshine and shadow. The great lesson which we have been taught here and which must be learned in every department of life is alone worth the toil and labor we have undergone; that attention, industry and self-reliance are requisite to success, without which no permanent glory can ever be acquired. Furnished with these the young graduate has nothing to fear. The fair fields of Science, Literature and Art are open before him, rich in clustering and glittering honors for all who are ambitious to be esteemed by cotemporaries or to live in the gratitude of future generations. Though in the great battle of life he will often conclude that,

"Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd forever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of Fame,"

yet he must not become discouraged but quicken his exertions to attain the lofty position he may have in view. But we must dismiss this topic for the present, hoping to take it up again in our next number. We conclude by advising our fellow students to preserve their Magazines and have them bound as a souvenir of the time when "we climb'd life's hill together."

 In our last, from some cause or other, a most palpable typographical error occurred, which was discovered too late to be corrected. As there may be a *few* (?) of our readers who have not yet seen the mistake, perhaps it would afford some exercise to their mental faculties if we merely state the fact and leave it to them to find the error. Of course if they *hav'nt yet detected it* they were April fooled. It is enough to state that it occurs on the last page.

Also in the same number, on page 483, line 11, for countries read counters; page 484, line 1, for hypothetical read hypocritical; and on page 485, line 1, for Shaftsbury read Shrewsbury.

A MODEL MEETING—It is well known that the different classes are accustomed to meet in the Chapel for the transaction of business of importance to themselves, and listen to the Buncombe speeches usually made on such occasions. In pursuance of this time-honored custom, the Freshman class assembled on the 6th ult., and organized by calling Mr. J. to the chair, who, in a few brief but eloquent and well-timed remarks, returned thanks for the honor so unexpectedly conferred upon him and requested that some member of the class would state the object of the meeting. Mr. P. arose in his usually dignified manner and with characteristic calm and candor stated that "it was something about the Bath." A difference of opinion was expressed by some in reference to the object of the meeting, but it was decided that Mr. P. had stated the case rightly. Able and eloquent speeches followed, both for and against the measure, when the chair, presuming that if any definite action could be arrived at, amid so many conflicting and seemingly irreconcilable opinions, a usurpation of authority on his part would be necessary, and thinking he could discover a precedent for such a course in the dim twilight of the history he had read, proceeded to appoint a Committee of three, composed of Messrs C. M. and T. "to investigate the matter." A murmur of complaint was heard that the chair had appointed *more* of this committee of three from one society than from the other and it was openly censured as an abuse of power. On motion the meeting adjourned, *sine die*.

OUR SUCCESSORS.—We take great pleasure in introducing to our readers and to the lovers of learning and Literature everywhere, the names of the following young gentlemen who were elected on the 5th of April, to succeed us as EDITORS of the Magazine: JNO. BRADFORD, of Alabama, JNO. T. JONES, of Caldwell Co., and OLIVER T. PARKS, of Wilkes, on the part of the Dialectic Society; and THOMAS T. ALLEN, of Bertie Co., ROBERT S. CLARK, of Texas, and JOEL P. WALKER, of Mississippi, on the part of the Philanthropic Society. A more efficient, energetic and talented corps could hardly have been selected, and we feel sure the Magazine will prosper under their management. It will be gratifying to the feelings of every friend of the University, as it is to ourselves, to know that for the next Collegiate year, at least, the Magazine will be an ornament to the State, the pride of the *Alumni* and creditable to the Institution. We therefore appeal to all our subscribers to continue their aid and encourage and sustain these gentlemen in the noble effort, to advance the cause of Literature and to preserve the history of the past glories of the Old North State. In due time we shall cheerfully and confidently resign the Magazine to their care, place upon them the "robes Editorial" and bid them go forward to the pleasant task that lies before them.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We are under the necessity of reminding some of our best subscribers that they have not yet paid their accounts. We are confident that this simple statement is all that is necessary to induce them to lay aside this Fabian policy and grant us material aid. In a little while we shall leave this scene of our first Editorial efforts and we are anxious for all our subscribers to have a “clean paper.” At first it was not our intention to send the Magazine to any who had not paid in advance, but upon reflection, we concluded to send it to such as desired it when we know them to be good, and were convinced that their vocations were of so urgent a nature as to prevent them from attending to small matters. We hope they have succeeded in their undertakings and will now forward by the first mail whatever they may owe us, in order that their receipts may be published in the June No. We have endeavored to fulfill our promises as set forth in the prospectus to the best of our ability, and it is nothing but fair that others should at least make the attempt to do in turn what they have led us to expect from them.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—This body has been organized and gives promise of great benefit to the students and to all others who may choose to connect themselves with it. It is instituted for the extension of Christian sympathy and religious influence through the community. We earnestly recommend the Christian Association to all our fellow-students, knowing that it will advance the piety and usefulness of all who are willing to lend their aid to the advancement of so noble a cause. Its meetings are monthly and while no duty is imposed upon a member without his consent, no perceptible loss of time can result to the student. We have been furnished with the following list of officers, chosen to serve the remainder of this session:

President.—JAS. KELLY, Moore Co., N. C.

Vice Presidents.—WM. M. BROOKS, Chatham Co.

L. R. BELL, Oxford,

JAS. TURNER MOREHEAD, Greensboro'.

Recording Secretary.—ARCH'D McFADYEN, Cumberland Co.

Assistant Recording Secretary.—GUILFORD NICHOLSON, Halifax Co.

Corresponding Secretary.—A. HILL PATTERSON, Milton.

Treasurer.—O. H. BLOCKER, Cumberland Co.

Librarian.—JOHN H. THORP, Nash Co.

Managers.—LAWSON W. SYKES, Aberdeen, Miss.

WALTER J. SMITH, Cumberland Co.

WILLIAM J. HEADEN, Chatham Co.

PRIZE COMMITTEE—Professors Hubbard and Hepburn, and have been chosen as the committee to award the prizes for the best two articles contributed by the students and published in the pages of the Magazine during our term of office. These prizes will be delivered to the successful Competitors during Commencement week in the presence of all in attendance, and we presume the report of the committee will appear in our June number, or in the first number of the next Volume. For further particulars, see the September number of the present volume. Our successors would do well to continue the prize system as it is some inducement to literary effort and dispenses with the former plan of giving a prize to the best writer of the Sophomore Class.

A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.—This curious and very ingenious love letter has been placed on our table, and we have concluded to publish it for the information of those who find it difficult to correspond with the lady they love, with entire satisfaction to all parties:

MADAM,

The great love and tenderness I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I now feel that my indifference towards you increases proportionably every day, and the more I see you the more I appear ridiculous, and an object of contempt, and the more I feel disposed, inclined, and finally determined, to hate you. Believe me I never had the least inclination to offer you my hand and heart. Our last conversation has I assure you, left a wretched insipidity, which has by no means possessed me with the most exalted opinion of your character. Yes, madam, and you will much oblige me, by avoiding me. And if ever we are united, I shall experience nothing but the fearful hatred of my parents, added to an everlasting displeasure of living with you. Yes, madam, I think sincerely. You need not put yourself to the smallest trouble or send or write me an answer—Adieu. And believe that I am so averse to you, that it is really impossible I should ever be,

Madam,

Your affectionate lover till death,

* * *

EXPLANATION.—There are two ways of reading it. The father compelled his daughter to show him all letters sent to her, the unsuspecting father reads straight forward, but the young lady, having the clew, reads—differently.

Receipts since March 1st, 1860.

R. H. Graves, W. M. Clarke \$1, Jas. H. Polk, \$4. O. H. Blocker, \$1, D. Foy, \$1, G. P. Bass, \$1, C. S. Croom, N. Watson, E. S. Martin, \$1, Prof., A. D. Hepburn, T. S. Armistead, Sr., L. Frierson, W. Douglas, H. W. Ledbetter, W. B. Little, P. B. Bacot., J. W. Cole, Mrs. Mary Beasley, A. C. Jones, \$3.20; L. R. Bell, L. J. Merritt, W. C. Michie, J. P. Coffin, \$4, B. Green, G. B. Johnston, \$2.75; J. C. Dobbin, S. J. Johnson, J. E. Dugger, Jas. Nick Gilmer, D. S. Jiggitts, Mrs. W. S. Bryan, A. Harvey, J. Andrews, A. T. Bowie, \$1. T. Paxton, J. W. Biddle, J. H. Field, L. Hilliard, Dr. C. E. Johnson, W. J. Roberts, Dr. J. H. Crisp, Hon. C. Johnson, J. D. Johnson, H. F. Jones, \$3, E. Hines, L. H. DeRossett, Prof. J. Kimberly, Wm. P. Lane.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

DIALECTIC HALL, March 24th, 1860.

WHEREAS it hath pleased God in his all-wise, but inscrutable providence to remove from our midst our fellow member, NATHANIEL H. WATSON, of Chapel Hill, N. C., therefore,

Resolved, that while we bow with humble submission to the will of Almighty God, we can but mourn his loss, and cherish his memory as a friend.

Resolved, that we tender our warmest sympathy to the afflicted family and beg them to be comforted with us, for God has given and God has taken away.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the Hillsboro' Recorder, Raleigh Register and University Magazine with a request that they be published.

A. S. BARBEE,
C. F. DOWD,
JAS. A. GRAHAM, } Com.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, 21st April, 1860.

WHEREAS the Philanthropic Society has received intelligence of the death of WM. M. COZART, of Columbus, Miss.—therefore,

Resolved, that while we bow in humble resignation to the will of God, and would not murmur, for he “doeth all things well,” yet, we are deeply pained at the untimely end of our late friend and fellow member.

Resolved, that we offer to the family of the deceased our heart-felt sympathy and trust that they will find consolation in the religion of our Redeemer.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, also to the Columbus (Miss.) papers, Raleigh Register, and University Magazine with the request for publication.

NORFLEET SMITH,
WILLIAM H. BORDEN,
WILLIAM T. NICHOLSON, } Com.

My dear Mary
I have just received
your letter of the 10th
and am glad to hear
from you. I am well
and hope this finds
you the same. I have
not much news to write
at present. I am
yours affectionately
Robert



W. S. L. SWAIN - 1840

W. S. L. Swain

W. S. L. SWAIN - 1840

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
GEORGE L. WILSON.

Vol. 9.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 10.

FIFTY YEARS SINCE:

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,

BY

WILLIAM HOOPER, D. D. LL. D.,

June 1st, 1859.

BROTHERS OF THE ALUMNI—

LITERARY CHILDREN OF ONE ALMA MATER:

WE come together at this annual festival, to salute and congratulate each other—to look back on the past and compare it with the present—to gratify an honest pride in contrasting the feeble and sickly infancy of our literary mother with her present vigorous maturity, and to breathe a common filial prayer that that vigorous maturity may long flourish, and not soon be succeeded by a languishing old age.

Two years ago, I delivered, at another College, what I expected would be my final offering at the shrine of the muses; but since the committee, representing the public opinion, have not consented to give me a discharge from this mode of paying a debt of filial gratitude, I submit to their dictation, being glad to receive, in such appointment, their flattering attestation that they yet detect no mark of senility disqualifying me for appearing before a commencement audience, and especially the audience of 1859, so highly honored by the presence of the chief magistrate of the republic. I am proud to find, from two astronomical observations, that Chapel Hill lies right in the orbit of Jupiter and his satellites, and that the period of his revolution is about twelve years. I beg the professor of astronomy here to make this entry in his *Ephemeris*, and to look out for the recurrence of the same phenomenon about 1871; if indeed, at that time, the head of this great republic be fitly symbolized by that glorious planet, and be not shivered, ere that cycle rolls around, by some

disastrous concussion, into a score of nameless asteroids. May heaven avert the omen! Had I said this at the city of Washington, and were I some quarter of a century younger, his Excellency might consider this exordium as the prelude to some application for office; but on an academical jubilee like this, and from a speaker bordering on three-score and seven, he will receive it, I trust, only as the cordial and sincere expression of that rejoicing which we all feel at the honor of this visit. Yes, a truce from office-seeking here at least. We are glad to find that the President has survived that period of vexatious importunity—that crown of thorns which every President is obliged to wear on his first accession—and that he is likely, from present appearances, to serve his country for many years to come.

I believe it is expected of the speaker to the Alumni that he shall entertain them with reminiscences of persons and things long gone by—the longer the better. Hence the selection, for this year, of your humble servant, there being very few now surviving who can number half a century from their graduation. And although I am neither a bachelor nor a widower, and therefore have no interest in making myself out younger than I am with my fair auditors, yet I will merely hint to this benevolent assembly that although it is just fifty years since I got my sheepskin, I was then in my *prætexta*, and had not yet put on the *toga virilis*. I shall, however, be happy if I get through the task of this day without extorting from some of my hearers the exclamation of the Roman satirist: “The old steed is broken down; take him from the turf before he disgraces himself.”*

Particularly might my friends be anxious about me now as having to perform my part of the duties of this occasion after the display of this morning. I assure them that I feel a great degree of tranquility in that very consideration which they might deem a just cause of agitation and disquietude, to-wit: That I am succeeding *the orator of the day*. “I am no orator as Brutus is.” Upon him I roll the responsibility of supplying all the eloquence due to the day. His shoulders are well able to bear the burden; while to me remains only the easier part of the master of ceremonies, to announce to the audience—“Ladies and gentlemen, the concert is over.”†

When I look back through the vista of those fifty years and bring before my “mind’s eye” the long train of alumni who have risen to eminence and adorn their country, both at home and abroad, I may be in-

* *Solve senescentem mature sanus equum ne
Peccet ad extremum, ridendus.*—HOR.

† This paragraph was added after hearing the splendid speech of Mr. McRae in the forenoon.

dulged in something of a spirit of glorying, if as a professor of the University, I have had any share in the formation of these ornaments of the republic. I confess, when I look over the catalogue of graduates, and see so many laureled heads into which it was my lot to pack a portion of useful knowledge, I am elated with a little of that pride which swelled the breast of the mother of the gods on Mount Olympus, as she looked at her children around her :

See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold and count them, as they rise to light;
She sees around her in the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god!

I have said that it is perhaps expected of the alumni address, that it shall entertain you with reminiscences; and I hope I shall not be too severely judged, if in preparing this entertainment, I looked forward to a hot day, a crowded house, and a great deal of grave business—all which anticipations warranted me in the selection of reminiscences of an amusing, as well as of an instructive kind. Indeed, a retrospect of Chapel Hill antiquities, so far back as half-a-century, must needs bring up many a scene of so comic a nature,

That to be grave, exceeds all power of face,
In telling or in hearing of the case.

The first of the Waverly novels was entitled "Sixty Years Since," which serves as a date to the origin of those wonderful compositions. My tale shall be entitled "Fifty Years Since," though some of my story will embrace incidents within forty years of the present date; and if it fall (as of course it will) infinitely below that of the renowned Sir Walter, in all other respects, it will rise above him in one; that, whereas most of his is fiction, mine is sober fact. At least, I intend it to be so. But it may be with me as it was with Boswell in his celebrated "Life of Dr. Johnson." He tells us that it was his habit, after being in company with his hero, to go immediately to his lodgings and record the sayings and doings of the Doctor, at once, while they were fresh in his memory; but that sometimes, when circumstances interfered, the facts lay on his memory for a day or two, and that he thought *they were the better of it—as they had a chance to grow mellow!*

I hope that if any of my co-evals are present, who can look back as far into our antiquities as myself, they will not have occasion to say, when they hear some of my recitals: "There is a fact that has grown *mellow* in his memory," or to compare me with the aged harper in Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel :

"Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied."

It is my part then, to-day, to go back to the very *incrinabula* of our college—the cradle of its infancy, and to call up recollections of some

who rocked that cradle. And I dare say while I am telling the story of the poor and beggarly minority of our *alma mater*, some of her proud, saucy sons of the present generation will smile scornfully at the humility of our origin. When I tell them that the classes of President Polk,—of Governors Branch, Brown, Manly, Morehead, Mosely, Spaight—of Judges Murphey, Cameron, Martin, Donnel, Williams, Mason, Anderson; of Senators Mangum and Haywood—of Drs. Hawks, Morrison, Green, and of many other graduates forty years back, eminent for merit though not holding office—when I tell the proud collegians of the present day, that these men came out of classes consisting of nine, ten, fourteen, fifteen, the largest twenty one,—they will set up a broad laugh, and think how poor a figure a class of ten or fifteen must cut on a commencement day; and one will say; “Why I graduated with *seventy five*,” and another: “I with one hundred,” and another: “I with a hundred and ten.” Well, I know of no better way to shelter myself from the storm of your ridicule, than by telling you a story. “Once upon a time,” says *Æsop*, “a fox brought out her whole brood of little foxes, and paraded them before the lioness, and said: ‘Look here! see what a family I have, whereas you have but one!’ ‘I know said the queen of beasts that I bear but one at a time, but then he is a lion!’” I would also remind you, young classics, of the story of Niobe who boasted of her twelve children, and crowed over Latona, who had only two; but then Latona’s children were the sun and moon! Forgive, young gentlemen, these boastings of an old man. You know it is the characteristic of such a one, to overrate the past, and underrate the present. But I trust I am sufficiently sensible of the vast advances made in all things at Chapel Hill since my day, to do full justice to the present age. You have turned the wild into a garden. You have substituted for the meagre bill of fare with which our minds were obliged to content themselves, a table rich in all the stores of learning which a half-century of unexampled progress has heaped upon it. I hope therefore, when I roll back the volume of our college history, and show you “the day of small things,” you will not despise too much our petty number, our humble accommodations, our rude manners, our hard fare, our scanty rations and our limited *curriculum* of studies. Let not

Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

When I first knew Chapel Hill in January, 1804, the infant university was but about six years old. Its only finished buildings were what are now called the East Wing and the Old Chapel. The former was then only two stories high, capable of accomodating one tutor and sixty students by crowding four into a room. The faculty consisted of three: President Caldwell, Prof. Bingham, and tutor Henderson. Their college

titles were "Old Joe," "Old Slick" and "Little Dick." "Old Joe," however, was only thirty years of age and possessed (as you shall hear in the sequel) a formidable share of youthful activity. "Old Slick" derived his cognomen, not from age but from premature baldness, and the extreme glossiness of his naked scalp. And "Little Dick," a cousin of the late distinguished Judge Henderson, though he had a brave spirit, was not very well fitted by the size of his person, to overawe the three score rude chaps over whom he was placed as solitary sentinel. As a nursery of the college there was a preparatory school, taught by Matthew Troy and Chesley Daniel. All things were fashioned after the model of Princeton College, and that probably was fashioned after the model of the Scottish universities, by old Dr. Witherspoon. If this were the case, it would seem to account for the small quantum of instruction provided for us, if Dr. Johnson spoke the truth when he said of Scottish education, that "there every body got a mouthful, but nobody got a belly-full." Into this preparatory school, it was my fortune to be inducted, a trembling urchin of twelve years, in the winter of 1804. It was then a barbarous custom brought from the North, to rise at that severe season of the year before day-light and go to prayers by candle-light; and many a cold wintry morning do I recollect, trudging along in the dark at the heels of Mr., afterwards Dr. Caldwell, with whom I boarded, on our way to the tutor's room, to wait for the second bell. In that year I read Sallust's War of Jugurtha and Conspiracy of Cataline, under the tuition of Mr. Troy, of whom my recollections are affectionate, for he was partial to me, and taught me well for those times. But I can recollect some of my classmates, grown young men, upon whose backs he tried a blister-plaster, made of cinquepin bark, to quicken the torpor of the brain. Nor was he singular in his discipline. Whether boys were then duller or more idle than now, I know not, but at that time whipping was the order of the day. I had, before coming to Chapel Hill, served three years under it, at Hillsboro', where Mr. Flinn wielded his terrible sceptre, and realized in our eye, the description of Goldsmith:

"A man severe he was and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

This was literally verified with us, when Dr. Flinn came to school on Monday morning, with his head tied with a crimson bandana handkerchief. It was the bloody flag to us, and the very skin of our backs began to tremble.

After serving such an apprenticeship at Hillsboro', the exchange for Mr. Troy's administration was like exchanging the cowhide for the willow twig, for Mr. Flinn's "little finger was thicker than Mr. Troy's loins." But

now after drawing aside the pall of oblivion from these infirmities of the dead, I feel some twinges of remorse, as though I had rudely trodden on the ashes of my departed instructors; for, having been myself a teacher, all my life, I ought to know how to make allowance for the trials of teachers; and if any one of you, my hearers, is accustomed to rail at the tyranny of pedagogues, and to flatter yourself with the conceit, that if you were one, you would always be able to control your temper, I would only address you in the language which the advertisement uses respecting sovereign recipes: "Try it," and if in six months you don't go and hang yourself, you will, at least, have more charity for teachers, all the days of your life. I told you that I remembered Mr. Troy with gratitude; but I believe nothing he ever taught me, imprinted itself so deeply on my memory, as the burst of eloquence which the boys told me he had made, when he was a student, upon the charms of Miss Hay, afterwards the first Mrs. Gaston. Troy was given to the grandiloquent style, and on this occasion Miss Hay, who was the belle of the day, with a small party came to visit the Dialectic library. It was then kept in one of the common rooms inhabited by four students; and you may judge of the tumult that was excited by every such visitation, and how much sweeping and fixing up was required, and how many frightened boys ran to the neighboring rooms, and shut the doors, all but a small crack to peep through. On this memorable occasion, Troy had fixed himself in a corner of the room, whence he could contemplate the beautiful apparition in silent ecstasy. After she was gone, the librarian called him out of his trance, and said: "Well Troy, what do you think of her?" "Oh! sir, she's enough to melt the frigidity of a stoic, and excite rapture in the breast of a hermit;" to which he might have added:

"And like another Helen, has fired another Troy."

A man that could talk in that way, appeared to me, in those days, to have reached the top of Parnassus.

Having mentioned the library of one of the literary societies, I must carry you back, ye proud Dialectics and Philanthropics of the present age, to your humble birth, and reveal to you your inglorious antecedents. It may be good for you who now loll upon sofas and survey with triumph your thousands of volumes to look back fifty-five years, and glance your eye "into the hole of the pit whence ye were digged." The Dialectic library of this college, all of it, was then contained in one of the cupboards of one of the common rooms in the east building, and consisted of a few half-worn volumes, presented by compassionate individuals, and I think it was in the habit of migrating from room to room, as the librarian was changed, for you may be sure the responsibility of taking care of such a number of books could not be borne long by one pair of shoulders. And besides, there was some ambi-

tion to choose, as librarian, a man who could wait on the ladies with something of that courtly grace which distinguishes the marshals of this polished age. But the cavaliers of that early time, poor fellows! had to make their way to the ladies' hearts without any of the modern artillery of splendid sashes, moustaches and goatees. The naked face, with native flush or native pallor, was all their dependance. The cupboards were not only small but full of rat-holes, and a large rat might have taken his seat upon Rollins' History, the corner stone of the library, and exclaimed with Robinson Crusoe:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My title there's none to dispute."

Such was the infancy of Dialectic knowledge; such the meagre fare provided for Dialectic literary appetite in those primeval days.

And what is told of one library may be told of the other, for they were as much alike as the teeth of the upper and the lower jaw, and as often came into collision. When one library got a book, the other must have the same book, only more handsomely bound, if possible. I am sorry to record that the contest between the two societies, at that time, was not confined to an honorable competition which should have the finest library, or the best scholars; but that it often amounted to personal rancor and sometimes seemed to threaten a general battle.

The societies then had no halls of their own, but held their sessions on different nights in the week in the old chapel, without any fire in the winter, and besides, with the northwind pouring in through many a broken pane. Think of this, ye pampered collegians, of this effeminate age, and bless your stars that your college times have come fifty years later. Before I come down to a somewhat later period, let me present you with a sketch of the scenes going on under these old oaks in the year 1804, fifty-five years ago, and let me draw from memory, if I can, a picture of the 4th of July of that year, for that was the commencement day—the great national festival being then the great college festival.

The waves of the revolutionary war seemed hardly to have subsided, and hence military feeling and military habits intruded upon academic shades and mixed themselves with the peaceful pursuits of literature. The great object of display on commencement day was not the graduates or their speeches, but a fourth of July oration, delivered by the *General*, who had been chosen by the vote of the whole body of students, preps and all, for free suffrage then prevailed, and a prep's vote was as good as any body's. The office of General and orator of the day was, of course, an object of great ambition; and while the election was pending, we preps felt our importance considerably augmented. Like the Nile, we always began to swell about the end of June; but our inundation was

soon over, not lasting longer than the fourth of July. On these occasions the candidates would come down among us and take us in their arms and caress us most lovingly, and invite us to their rooms in college, and, I suppose, treat us there to gingercakes and cider, though as to that fact, I have no distinct recollection; but all of you who are versed in the ways of candidates, will admit it to be very probable that they did. As well as I recollect, there was elected, beside the General or orator, the General's aid. On this occasion Thomas Brown, son of the late Gen. Brown, of Bladen, and brother-in-law of the late Gov. Owen, was elected General, and Hyder Ally Davie, was second in command.

All things being duly arranged, the General, clad in full regimentals, with cocked hat and dancing red plume, placed himself at the head of his troops (for we were all turned into soldiers for the nonce) and marched up to the foot of the "Big Poplar," where was placed for him a rostrum, upon which he mounted, and, all the military disposing themselves before him, he gracefully took off his plumed helmet, and made profound obeisance to the army; and if a prep's bosom ever throbbed with proud emotions and ever thrilled with anticipations of the pleasure of being a great man, our hearts felt that throb and thrill on that day. I can tell you nothing of the graduating class, or their speeches. My childish fancy was taken up with the military display, though we had no music to march to but the drum and the fife. If we had had such a band as you have here to-day, it might have been too much for us—few perhaps would have survived it.

The ball at night was productive of an incident of some seriousness and importance. The old Steward's Hall, which some of you have reason still to recollect to your sorrow, was then the ball-room. The floor was covered with spectators, except the spots left vacant for the dancers. Of course the dancers had to pull their partners to their position through a dense thicket of gentlemen, five deep. This may well be called "threading one's way," I should think. In such circumstances dancing in the month of July, must have been delectable work, and must have always involved the risk of such unhappy rencounters as the one I am about to describe: Hyder Davie, aid-de-camp to Gen. Brown, in cutting the pigeon-wing before his partner, came down, rough-shod, upon the toes of Henry Chambers, of Salisbury. It was borne with, the first time, as an accident and overlooked; but upon coming round the second time, it was repeated, and consequently was obliged to be considered as an intended insult. The wounded toe, which is sometimes the seat of honor, called the offending heel out of doors, and demanded an explanation. It resulted in an engagement, in which Chambers gave a blow or two, for which he received a stab or two in the neck, from the pen-knife of Davie; for in

those simple days bowie-knives were not invented, nor arms worn, except openly by soldiers. The next day a solemn trial of the case was held in the chapel, by the trustees, among whom were Gen. Davie, Col. Polk, (chairman,) Gov. Martin, Messrs. Cameron, Gaston, Nash and others, since the men of mark in our State. What decision the trustees came to, is not recollected, but I believe the combatants came off even. The ladies, the next day, were found to have taken sides, some for the heel and some for the toe, like the Little Endians and Big Endians, familiar to the readers of Gulliver.

I will detain you on this part of my subject only a moment, to call your attention to two things characteristic of the age. The first is, the spirit of the times indicated by the name Hyder Ally, given to *his* son, by Gen. Davie, and that of Tippoo Saib, given to *his* son by Maj. Pleasant Henderson. That two such men should have given their sons such outlandish names, in honor of two Hindoo despots and semi-barbarians, because they were at war with Great Britain, affords a lively idea of the old flame against the mother country, still burning in the breasts of the surviving officers of the revolution.

The second reflection suggested by the incident before us, is the diminutive size of the ladies of those days. How unambitious, how feeble minded they must have been to be contented with occupying no more space in the world, and in the eyes of men, to be pulled, that way, through a zig-zag maze of rough arms and shoulders, at the imminent risk of hanging by the hair or losing a comb or necklace in the transit. The ladies of the present day, have learned too well their just rights, to be satisfied with anything less than two thirds of this wide, wide world. There is no limit to their inventive genius when it is stimulated by an encroachment on their rightful domains. They have added to the dimensions of their fame, as well as of their persons, by giving birth to a new order of architecture. A modern fine lady is, herself, a novel and wondrous specimen of architecture. Look at those two delicate little ankles! From the time of the erection of the Parthenon—from the time of the erection of the domes of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, down to the erection of the domes at Washington or Raleigh, was it ever supposed—would it ever have been believed—did it ever enter into the heads of Phidias, Michael Angelo, or Sir Christopher Wren, that two such slender columns would have supported so stupendous a dome—especially columns constructed on the most unartistic of all principles, the inverted cone? It can be classed with no order of architecture now extant. We shall have to invent a new name for it, and I can think of none more appropriate than the Umbrella Order of Architecture. They who have dared to prop up such a magnificent fabric upon such a pedestal, have found out the *pou sto* of Archimedes, and can move the universe.

It was at this commencement, (1804) I think that Greek was made a part of the college course. Gov. Martin, if I recollect, was the proposer of the measure. "You study logic," said he, "and you don't know the word from which the term is derived." No doubt the Governor gave some better arguments (if I had been old enough to cherish them) for substituting the classics of Greece for those of France, which last had then a factitious importance and popularity from the recent splendor of Voltaire, from our late obligations to the country of La Fayette, and from the overwhelming interest excited by the first French revolution. A little French had, before this time, been accepted in the place of Greek, and a Frenchman had been a necessary "part and pareel" of the faculty. Of course, to torment him and amuse themselves with his transports of rage, and his broken English, was a regular part of the college fun. The trustees after some experience found that it was better to have French taught by a competent American, though with a little less of the Parisian accent, than to have to fight daily battles to redress the grievances of a persecuted monsieur. Greek after its introduction, became the bug-bear of college. Having been absent when my class began it, I heard, on my return, such a terrific account of it, that I no more durst encounter the Greeks than Xerxes when he fled in consternation across the Hellespont, after the battle of Salamis. Rather than lose my degree, however, after two years, I plucked up courage, and set doggedly and desperately to work, prepared hastily thirty Dialogues of Lucian, and on that stock of Greek was permitted to graduate. As for Chemistry and Differential and Integral Calculus and all that, we never heard of such hard things. They had not then crossed the Roanoke, nor did they appear among us, till they were brought in by the northern barbarians, about the year 1818. Yet notwithstanding the poor showing we could make as to faculty and course of study, the secretary of the board of that day, was very ambitious of opening a sisterly correspondence and communion with all the colleges of the United States. He sent for all their Latin Catalogues, and in order to be even with them, made up out of his own stock of Latin a Catalogue for us, and diffused it through the land, from Maine to Georgia. Now this was very unwise policy in that officer, for we were then in the very egg-shell of our existence, and ought to have concealed our nakedness from our mocking brethren of the North. This Latin pamphlet was in every respect a sorry looking affair. It was gotten up at Raleigh, on coarse paper, and it can be no offence now to say, that Raleigh was not at that era a fortunate place of issue for a Latin pamphlet. But what was worse, it was disfigured with several sad blunders in the Latin (for I don't know that Latin is any part of the qualifications of a secretary of the board) and exhibited to the admiring world the following imposing

Senatus Academicus: PRESIDENT CALDWELL, who taught mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and did all the preaching. YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT was professor of languages, in general, I suppose; all, ancient and modern; and WILLIAM D. MOSELEY (the future governor of Florida) was tutor. The professor of languages was of course responsible for this elegant and classical production, in which among other beauties, I recollect the treasurers of the board were called in conspicuous capitals TREASURARI! I writhed under the mortification a long time, and was always afraid of meeting a professor from the North, lest he should ask me what was the Latin for *treasurer*.

The South building, our neighbor over there, was then in an unfinished state, carried up a story and a half, and there left for many years to battle with the weather unsheltered; but still it was inhabited. "Inhabited!" you will say, "by what? By toads and snails and bats, I suppose." No sir, by students. *Risum teneatis amici?*

As the only dormitory that had a roof was too crowded for study, and as those who tried to study there spent half the evening in passing laws to regulate the other half, many students left their rooms as a place of study entirely, and built cabins in the corners of the unfinished brick walls, and quite comfortable cabins they were; but whence the plank came, out of which those cabins were built, your deponent saith not. Suffice it to hint that in such matters college boys are apt to adopt the code of Lycurgus: that there is no harm in privately transferring property, provided you are not caught at it. In such a cabin your speaker and dozens like him hibernated and burned their midnight oil. As soon as spring brought back the swallows and the leaves, we emerged from our dens and chose some shady retirement where we made a path and a promenade, and in that embowered promenade all diligent students of those days had to follow the steps of science, to wrestle with its difficulties, and to treasure up their best acquirements: Ye remnants of the *Peripatetic* school!

"Ah! ye can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!"

They lived *sub dio*, like the birds that caroled over their heads. "But how," you will say, "did they manage in rainy weather?" Aye, that's the rub. Well, nothing was more common than, on a rainy day, to send in a petition to be excused from recitation, which petition ran in this stereotype phrase: "The inclemency of the weather rendering it impossible to prepare the recitation, the Sophomore class respectfully request Mr. Rhea to excuse them from recitation this afternoon." To deliver this mission to the Professor I was appointed envoy ordinary (not extraordinary) and plenipotentiary, being a little fellow hardly fifteen, and

perhaps somewhat of a pet with the teacher. The Professor, a good-natured, indolent man, after affecting some vexation, (though he was secretly glad to get off himself,) and pushing the end of his long nose this way and that way some half dozen times with his knuckles, concluded in a gruff voice with: "Well get as much more for to-morrow." The shout of applause with which I was greeted upon reporting the success of my embassy resembled, (if we may compare small things with great,) the acclamations with which Mr. Webster was hailed by the nation upon happily concluding the Ashburton treaty in 1842, by which war with Great Britain was prevented. Mr. Webster may have been greater, but he was not prouder than I was at the successful issue of my negotiations. Who knows but I might have been a first rate diplomat, if I had followed up these auspicious beginnings! And what do you think was the *lesson* from which a deliverance for one day was the occasion of such tumultuous joy? Why it was *Morse's geography*, which was then the main Sophomore study, contained in two massy octavos, and to recite off which, like a speech, page by page, was the test and the glory of the first scholar of the class.

Dr Morse was, with us, the great man of the age, and stood as high as does now his son, the inventor of the telegraph; and that notwithstanding he had stigmatised our State by mentioning under the head of "manners and customs of North Carolina," that a fashionable amusement of our people in their personal rencounters was, for the combatant who got his antagonist down to insert his thumb into the corner of his eye and twist out the ball; which elegant operation they called *gouging*. This slur upon national character would, now-a-days, have banished his book from our State. It excited so much the wrath of one of our representatives in Congress, Wm. Barry Grove, of Fayetteville, that he declared if he ever met with Dr. Morse he would gouge him. He *did* meet with the Doctor, who had heard of the threat, but instead of executing his purpose they had a hearty laugh over the story, Dr. Morse alleging that he had derived the account from Williamson.

Our geographical recitations were enlivened by some rare scenes, one or two of which I will venture to relate, though they are almost too farcical for this dignified assembly, and yet they are among the things, "as my Lord Verulam remarks, which men do not willingly let die." The class was reciting on *Greenland*. The youth under examination was ———, I do not feel safe to mention his name, for he may be here among us for aught I know, (*the speaker looking anxiously over the crowd*,) but if he is, he will be easily known by the length of his ears, and there are no animals on earth that bite and kick harder than the long-eared tribe. We will, therefore, indicate him by the name *Sawney*.

Mr. Sawney, says the Professor, can you tell me anything about the animals of Greenland? "Yes, sir, there's one called the seal." What kind of a animal is it? "I dont remember exactly, sir, but I believe he says it is a very amphib—a *very amphibiobus* kind of animal, sir." The boys plagued him about this new kind of animal until he became as irritable as a nest of wasps by the way-side. Another student, whom we will disguise under the name of *Riggie*, used to amuse various companies by telling the story upon Sawney. Now *Riggie* was the last man that ought to have made people merry over the blunders of others, for he had got his own nickname by his ludicrous pronunciation of *Riga*, a Russian town on the Baltic. He was asked what were the chief towns in Russia? He mentioned several, and among them *Riggie* on the *Baltic*, pronouncing the first syllable of the last word as it is heard in *balance*. The name *Riggie* stuck to him forever afterwards. But it often happens that he who smarts most under a joke is most ready to avert pursuit by throwing ridicule upon others—as in the street, the thief, hearing the hue and cry after him, escapes by echoing the cry "*stop thief!*" and joining in the chase. Sawney, goaded by *Riggie*'s persecution, determined to avenge himself; so he laid a trap for him. He got a friend to invite a company including *Riggie* into his room, and to call for the story, while in the meantime, Sawney concealed himself under the bed. *Riggie*, alas! unconscious of the Trojan horse within the walls, was going on with his story, full sail, the audience convulsed with the enjoyment of the present and the anticipation of the paulo-post-future; when in the very fifth act of the drama, out popped Sawney from his ambush, and pitched into the dismayed comedian. I shall not attempt to describe the battle; but it may well be supposed that Sawney, stung with wounded pride and bursting with long imprisoned rage, fought with more desperation, and that his adversary, startled by a foe emerging suddenly from ambush, must have fought to a disadvantage. That was the last time I imagine that *Riggie*, or any body else, told the story of *amphibiobus*, nor would it have been revived to-day had I not trusted that a lapse of more than fifty years had either removed our hero from the reach of all earthly ridicule, or mollified his resentment into merriment; or at least, that being unnamed in my annals, he would take care not to write his name under the picture by attacking me. But if he or any other witness of the facts were here to challenge my truth and to show what a good story I had made out of nothing, I suppose you all would thank him about as much as you would thank a man, who, after you had dined pleasantly, as you supposed, upon a good fat hare, should come forward, show you the paws and convince you that what you had enjoyed so sweetly, was nothing but a *cat*.

Such adventures as the foregoing were more apt to happen with sophomores than with other classes. To save them from the clutches of Dr. Morse, on a rainy day, was one of the chief honors of my sophomore year. Sophomores have always been hard fellows to deal with. This results from their amphibious nature, and colleges have given them a name (*sophos moros*) expressive of their compound character, partly wise and partly foolish. They are in a transition state, half-man and half-boy; their voice alternating in a most ludicrous manner between the *alto* and the *bass*, so that, in the dark you would suppose it was two persons talking. Their compositions too have the same mixed character; like comets they have a small nucleus with a prodigious expanse of tail.* Let not my young friends present, who happen to be sophomores, take umbrage at these pleasantries. I am not describing the sophomores of the present day, nor any specific sophomores. I am describing sophomores in the *abstract*, not in the concrete, and of course, no individual has a right to appropriate the description to himself, since the sophomore concrete has always specific peculiarities which shield him from being identified with the sophomore abstract. Besides the glory of a sophomore is not in what he *is*, but in what he *is to be*. He is an eaglet. Now an eaglet, just beginning to be fledged, may not be a very comely bird, and its attempts to fly may be rather awkward; but then in a month or two, he is to be the bird of Jove, soaring into the eye of the sun, and bearer of the thunderbolt.

JUNIOR LIFE.—Let me now give a sketch of *junior* life, some fifty years ago in these precincts. There being but three teachers in college, (president, professor of languages and tutor,) the seniors and juniors had but one recitation per day. The juniors had their first taste of geometry, in a little elementary treatise, drawn up by Dr. Caldwell, in manuscript, and not then printed. Copies were to be had only by transcribing, and in process of time, they, of course, were swarming with errors. But this was a decided advantage to the junior, who stuck to his text, without minding his diagram. For, if he happened to say the angle of A was equal to the angle of B, when in fact the diagram showed no angle at B at all, but one at C, if Dr. Caldwell corrected him, he had it always in his power to say: "Well, that was what I thought myself, but it ain't so in the book, and I thought you knew better than I." We may well suppose that the Doctor was completely silenced by this unexpected application of the *argumentum ad hominem*. You see how good a training our youthful junior was under, by a faithful adherence to his text, to become a "strict constructionist" of the constitution, when he should ripen into a politi-

*In Webster's Dictionary, Mr. Calhoun's authority is given for the word *sophomorical* in this sense.

cian. The junior having safely got through with his mathematical recitation at 11 o'clock, was free till the next day at the same hour. And the first thing he had to determine was, what would be the most agreeable method of spending the rest of the day. Shall he ramble into the country after fruit, or shall he go a fishing, or shall he make up a party and engage a supper in the suburbs, at "Fur Craigs?" The last measure was often adopted, because of our hard fare at Commons. Accordingly a party of of some half dozen would go out and engage a supper of fried chicken, or chicken pie, biscuit and coffee. It was waited for with extreme impatience, and many yawnings and other symptoms of an aching void. At length it came upon the table, like the classical *cena* of the Romans, about three or four, P. M. The guests sat down, at twenty-five cents per head; and if you consider the leanness of our dinners at the Steward's Hall, you will be apt to suspect that the entertainer did not make much by that bargain. I'll tell you what, gentlemen, it will do well enough for you, who live in these palmy times, and fare sumptuously every day, to call the University your *alma mater*, your *benigna parens*, and all that, now that she is grown to be a fat, buxom lady, with a snug clear income of fifteen thousand a year. But when I first knew her, she was a very poor woman, and her children of those days would have more appropriately called her "*pauperima mama!*" for she dealt out very scanty allowance to her family either for body or mind, and treated her sons as movers to our new States treat their horses; she turned them out at night to pick up what they could. The truth is, *her* mother the State, acted a very unnatural part towards her, and, soon after she was born, seemed to take a dislike to her own offspring, and to try to starve it. Do you wish to know the ordinary bill of fare at the Steward's Hall, fifty years ago? As well as I recollect board per annum was thirty-five dollars! This, as you may suppose, would not support a very luxurious table, but the first body of trustees were men who had seen the revolution, and they thought that sum would furnish as good rations as those lived on who won our liberties. Coarse corn bread was the staple food. At dinner the only meat was a fat middling of bacon, surmounting a pile of coleworts; and the first thing after grace was said (and sometimes before) was for one man, by a single horizontal sweep of his knife, to separate the ribs and lean from the fat, monopolize all the first to himself, and leave the remainder for his fellows. At breakfast we had wheat bread and butter and coffee. Our supper was coffee and the corn bread left at dinner, without butter. I remember the shouts of rejoicing when we had assembled at the door, and some one jumping up and looking in at the window, made proclamation: "Wheat bread for supper boys!" And that wheat bread, over which such rejoicings were raised, believe me

gentlemen and ladies, was manufactured out of wheat we call *seconds*, or, as some term it, *grudgeons*. You will not wonder, if, after such a supper, most of the students welcomed the approach of night, as beasts of prey, that they might go a prowling, and seize upon everything eatable within the compass of one or two miles; for, as I told you, our boys were followers of the laws of Lycurgus. Nothing was secure from the devouring torrent. Beehives, though guarded by a thousand stings—all feathered tenants of the roost—watermelon and potato patches, roasting ears, &c., in fine everything that could appease hunger, was found missing in the morning. These marauding parties at night were often wound up with setting the village to rights. I will relate one of these nocturnal adventures, and it was only "*unum e pluribus*." I must premise that Dr Caldwell seems to have made it a part of his fixed policy, that no evil-doer should hope to escape by the swiftness of heels, and that whoever was surprised at night in any act of mischief, should be run down, caught and brought to justice. Whether the Doctor brought that feature of his policy from Princeton, where he was educated, or whether, being conscious that nature had gifted him with great nimbleness of foot, he was a little ambitious of victory in that line, I will not determine; but certain it is, that he was in the habit of rambling about, at night, in search of adventures, and whenever he came across an unlucky wight engaged in taking off a gate, building a fence across the street, driving a brother calf or goat into the chapel, or any similar exploit of genius, he no sooner hove in sight than he gave chase; nor did the youthful malefactor spare his sinews that night; for he knew that if he ever ran for life or glory, now was the time. Homer makes his hero Achilles, the swiftest as well as the bravest on the plains of Troy. No foe could match him in battle or escape him by flight. Dr. Caldwell was the *podas okus Achilles* of Chapel Hill, and he had more occasion for powers of pursuit than of contest, for his antagonists uniformly took to flight. You call this a "fast age," gentlemen, and so it is, but I don't know a man of this generation who is faster than was Dr. Caldwell. He liked to go fast in everything, and therefore he was not satisfied to take two days in getting to Raleigh. He and I have set out for the metropolis in the morning, and stopt the first night at Pride's, ten miles this side, such was the state of the roads. Who knows but such snail-like progress as this suggested to him the first idea of the present railroad from Beaufort to the mountains, the honor of which, I believe, is now conceded to him? Now, O! muse, that didst inspire Homer to describe Achilles' pursuit of Hector, three times round the walls of Troy; or thou gentle muse, who didst breathe thy soft afflatus upon Ovid when he described the race between Apollo and fair Daphne; or thou Caledonian muse, who didst

preside over Walter Scott, when he sung the race of Fitz James after Murdock of Alpine, or over Robert Burns, when he made immortal the flight of Tam o' Shanter from the witches,—either of you or all of the nine at once, assist me to describe the race between President Caldwell and Sophomore Faulkner, on the night of the —day of —, 18—. The President lived at that time where his successor now lives, and was returning about bed time “from walking up and down upon the earth,”* to see if any of the students were—where they ought not to be. As he was mounting the stile which stood where Dr. Wheat's south-east corner now stands, he spied two young men, busily engaged in building a fence from that corner across the street to the opposite corner. This, by the way, was always the difficulty in carrying out the manual labor system in our schools, and constituted the grand distinction between negro-labor and student-labor: that the negro fenced in the field and hoed up the weeds; the student hoed up the cotton and fenced in the street. The lads had just before his appearance heard that portentous snapping of the ankles, which was a remarkable peculiarity of Dr. Caldwell's locomotives and was very useful to the evil-doers in enabling them to get several yards the start in the race. As soon as they heard this premonitory crepitation (which, I suppose, they were wont to consider as a providential forewarning of danger, like the rattle of the rattle-snake) one of the fencemakers, whose *nom de guerre* was *Dog*, skulked into a corner and was passed by. Faulkner sprang forward. But I forgot that Homer always spends a line or two in describing his heroes, before he brings them into action. So I must suspend the race, till I have given my audience some idea of Faulkner's person and character. He was a tall, bony, gaunt and grim looking fellow, with shaggy threatening eyebrow—had been at Norfolk during the war of 1813-'14, as a soldier or officer, and had contracted a soldier's love of adventure and frolic, and like Macbeth, would have run from nothing born of mortal, if he had been engaged in a good cause. But building a fence across the street at night, his conscience set down as a deed of darkness, and therefore proved like the conscience of one of the murderers of the Duke of Clarence in Shakspeare's Richard III. “This thing conscience,” says he, “is a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles. A man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him. It made me once restore a purse of gold that

* Should any of my more serious readers complain of an impropriety in this quotation from Job 1 : vii; they will perhaps find an apology for the allusion in the fact, well known to all alumni of that period, that *Diabolus* shortened into *Bolus*, was the common nickname of the President, and that while engaged in their deeds of darkness, they would just as willingly have seen the one as the other.

by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. I'll not meddle with it. It is a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward." So it proved with the soldier of Norfolk on that memorable night. His conscience made him a coward, but perhaps it enabled him to run the faster on that occasion, and he might have escaped had any but "the swift-footed Achilles" given chase. But fate had doomed him to lose this race:

Forth at full speed the fence-man flew—
 Faulkner of Norfolk prove thy speed,
 For ne'er had sophomore such need;
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
 The fierce avenger is behind;
 Fate judges of the rapid strife,
 The forfeit death, the prize is life.
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind
 Achilles follows like the winged wind;
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies;)
 Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
 Obliquely wheeling through the ærial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws and shoots upon his wings,
 Just so around and round the chase they held
 One urged by fury, one by fear impelled;
 Thus step by step where'er the Trojan wheeled
 There swift Achilles compassed round the field;
 So on the laboring heroes pant and strain,
 While that but flees and this pursues in vain;
 Thus three times round the Trojan walls they fly,
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky,
 Jove lifts the golden balances that show,
 The fates of mortal man and things below;
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries
 And weighs with equal hand their destinies.
 Low sinks the scale surcharged with Faulkner's fate—
 Thus heaven's high powers the strife did arbitrate:
 Just then the Faulkner tripped, and prostrate fell,
 And on the sprawling body pitched—Caldwell!

Having thus disposed of one of the fence-makers, the victorious President went back in quest of the other, who instead of coming to the assistance of his friend, had lost no time in leaving the field of action. The President after beating the bush awhile, returned to the college, where in the mean time, Faulkner, with clipped wings and fallen crest, had gathered a party in one of the rooms, and was telling the fortunes of the night. Little did he dream that his exulting conqueror was standing close by, in the dark, listening to every word. "And what became of Dog?" inquired one of the party. "Oh! Dog, he took to the woods and I dare say he is running yet." When the court met, the next day, to try the delinquents, it appeared in evidence from the tutor, that *Dog* was the *sobriquet* of Junius Moore. He was accordingly startled by a summons served upon him by old Daniel Bradley, the college constable, to appear

before the faculty as *particeps criminis* with Faulkner. They were both charged with what the lawyers might call tortuously doing a tortuous act. In plainer language with feloniously, wickedly, and with malice aforethought, then and there, laying down, making, building and constructing a Virginia fence across the street, against the peace and dignity of the State. Gentlemen, you who have read Cicero's graphic description of the confusion of face and dumbfoundedness of Cataline's accomplices when the consul confronted them with all the damning evidences of their guilt, you can conceive and none but you, the looks and behavior of the two fencemakers, when Dog was thus unexpectedly arraigned at the bar. "They were so amazed and stupefied," says Cicero, "they so looked upon the ground, they so cast furtive glances at each other, that now they seemed to be no longer informed on by others, but to inform on themselves." What the faculty did with the offenders I do not recollect, but remember, young gentlemen, it is all upon the faculty-book, and I hope none of you are ambitious of a place in that chapter of the history of the University or to be enrolled in the Newgate calendar.

As for Dog, he deserved a better name, for he was a native born poet, and he and Philip Alston (a graduate of 1829,) are among the few of our alumni on whose birth Melpomene did smile. Had Moore lived he might have written something to justify these praises. Alston lived long enough to leave some memorials of his genius, but, alas! not long enough for our fame or for his own.

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime—
Young Lycidas—and hath not left his peer!"

That night was one of the *Noctes Atticæ* or *Ambrosianæ*, if you choose so to name them, which signalized the early history of this college. Dr. Caldwell was a good man and a wise man; but I wonder he did not see, that the olympic games of Greece had not a greater attraction for that sprightly people, than such night adventures have for some freshmen—sophomores—juniors—shall I go on? and that for the chance of such a race as this, many a wild collegian would run all the risk of suspension, three nights of every week.

And here, perhaps, it will not be offensive to introduce, among my reminiscences, the *shadow* of a reminiscence, which rests like a *penumbra* among the more distinct impressions on the tablet of my memory. It relates to a man who has long borne a conspicuous and honorable part among the editors of our country—one of the surviving Titans, who has planted his battery not five miles from the throne of Jove, and hurled many a thirty-two pounder at the whitehouse and at the capitol. Should this page chance to meet his eye, and should he recognize in it a faint nucleus of fact, he will laugh at a college legend which always hands down

a much better story than it received. President Caldwell once caught some boys in mischief; among the rest he descried one on the top of the college, fastening a *goose* to the very ridge of the roof. "Ah! Joseph, Joseph," said he "I suppose thou art fixing up that poor bird there, as an emblem of thyself." Perhaps that severe cut from his teacher may have goaded the youthful truant to throw away the *goose* forever afterwards, reserving only a quill wherewith to write himself into renown. I hope he will forgive me for thus heralding *his exploits upon the house-tops*.

The bell, too, that everlasting mischief-maker, could never be confined to its legitimate utterances, as long as its notes, at dead of night, set all the faculty on the "*qui vive*," and when a string, passing from it to some upper window, enabled a freshman, to whom it was a novelty, to create mysterious music, as if gotten up by the spirits of the air. But since the faculty have put it upon the ground that sometimes little boys come here just after their mothers have taken the rattles from about their necks and that they must be amused a while with some noise as a substitute, the officers indulge such in bell-ringing until they have got their fill, and then the nuisance is abated.

As for myself, being brought up in the Caldwellian school, I once did try my hand at a night adventure, and sallied forth to catch a party of revellers in the woods. I came upon them by surprise and captured several, but in pursuing one, I got hung in a grape vine, which cured me of pursuing students at night.

There was one other adventure, however, in which *pars magni fui*. As it is characteristic of the times, I will beg pardon for relating it. The two societies, as I have already intimated, were then often at dagger's points with each other, and were sometimes in danger of a general engagement. Like all young things, they easily got angry, and had no objections to a fight, while older animals grow wiser, and find peace much more comfortable and much more dignified than war. (I beg pardon of the august crowned heads that are now butting each other on the plains of Italy*.) On one occasion the champions of the respective bodies came into collision and had a desperate fight, in which one of them, much more of a bully than the other, got his antagonist down and beat him most dreadfully, though I never heard that he *gouged* him. It was a kind of *melee*, several being engaged on both sides. Dr Caldwell thought it absolutely necessary to adopt vigorous measures to put a stop to such outrages. It appeared that the bully had provoked the fight, and was most to blame. So a writ

* That old commentator on the Bible, Matthew Henry, as full of wit as of wisdom, remarks that the prophets very fitly represent the great conquerors of the earth, under the emblems of lions, leopards, bears, rams, he-goats, &c. If so, our allusion in the text is not inapposite, and the world need not care much which has the hardest head, the ram or the he-goat.

was taken out to arrest him and carry him to Hillsboro', where the superior court was then sitting. The President's *posse comitatis* was summoned to take him. The house where he secreted himself was surrounded the besieged leaped out upon the shed, and attempted to jump down; but being headed on all sides, he surrendered at discretion. I was one of the guard to Hillsboro.' It was a rainy night, the prisoner purposely kept his horse in a walk, that we might not bring him into town at night as a guarded criminal. So we rode up at breakfast time, like a party of travelers, to the hotel, where the judge and prosecuting officer, and a crowd of people were standing. Our *mittimus* was examined, when lo and behold! the justice of the peace who issued it, had, either accidentally or on purpose, left out of the writ the initials of his office "J. P.," and without those magic letters, it was as harmless as a lion with his head cut off. So the whole proceeding was quashed, the prisoner discharged, the expedition covered with ridicule, and the escort went home pretty well sick of sheriff's business. I beg you, gentlemen in authority here, if you ever have a like occasion, remember the letters J. P.

While we are passing over certain early incidents of Dr. Caldwell's administration, before I leave the subject, the audience will no doubt indulge me in here introducing a brief notice of one of his most valued colleagues and coadjutors, the late lamented Dr. Mitchell. Here let us pause to drop a tear to the memory of this martyr of science. He fell a victim to too great *self-reliance*. This trait in his character, owing no doubt, in a considerable degree to constitutional temperament, was stimulated and confirmed by a New England education, in which youth are seldom indulged in that life of ease and indolence so common and so pernicious among ourselves; but are early thrown upon their own enterprise, and invention, and industry, for providing their future livelihood. This characteristic of that part of our country, is remarkably calculated to develop all the latent energies within a youth, whether for good or for evil—a stern necessity "to do or die"—to swim or sink, which may produce a Franklin and a Webster, or peradventure a Benedict Arnold—like the fierce sun of the tropics, which concocts at once the aromatic gums and the deadly poisons.

This self-reliance of our regretted friend, was conspicuous from his first appearance among us. It carried him as a botanist, over almost every hill and meadow, and into every nook and corner of our extensive State, alone and through all weathers; and led him, as a geologist, to scale every mountain and penetrate every cavern, where nature might promise spoils to philosophic curiosity. While youth remained, he escaped unharmed from the perils into which his adventurous spirit pushed him; but, like Milo, the famous athlete of Crotona, he forgot that he was

growing old, and was lured to his death by too great confidence in that strength and activity on which he had so often relied with safety. At his age and with his high position as a savant, he was entitled to an escort. He ought not to have been seen venturing alone and unassisted among precipitous cliffs, to make good North-Carolina's claim to the Chimborazo of the Alleghanies. He ought to have had a retinue of enthusiastic pupils at his heels, (*magna comitante caterva*), carrying his chain and his compass, and his barometer, and his tent and traveling chest. And I have no doubt he might have enlisted such a corps of his pupils had he desired and requested it. But his self-reliance seemed to scorn all help, as a confession of incapacity and dependance. A bivouac in a mountain gorge, alone and far from the haunts of men, had something in it inviting to his bold and inquisitive genius. I think I have heard him say, that in one of his visits to the same mountainous region, he had been drenched to the skin by a thunder-storm, and had laid down and slept in his wet clothes, till the morning. That such a man would fall prematurely by his excessive spirit of adventure, was naturally to have been apprehended, and we might have justly cautioned him, in the language of Andromache:

“Too daring man, ah! whither wouldst thou run,
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son;
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou *must fall*, thy virtue's sacrifice!”

I have such an opinion of my late friend's undaunted spirit of adventure, that I believe, if he had been one of the scientific corps who accompanied Napoleon in his expedition to Egypt, and if that general had summoned them all before him and said: “I want a man who will go to the biggest of the pyramids, find its secret entrance, explore, lamp in hand, its dark winding galleries, search its inmost penetralia and bring out, if to be found, the sarcophagus of *Chcops* himself”—I believe that Elisha Mitchell would have stepped forth and said: “I'll try it.” He would have been the very man to have joined Dr. Kane in his Arctic expedition. That daring navigator pushed his investigations to latitude 82° 30', the farthest hyperborean point ever reached by the foot of science, and laid down the coast to within less than 8° of the pole. But if Mitchell had been along with him and Dr. Kane had detached him on an exploring trip, I should not have wondered if the pole itself had been discovered, and Mitchell had tied his boat to the axis of the earth! Shade of my departed companion! forgive this sportive ebullition to which I have been tempted by the recollection of thine own jocose temper and playful spirit. How often, when I have gone to thee, gloomy and fretted by some transient irritation, has thy contagious hilarity and sunshiny face dispelled the cloud from my brow and the spleen from my

temper, and I felt the truth of that inspired sentiment: "As iron sharpeneth iron, so does a man sharpen the countenance of his friend." Of such a man might be said, in the beautiful language of Dr. Johnson, that "his death has eclipsed the gaiety of his country and impoverished the general stock of harmless pleasure," as well as of valuable science.

But, brothers of the alumni, I could not excuse myself, and I should but ill perform the duty committed to me this day, if I devoted the whole of this address to amusing or mournful reminiscences of the past. I wish to say something before I sit down, which will be profitable for the future. It may be allowable, on a joyous anniversary like the present, to entertain ourselves and our audience, with some pictures of college life, half a century ago. But it becomes us as educated men, who have gone through the perils and who have reaped the fruits of a collegiate career, to direct our thoughts to the great question how these perils may be encountered and these advantages secured with the least admixture of evil. As lovers of our common country—as North-Carolinians, ambitious of the honor of our State—as men bound to feel for those many parents who trust to these walls their dearest treasure—their sons, that are to bless or to blast their homesteads—we ought to make it a subject of anxious thought, how to prevent a great college from being a great calamity. As men of reflection and humanity, we must have been often saddened by observing the vast amount of *waste* in human life, human talent and human happiness, which the spectacle of our colleges presents. That there is a strong tendency, when large numbers of young men are congregated together, and live to themselves, with very little intermixture with general society, to become dissipated, riotous and lawless, the history of all colleges proves, both in this country and in Europe. The two universities of England have been long famous as the abodes of licentiousness of all kinds. Mr. Griscom, one of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of New York, visited Oxford about forty years ago, and after witnessing a disgraceful scene enacted by a party of students at the hotel* makes the following reflections: "Alas!

* "Of the morality of some of the collegians, I had a most unfavorable specimen. Four or five of them came in the evening, to the inn where I had taken up my quarters, in the principle street in the town. They entered the coffee room, where two or three travellers and myself were sitting engaged in conversation. And after surveying us and the room for some time, they went out but shortly after returned, seated themselves in one of the recesses into which the room was divided, and ordered supper and drink. Their conversation soon assumed a very free cast, and eventually took such a latitude as, I should suppose, would set all Billingsgate at defiance. They abused the waiter, broke a number of things, tore the curtains that enclosed the recesses—staid till near twelve o'clock, and then went off, thoroughly soaked with wine, brandy and hot toddy. I was told the next morning, that two of them were *noblemen*." (A very different thing from NOBLE MEN.)—*Griscom's Year in Europe*, vol. 1. pp. 60, 61.

for such an education as this. What can Latin and Greek and all the store of learning and science have to make amends in an hour of retribution, for a depraved heart and an understanding debased by such vicious indulgence. I cannot but cherish the hope that this incident does not furnish a fair specimen of the morals of the students. It will doubtless happen, that in so large a number as that here collected, in the various colleges, many will bring with them habits extremely unfavorable to morality and subordination. But from the information derived from my guide, who was a moderate man, and certainly well informed with respect to the habits of the place, and from the observations which forced themselves upon me in my walks through the streets and gardens, this evening, I am obliged to deduce the lamentable conclusion that the *morals* of the nation are not much benefitted by the direct influence of this splendid seat of learning." And although he inclines to the opinion, that the state of morals is not quite so bad at Cambridge, yet he admits it to be a doubtful question, and that this is only a surmise of his own, and says: "It would be a curious and interesting subject of inquiry to ascertain, with as much accuracy as possible, the comparative morality of Oxford and Cambridge, as it is admitted that in Oxford the collegiate studies are directed with paramount assiduity to moral philosophy and the higher range of classical learning, while in Cambridge, mathematics and natural philosophy have a transcendent influence."*

What license, what scorn, what blasphemy, what atheism, must the rowdies of Cambridge feel at liberty to indulge in, when they see the disbanded debauchees of the camp suddenly turned into pastors, having the care of souls!

This testimony relates to the state of things at those celebrated universities forty years ago. Have things improved there since that date? Let us hear the testimony of Sydney Smith, one of the most distinguished literati of the present century, whom none will suspect of too austere and puritanical a view of the subject. In a letter written but a few years ago, to one of his female correspondents, he says: "I feel for Mrs. —

* There is one feature which Mr. Griscom observed at his visit to Cambridge which is certainly significant, and ominous of a low state of morals. "Since the late peace," says he, [this was written in 1819, soon after the anti-Napoleonic armies had been disbanded,] "a great number of persons, from the army and navy, have entered *as students of divinity*, relying on family influence for promotion, and in consequence of such influence, no inconsiderable number have been promoted, and over the heads, too, of others, who have devoted many years to the duties of the university. Surely no wound can be inflicted on religion more deep and deadly than to place a man by the mere *dictum* of hierarchical authority, in the station of a Christian minister, who is just reeking from the camp, and who has no qualifications either of head or heart for the solemn office, and probably no taste for any of its accompaniments except for the loaves and fishes."—*Vol. 2: p. 210.*

about her son at Oxford, knowing as I do, that the only consequences of a university education are the growth of vice and the waste of money.”*

In the German universities so far as reports have been published among us, the state of morals is even worse, the frequent practice of duelling being added to the usual vices of college life.

To come nearer home, what has been the experience of our neighboring sister South Carolina? In the beginning of this century, she began to awaken to the duty and the policy of providing means for the home education of her sons, who had hitherto been educated in the Northern States or in Europe. Somewhat later than we, she created a State college, and endowed it with that enlightened liberality worthy of the intelligence and opulence of her leading men. But, alas! the history of that college proves how useless it is to make all these magnificent preparations of faculty, of library, of apparatus and of buildings, if there are not materials enough of the right kind out of which to make students—if the young men of the country are reared up ease, idleness and luxury, and know that they are rich enough to do without an education. What is the usual course with such young men? They go to college; they there find numbers of idlers like themselves, they find study irksome and disgusting, pleasure spreads out her seductions before them, they are indulged with plenty of money, and habits of ruinous dissipation follow as the necessary results. If they are sent home, what penalty there awaits them? A horse a gun, a dog, fine clothes, and the ladies! Who would immure himself in a college cell with such companions as Thucydides and his crabbed Greek, or Loomis's Differential and Integral Calculus, when by going down street and “getting up a row,” he can be sent home to so much pleasanter employment and company? The result of South Carolina's experiment upon a college, we have from authority the most unsuspicious and authentic. One of the most respectable alumni, one of the oldest judges on the bench of that State has given his testimony, which has been copied into most of the newspapers of the land. “I have known that institution,” says Judge O'Neill, “intimately since 1811, when I first entered its walls, and I have no hesitation in saying that one fourth of its students have been affected injuriously or destroyed by intoxicating drinks. Indeed I fully believe that one fourth of its graduates sleep in drunkards' graves.” He goes on to say, however, that “notwithstanding this dread scourge, South Carolina college has accomplished an immense amount of good,” &c. A valuable lesson was learned from the results of the Cooper administration of that institution. Dr. Thomas Cooper was called to the presidency from his high reputation as a man of science and general learning, and perhaps with some reference to his or-

*Life, vol. 2: p. 402.

thodoxy on political questions, then deeply agitating that State. It would have been hard to find a man of more multifarious learning. He was a lawyer, a statesman, a physician, a philosopher, natural and moral, and somewhat even of a theologian; but withal he was an infidel, an atheist. And the college soon took the type of its head. Infidelity and irreligion took possession of the seat and centre of knowledge, and therefore soon became rife through the State. A State college is the eye of the body politic, and "if the eye be evil the whole body shall be full of darkness." The college was broken down by dissipation and disorder; parents lost all confidence, and durst not expose their sons to the double danger of infidel principles and profligate example. At length Gov. McDuffie in his message to the legislature, was obliged to report the State college as a failure; and though an infidel himself, he candidly admitted that the prevalence of infidel sentiments had destroyed the public confidence and reduced the college to its present low condition, and he therefore advised a reorganization of the faculty and a new trial for success under different auspices. Accordingly three of the foremost men in the State for talents and religious character, were installed as president and professors, and a special professorship was created of *Christian Evidences*. Very soon the college regained its former patronage, religion was respected, the gospel powerfully preached twice every Sunday in the college chapel and infidelity, formerly triumphant and open-mouthed, was now silent and humbled, if not extinct. Here was an experiment whose fruits I trust will be permanently and extensively useful, namely: that a literary institution, without the religious element to leaven the mass, will not be supported by the people of this country.

The University of Virginia had to go through the same experience. It was the child of Mr. Jefferson, whose infidelity was well known and had a contagious influence on the leading public men of the State. No provision was made for any religious worship or religious instruction in the university. The institution for several of the first years of its existence had a bad name for vice and irreligion—the religious public mourned and complained that the State university founded and supported by the votes and the treasure of the commonwealth, for the education of the sons of the commonwealth, should ignore christianity, and be given up to anti-christian influences. This was the *apparent* design, by leaving out religion entirely in the course of instruction and in the appointment of officers. To do Mr. Jefferson justice, this seems not to have been in his contemplation. Unbeliever as he was, himself, he was too shrewd a politician and too well acquainted with the people of this country, to attempt a literary establishment among us, having none of the moral and popular influences of christianity. His idea was this, as I learned from his own lips, when

I paid a visit to Monticello, in 1823, only three years before his death, and but a short time before the university went into operation. He thought that the established American principle of non-interference in religious matters, and the division of our people into different sects, rendered it improper and impracticable to incorporate in the plan of the university any provision for the teaching of religion. But it was announced publicly, that all the religious bodies were authorized and were encouraged to establish, at the seat of the university, any foundations and lectureships that they might deem expedient, and they were promised the free use of the library and of the lectures of the academical department. This seems to vindicate Mr. Jefferson on this point. But as the suggestion above mentioned was not adopted by the various religious denominations, after a few years' experiment, the absence of christianity was proved to be a serious evil, and disreputable to the university. So the faculty and students by common consent, determined to call a chaplain to perform the ordinary religious services, and that they might obviate the jealousy of religious sects, the chaplain was to be chosen from the prevalent religious bodies, in rotation. This, I believe, has worked well, and to the satisfaction of all. The present arrangements also give to all ministers and candidates for the ministry, the privilege of attending gratuitously the lectures of the professors, which, it would seem, ought to appease all alarms and silence all complaints.

The College of which we boast ourselves to be sons, was founded in an era most dark and inauspicious to religion—the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Our country had just emerged from a long, distressing war, and it is well known that war has a hardening effect upon the minds of men, familiarizing them with blood and death, and rendering them skeptical and indifferent in matters relating to a future world. To this add the overshadowing influence of France. The splendor of her philosophers and political economists had then attracted the admiration of the world; her powerful fellowship in arms had helped us happily through our struggle for liberty, and then her imitation of us in bursting her own shackles,—all these ties had bound us to her destinies with an enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which had well nigh engulfed us in the same devouring whirlpool that finally swallowed up her first republic. She reciprocated all our enthusiasm, and received our Franklin in Paris with the honors of a demigod, condensing into one pregnant Latin hexameter his two greatest exploits—the snatching of lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants:

“Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrum que tyrannis.”*

* Turgot the famous political economist, was the author of this beautiful eulogium.

Unhappily when France overturned the throne and the Bastile, she overturned, with the same convulsive throes, the temple of God, and set up as her only object of worship, the goddess Liberty—liberty not only from the chains of despots, but from all belief in future responsibility. This portentous atheism spread its disastrous influence over most of our public men, and hence the works of Voltaire and his royal patron, Frederick of Prussia, of Rousseau, Helvetius, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon and Paine, were found in the libraries of our principal families, however small these libraries were. Some of these, presented by trustees and others, were among the most conspicuous books in our university and society libraries, in their early beginnings. As the *cock* was the national emblem of France, it is hardly vulgar to quote here our homely proverb: "As the old cock crows the young one learns." Our first professors and students caught the Gallic infection; and Dr. Caldwell among his earliest difficulties, had to struggle with infidelity in the faculty and infidelity among the students; and hence, among his sermons of that date, many will be found in refutation of objections against christianity. The same difficulties Dr. Dwight was contending with at Yale college, to the presidency of which he was called a few years before this date. From the commencement of Dr. Caldwell's administration the christian religion has been recognised and taught in this institution, and its laws have required the students to attend such religious services as they were called to by the professors. Since that time the growth of the several ecclesiastical bodies, has made it right and important to consult their wishes by representation in the academic corps; and it would seem that the best practicable plan has been fallen on to allay sectarian jealousy, and to give christianity such prominence in our collegiate system, as to impress our undergraduates with the conviction that it is venerated as of divine origin, and as the religion of our country.

But after all this public provision for the maintenance of religious influence and of moral habits, it is a lamentable fact that colleges will nourish within their bosom, a large amount of vicious dissipation, idleness and profusion. The two great obstacles to government and incentives to disorder are the congregation of large numbers of youth into houses by themselves, and the use of intoxicating drinks. Whether we have not made a mistake in thus isolating the students from family society, and crowding them together in such numbers under one roof, may admit of painful doubt. Judge O'Neill, whom I quoted a little while ago, gives it as his decided conviction, that dormitories ought to be done away with, and the students distributed among respectable families. Dr James W. Alexander, of New York, one of the first men of this country, an alumnus of Princeton, and for a long time a professor there, in a letter

received from him a few years since, says: "Of all absurd things in the world, one of the most absurd is to put a great number of boys together, in a large building, to keep house by themselves." This is the first difficulty, but whether the plan proposed as a remedy would succeed better has not, I believe, been put to the test. We cannot therefore say of the recipe: *probatum est*. The other difficulty, the use of intoxicating liquors, is the gigantic evil of colleges, and leads all reflecting persons, as well as Mr. Griscom, sometimes to doubt whether all the benefits of public education are not outweighed by this enormous mischief to the morals and happiness of our families. War is, while it lasts, perhaps the most terrific calamity with which our race is scourged. Pestilence too, now and then, poisons the common element we all do breathe, and more than decimates our cities. These evils, however, are intermittent. They leave long intervals of repose and healthful enjoyment. But intemperance, begun in youth and often continued and aggravated through tedious years of shame and sorrow, in so many families—this, this, is the running ulcer of our social body; this is the perennial, fetid, stygian flood, that is circling round and round the land, and pouring its poisonous tide into our sacred homes. This it is which causes more human hearts to ache and more human faces to blush than any other cause. In vain have been all your temperance societies. In vain your temperance lectures have been sent through the length of the land—gifted with tragic powers to make the public weep over the horrors of drunkenness, and with comic powers to make the drunkard the laughing stock of the world. In vain have been all these schemes to abate the nuisance. Intemperance has grown under all these appliances, like the cancer spreading under the surgeon's knife, or the Hydra multiplying its heads under the club of Hercules.

Alas! Leviathan is not thus tamed;
Laughed at he laughs again, and stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline from human hands.

And if this disease is so pernicious in its sporadic form, turning a home here and a home there into a habitation of wretchedness, what must it be when concentrated in a public institution, a multitude countenancing and stimulating each other, "despising the shame," and by their united strength breaking down every barrier! A college thus tainted is like our great western river, with all its swollen affluents, bursting all the embankments, and carrying terror, and devastation, and malaria over the fruitful valley which it ought to adorn and fertilize. For this single vice is at the root of all collegiate disturbances and delinquencies. Of every drinking student may be said what was said of Judas Iscariot: "With the *sop* Satan entered into him." Hence all the counsels of educators, all the ingenui-

ty of physicians, all the discoveries of chemistry, all the wisdom and power of legislative bodies, should be put in requisition to contend with this portentous mischief. And he who shall discover a cure or even an alleviation of this curse of humanity, will deserve a monument higher and more enduring than the pyramids, and be entitled to a gratitude deeper and wider, than that accorded to Dr. Jenner, who has relieved the world of the terrors of small pox. Premiums are offered for all improvements in the industrial and economical arts, and for the best essays on all moral subjects; but the richest premium will he deserve, who, by some chymic art, shall make young collegians loathe intoxicating drinks, or by some happy improvement in political economy, shall drive ardent spirits out of the land as an article of manufacture or of commerce. The might of *man* has failed; may we not appeal to the softer but more potent influence of *woman*? Will not the ladies, themselves safe and superior to this infirmity, come to the rescue of our powerless sex? We are called the stronger sex and they the weaker: but as to temptations to vice they are the stronger and we the weaker sex. I have the same opinion of them, that Lord Chatham had of the English soldiers: "They can achieve anything but impossibilities."* They are not good at making large bargains, I admit, as is proved by the price they have agreed to give for Mt. Vernon; but even there, the bargain is to their credit, showing that they estimate the "value received," not in the worth of the land, but in the testimony of national gratitude and in sending an ambassador around the land to teach in honied accents, the grandest lesson this family of nations can learn, namely: by loving their common father, to love and cherish the united republic which he lived and labored and suffered to establish. Let those who have entered with so much zeal into this national "labor of love" now join their hearts in another, touching more nearly the happiness of their country and of the world. Let them proclaim with their sovereign voice, from one end of the continent to the other, that their smiles and their hands are the prize of *sobriety* alone. From all their lips let there be heard the general chorus:

Young men, young men who love your drink,
Your bark of hope and bliss must sink;
We'll never trust with you our life—
You cannot, shall not have a wife.

I venture with diffidence to make the following suggestions. It seems hopeless to put a stop to the use of all stimulating drinks. All nations have used them, and God constituted wine with corn as a part of his special gifts to his people, in the Holy Land. Thus the inspired writer says:

*The French have a proverb that truly expresses the power of woman: "Les femmes peuvent tout, parcequ'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tout."

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." Here you find wine mentioned like grass and herb, and oil, and bread, as gifts equally expressive of the kindness of Heaven. What God gives as a tonic and stimulant, along with the nutriment of man, cannot, if soberly and prudently used, be hurtful either to body or mind. In conformity with these providential bestowments of the old dispensation, we find the Saviour, in the New Testament, using wine at his meals, though it exposed him to the slander of being a wine-bibber—turning water into wine for the use of the guests, at a marriage banquet, and appointing wine to be used at his own sacred supper. Now I by no means intend it to be understood that because in that day and country the fermented juice of the grape was a native product and a licensed beverage, therefore the adulterous and poisonous mixtures in use among us are lawful and expedient; nor would I be understood as saying that the banishment of even *pure wine* would be beyond the right and duty of college authorities, any more than it would be beyond their right to prohibit a certain kind of *food*, if it was found that that kind of food led generally to gluttony and sickness. Besides, in modern times so many other beverages have been introduced, less dangerous and perhaps more nutritious, that we have less reason to use the wine of the shops, which is anything else but the juice of the grape. But what I am now aiming at is this: to inquire whether we could not, by introducing the vine among our agricultural products, make within ourselves a domestic beverage, safe and pleasant, and drive out the pestiferous liquors, foreign and home made, which are now the bane of our land. An enlightened foreigner from Germany, Mr. Schweinitz, who was honored with a seat in the board of trustees, and who used sometimes to visit this place, declared that this locality where we now are, was the very country for the grape and the manufacture of wine. Why should not our enlightened and more wealthy farmers, who can afford to make the experiment, instead of forever moving round in the same circle of crops, (corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco,) venture upon the culture of the grape and an experiment in wine, at first on a small scale? * If our country should be found capable of producing light wines harmless as a common drink, it might have a greater effect in promoting temperance than the effort at total abstinence.

* I annex the following recent document on this subject:

WINE IN OHIO.—An experienced writer who has one of the best vineyards in Hamilton county, says that four hundred gallons of wine per acre may be safely depended upon this year, as the product of the grape crop. The fermented juice of the grape readily commands, when new, an average of \$1 25 per gallon. At the above rate the crop will yield \$500 per acre—about the most profitable crop that is produced in this country.

It is admitted that the people of France are in general temperate, though the use of wine is universal, and that it is a rare thing to see a drunken man in that country. Mr. Hentz, formerly professor of French in this college, who spent his early life in Paris, used to say that he never saw a drunken man till he was seventeen years of age, and that he was at a loss to account for the singularity of his behavior, ascribing it to a derangement. This superior sobriety of that light, and giddy, and impetuous nation, cannot be attributed to any *moral* cause, and is probably due to the fact that a cheap and innocuous beverage is accessible to every body. In the absence of wine from our country, might not some other innocent liquors be brought into use—beer, mead, cider, raspberry wine, &c.? At Princeton, when I was there in 1813, malt beer was a part of the college dinner; and in Yale college, it was allowed as a perquisite to an indigent student, to sell liquors of that kind to the students; whether it was abandoned at both of those great institutions, as leading to injurious consequences, I never heard. I throw out these suggestions with some apprehension lest a bad use may be made of them, but the disease is so desperate it warrants bold experiments. From long thought and experience and from the high authorities I have quoted, I have been led to form the theory of a college, of which if my audience will have patience with me I will give them a brief outline. It is impracticable, to be sure, in an old country, and where all the expenditures of buildings have been already incurred. But I cannot help desiring to avail myself of so large an audience to present my thoughts on this subject for the consideration of an enlightened public. The generous donations by Congress of extensive lands for educational purposes in our new States, would have furnished, and in some may yet furnish most favorable opportunities and facilities for carrying such a plan into execution: Let a tract of one or more square miles, healthy and beautiful in its aspect, and having an abundance of fine water, be selected as the location. Let this territory remain, *in perpetuum*, the property of the trustees; let not a foot of it be sold. Let a village be laid out in convenient lots, and let respectable families be invited to lease them, for a term of years, and put up suitable houses, obligating themselves to take a certain number of boarders, and to keep no intoxicating drinks, under penalty of ejection. This would give the trustees a control over the population, and enable them to exclude all improper inhabitants. The only public buildings then required would be houses for professors and public rooms for lectures, library and apparatus; and the large sums heretofore expended in providing dormitories would be saved for endowing professorships and scholarships, and procuring library and apparatus. This plan would promise to obviate the disturbances incident to a steward's table, the disorders generated by having large numbers in

one house, and would if settlers of the right sort could be obtained, promote gentility of manners by intercourse with private families, and in case of sickness secure requisite quiet comfort and attendance.

Such is the theory, and a fair vision it affords; but I am distrustful of all theories, and I should like to know whether there is anywhere an institution on this plan, and how it works. Favorers of things as they are, and conservatives suspicious of innovations, I confess may overcast this fair vision with forebodings of ills still greater than the present. A prophet less hopeful and perhaps more sagacious than I, may desery looming in the dim future visions of landlords with broken heads for informing the faculty that, last night, there was a card and wine party up stairs—visions of enamored students and love-sick daughters in every boarding house; Corydon sighing for Chloe, and Chloe sighing, not for Corydon, but for Daphnis—then dark spectres of Corydon and Daphnis in deadly strife—Amyntas

“Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neara’s hair,”*

instead of with his Demosthenes and Plato,—the scene winding up with five matches on commencement night between so many graduates and so many daughters of their respective landlords. Alas! I should have to insert among the conditions of my Utopian colony that the landlords should have no daughters, or should send them all off to school. These dark possibilities clouding my fairy vision, will I fear, prevent its ever being realized, and induce the old fogies to fold their arms in scornful tranquility, saying: “All the difference between the old plan and the new one will be, that instead of having one *Ætna*, with now and then a “great blow-out and have done with it,” you will have fifty little smithies, with the roar of the bellows, the clanging of the anvil and the showers of sparks forever annoying you.” So we see that on this, as on most subjects, “much might be said on both sides.”

After so long an address, can I, ought I to be insensible to the flattering attention and marks of approbation with which it has been received? I well know what has worked so mightily in my favor. Never was speaker more fortunate in the temper of the house. Among the charms which according to old Homer, Jove conferred upon his darling daughter, Venus, was that of *philommeides*; she was *the queen of smiles, the laughter-loving Aphrodite*. So the presence of the chief magistrate of the Union has made every one joyous—it has given me a *laughter-loving* audience, and among them many a Venus, with lambent lightnings playing about her eyes, encircled with the irresistible Cestus, and with the little rogue Cupid sitting

* Milton’s Lycidas.

at her feet ever sharpening his burning arrows on a bloody whetstone.* And if I owe an apology to my kind and indulgent audience for the parti-colored character of this address, this motley mixture of the serious and the ludicrous, here is my defence: Such is life, in which shade and sunshine chase each other over the plain—in which joy and sorrow rapidly alternate in our hearts—in which smiles often shine through our tears and dry them up—and again tears start forth and extinguish the light of our smiles. Such is life, and such did Shakspeare, the greatest painter of life, represent it. His pictures of man are neither unmixed tragedies nor unmixed comedies, but tragi-comedies. Such alternations seem to be our Creator's design.

The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife;
Give all the strength and color of our life.

Sorrow in advance makes the arrival of gladness more glad, and sorrow apprehended in the future chastises and tempers the transports of present pleasure, and mingles all our rejoicings with salutary trembling.

Alas! by some degree of wo,
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never knew a pain.

And yet something whispers me that the retrospect I have taken ought to have inspired a more serious strain. Of the long line of alumni with whom I have been contemporary, how few survive!

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Of seven eminent men with whom I have had the honor to co-operate as professor in this institution, six have now passed off from the stage of action. Caldwell, Hentz, Mitchell, Andrews, Anderson and Olmsted are no more. Their accents which once contributed to enlighten and adorn our state, are now hushed in the voiceless grave, and perhaps ere another anniversary revolves around, and brings you together again, the two who yet remain will be gathered with those who have gone before them. To one who looks back fifty or sixty years, what a shadow is man! how fleeting, how trifling do seem all his interests and schemes, his hopes and his fears! The thought extorted a sigh even from a pagan moralist:

“O! curas hominum! O! quantum est in rebus inane.”†

How fading the honors of earth, how empty the applause of men! But happy, thrice happy we, that this fading pageant is not all,—that our deathless souls never satisfied with the limited and transient, and always

* “Ridet Venus, ferus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes, acuens sagittas,
Cote cruenta.”—*Hor.*

† Persius.

reaching after something illimitable and infinite, shall, if puried by religion enter upon a state where all our companions and joys shall be perfect and unchangeable :

Where Time, and Pain, and Chance and Death expire;
Where momentary ages are no more;
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.

JOHNSTON BLAKELEY.

Far o'er the sea the cannon's boom
Is rolling like the echoed thunder;
And fire is flashing through the gloom,
And ocean's self seems rent asunder.

Two stout-built frigates there contend,
To hold the mastery of ocean;
The sailors all their powers expend,
And die with battle's grim devotion.

Upon one ship a youthful form
With folded arms is calmly standing,
Director of the iron storm,
And o'er the bloody scene commanding.

The ensign waving proudly high
Is nailed upon the mast, and no man
Who would not rather sink and die,
Than "strike his colors" to the foeman.

"One ship," he cries, "must surely yield,
But mine I never will surrender;
And while she floats above the field,
My gallant men, we must defend her."

The seamen fight till there is fear
That both the ships will go to pieces;
Then riess a victorious cheer,
And suddenly the battle ceases.

The ships are like two moving graves,
And spars and corpses strew the water;
But Blakeley's flag in triumph waves
Above the fearful field of slaughter.

Another scene—the winds are high,
The billows toss themselves to heaven;
Now deep, now almost to the sky,
Yet onward still, a ship is driven.

That youthful form is standing there
And listening to the cordage rattle;
His brow is darkened now with care—
Ah! would it were again a battle.

For all the young commander thinks,
While they are resting on their pillows;
But hark! that shriek—she sinks—she sinks—
And down she sank among the billows.

Shrill shrieked the winds, loud roared the storm;
Alas! what ravages were done!
Their victim was that peerless form—
'Twas Carolina's favorite son.

DECAY AND REPRODUCTION--THE LESSONS THEY TEACH US.

[THIS article was not originally intended for publication nor is it now published by consent of the author, but in his absence we venture to lay it before our readers and trust he will not find cause to complain of its reception. Eds.]

THE teachings of Moral Philosophy tell us that there is a world within us, and a world without us, a world of mind, and a world of matter, that these are distinguished and known by their peculiar and different properties, the one by its solidity, extension, and divisibility, the other by the absence of these distinguishing characteristics. But while there is this striking line of demarkation between these two great divisions of our universal system, they are both governed by similar and analogous laws, they are both referable to the same universal cause, which has created every thing out of nothing, and which has imposed upon his creation these consistent, and mutual laws of action, they are both preserved and held in their respective places by his almighty power, they are both alike in the manner in which they are respectively and differently cultivated among themselves, and the uses made of them, they both undergo analogous change in their developements and apparent decay, they are both immortal. The most important of these analogies is, that decay and reproduction, which is so striking, and so frequently remarked in the world of matter; but whose counterpart in the world of mind is so often overlooked, and from which, by careful study, many of those essential and practical lessons may be learned, which most nearly concern man, as a social and responsible being. A language sorrowing over the wrecks of decay, and eulogizing its sublimity, is familiar to us all; that language which comes from the heart inspired by its solemnities, and from a mind impressed by the sadly-important truths that it reveals; a language that speaks from every heart; a language, the offspring of the universal mind. The imagination goes back, in its swift meanderings, along the stream of time to the garden of Eden, and the creation of our first parents. It watches the movements of that blissful pair, who held sweet converse beneath the careful eye and heart—changing smiles of their father and creator it follows their happy walks, in the shade of trees planted by the hand of God and along the brink of streams distilled from the very atmosphere of heaven, it sees with anxious, trembling suspense the tempter enter that sacred spot and begin the treacherous work of ruin; it sees his triumph and the consequences of that triumph—our first parents

driven forth upon an unwelcome earth, with the curse upon their heads, and with just enough of their heavenly origin left to make them feel the miseries of earth. Then begins the great drama of man and his works. Cities arise and nations spring up, societies are formed and laws and governments begin by degrees to develop themselves, spreading their moralizing influence over every thing; the Messiah comes and gives to man that remedial dispensation by which he may expiate his own sins through the merits of another, and that Christianity stands ready with the bible in her hands, and with all nature to impress its solemn, all-important truths, to renovate this whole world and to change this earth of ours into a heaven. But as the imagination that follows along the stream of time, vivifying the ever-changeful scenes, along its course, finds it no food for serious meditation, sees it everything flourishing in that freshness and vigor which marked it in its prosperity, finds it no monumental ruins to tell what has been, and to lead the mind still further back into the examination of those causes that have brought about this sad desolation, as it flies backward o'er placid waters?

Whence "breathes a fragrance from the shore of flowers yet fresh with childhood," and wanders amid sacred groves, whose sighings seem to whisper departed greatness, or over mountain heights whose grand sublimities strike the soul with a sweetly melancholy awe, what curious sights attract the attention and arrest its progress? 'Tis the mountain picture of ancient Rome, decaying walls, dismantled towers, broken arches under which the proudest Monarchs of the earth have walked in triumphal processions, behind the car of their haughty conquerors, immense amphitheaters turning to decay tell what Rome once was, what Rome now is. And as we wander amid those sacred ruins, catching a holy inspiration from their sanctity, and a due reverence for her illustrious dead, and while we listen to the patriotic eloquence of her statesmen, the sweet-souled music of her bards, and the oracles of philosophy from her sages; while we tread upon the long forgotten graves of her Cicero, her Seneca, her Appius Claudius, her Livy and her Juvenal—while we look upon the aged form of the first of her sweet songsters, old father Ennius or kneel in fervent adoration at the tomb of Mantua's modest bard, the mind is overcrowded and oppressed, with the magnitude of its thoughts, and the imagination seeks repose upon the classic shores of Greece. And here too the reality is too painful to be dwelt upon, here too the mind must wander back to the days of her glory, when the world acknowledged the might of her sword, and the nations, as the pilgrims of learning, turned their faces to her, as their Mecca, and worshipped, in blind admiration, at the shrine of her philosophy. Her people, degraded as they are, still catch the inspiration of sacred mounds and hallowed vales, for

———"Wild as the accents of a lover's farewell
Are the hearts that they bear, and the tales which they tell."

Every stone that meets the eye seems to mark the grave of some martyr to her freedom—in the mouldering ruins of her mighty edifices is seen the hand of her immortal sculptors—in every sigh that comes from the whisperings of her sacred groves, is heard the music of her lyres, and in every rush of the waters against her romantic shores are heard the voices of her statesmen and philosophers, teaching truths that can never die—truths that now have their influence over the world. Romantic Greece! Lovely Greece! "Land of the cypress and myrtle!"—fit emblems of the deeds that were once done in thy clime—fit abode of the philosopher who would turn away from the busy walks of men to wander amid the hallowed ruins, and to gather from thy sad, eventful history lessons of true wisdom! Fain would the imagination rest amid the scenes, and content itself with beholding thee, as thou once was. But other places more remarkable from the antiquity of their remains, and more solemn in their degradation, must be visited. Sadly it leaves thy majestic, sea-girt shores, for the land of the bible and the home of the Messiah while on earth. Can it be that this chosen spot of God, the land where the Savior of mankind was born of a virgin, this radiant point of the christian religion bears too the traces of Time's destructive march; a voice that comes from the grave of the past solemnly answers. Yes the traveler wearied with wandering through her mouldering heaps, finds in the lazy Ottoman, who builds his miserable hut on the banks of the Jordan, a guide to point him to the scenes of the Messiah's doings—to the spot where he met those disciples, who were afterward to go forth enlightening the world, to the place where he gained his great victory over the temptations of the flesh, to the scene of that prayer which is now repeated by millions of tongues—to that mount where he said "my father's will be done and left a world ungrateful for his sacrifices. Palestine! home of christianity, land of miracles. Can it be that the altar built by the hand of God should tumble to the ground, that thy Jerusalem the seat of his chosen people and the mother of those divine truths that now civilize the world should have hardly one stone upon another, hardly a monumental pile to tell the stranger that he treads upon hallowed ground. The mind grows tired of the monotony of thy woes, and the imagination steals away to meditate at the foot of Egypt's mighty pyramids, here too are the solemn instructive vestiges of a country whose very ruins attest the point of grandeur to which it had attained. And here too the finger has written his passing notice upon her fallen Obelisk, and the broken columns of her once splendid temples. The noble bounty-giving Nile still flows gently on, irrigating a country, smiling with verdure and rich with fruits and harvest. But who are they who pluck those fruits,

and garner those harvest? A race so degraded, so insensitive to the grand and the beautiful, that they feel no reverence for the mental attainments of their ancestors, attested in the heaps of splendid ruins strewn around them. Oh, Egypt! once the land of letters, and the nurturing mother of art and science! Well may the traveller, pausing amid the labyrinth of thy splendid remains, and inspired by the sublimity exclaim with Halleck,

“I sorrow that all fair things must decay,”

and thus scene after scene of former greatness and grandeur is passed by—Palmyra, Balbec, Persepolis, Thebes, Memphis, Alexandria, and a thousand others, until the traces of the great wall of China, suggestive of human folly perhaps, as well as human strength and perseverance, bounds its solemn, wearisome journey and the imagination, turns to report the sad incidents of her voyage to the mind for future thought and usefulness. And is it a fact that so much speaking of the grand and divine in the soul of man, has thus passed away to ruin, that time, with his sickle of death and destruction is no respecter of persons. Can we harbor the thought that his destroying presence must some day be with us, and leave not a flower to tell of the happiness that once reigned in our own beloved country. But for all the ills, the sorrows of death and decay, is there no remedy, no consolation? Must he who rears some expanded edifice with toil and care, where art and science teach mankind, must he, who shuts out the sunlight from his eyes, to make the marble speak and give an immortality—must he, who writes his thoughts for the world to read, and gather wisdom therefrom, know but he is only making creatures for the hand of time to toy with and destroy? Ah yes, there is a remedy, there is a consolation! There is no decay, see the lone traveller, as he pauses o’er the remains, of some ancient splendid Parthenon, where men once walked erect in the consciousness of mental strength, but where the loathsome bat now flies upon the night-winds that seem to sigh, over the wrecks “and where the moping owl doth to the moon complain,” Here desolation has taken up her sad abode and as he looks upon the ruins at his feet, and then up to the blue canopy above, the same that overspread them in better days, we leave him involuntarily exclaiming—all, all is gone! But ah, he is a philosopher! A blush mantles his cheek, a fire kindles his eye, the stately oak that grows out of the decay at its root, has brought to him the startling truth that there is no destruction either of mind or of matter, and he turns away with the lesson of wisdom taught him by this sad example of Decay and Reproduction. Mark the American of to day, as he views the sight of old Jamestown—the mother colony of our country! Here the tall grass grows over that hallowed soil, beneath which repose the bones of our noblest ances-

tors, and the golden harvest, waves over that spot, sacred to the memory of our pilgrim Fathers—the cradle of our country. Naught attracts the eye, but a crumbling brick wall, the remains of one of the first churches in which our forefathers sent up their orisons to God for the protection of themselves and their property, on the shore of America. And as he gazes upon their last remains, and they too must soon pass into the grave of oblivion, a mingled feeling of sadness and reverential awe passes across his soul. Perhaps he is treading upon the grave of a Berkly or a Blair, the one concerned with the affairs of government, the other the guardian of learning, and teacher of christianity. But ah! some thought has aroused him from his reverie, a splendid steamer rushes past like a thing of light, ploughing the placid waters of the James. In a moment the current of his thoughts is changed, he sees his happy prosperous country spread out before his eyes, and a glorious destiny awaiting it; the decay that meets his eye is but the father of a reproduction that has resulted in one of the happiest countries on earth, and he winds his way from the hallowed spot, pondering the lesson there taught him. Ah, charming thought, that matter and mind are immortal! that what we call decay is but giving a name to those changes which take place in the material world, by which the constituent elements of different substances enter into new combinations, forming other and perhaps more useful and beautiful bodies. What we call decay is as necessary to life as day to night as death to immortality, as cause to effect. Does not the naturalist tell us that the harvests of this year, are the result of the apparent decay of last years fruits and of the decomposition of other bodies. If this be so may not the flowers that regale our gardens to day, with their rich perfume, may not the rich hues of the boquet that the lover throws at the feet of his loved one to day owe, its beauty and freshness to some decaying Egyptian mummy which has received the last offices due to the dying, twenty centuries ago, and whose constituent elements have floated in the atmosphere across two continents! But far more grand, more instructive, more cheering is the contemplation of that decay and reproduction which belongs to the world of mind. Follow me to the chamber of a lonely Student who retires from the busy walks of men in the ancient city of Athens, go with me to that grotto, where the rush of the waves against the rock-bound shore of Greece inspires poetry into the soul of another, and the lesson of mental decay and reproduction—earthly immortality is taught you. Can it be that the writings of those veteran votaries, the one of science, the other of poetry, have survived that hand which crushed whole nations beneath its destroying weight? ask the politician or the philosopher of to day, who seeks his theories of policy and wisdom in the politics and ethics of Aristotle, or the devotee of rapturous poesy who gathers his

information from the lyre of Euripides; watch the countenance of the humble Scotch lad who sees on the quickly vanishing vapor of a tea-kettle, the ocean heaving beneath a thousand rushing steamers. The apparent decay of that idea has resulted in a reproduction that now spans the earth with rail-ways radiating intelligence from one quarter of the globe to another, and by bringing into close and constant union, remotely-seperated communities promising to civilize the whole world. And are not these alone instances enough to show us the striking analogy between material and mental decay and reproduction, to teach us that our thoughts live forever in the hearts and minds of those around us, developing and enlarging until they have their influence on the economy and welfare of the world? The wrecks of splendid edifices and flourishing cities—the laborious works of art that we meet with in our wanderings through the past, are but the “terminal moraines” that mark the onward progress of that mighty glacier, time, while the thoughts of the illustrious dead are the pure current that steals from beneath its crushing weight unharmed, and flows gently on into that great ocean of letters which encircle the world. Our thoughts cannot die. They live forever on that green immortality with which their reproduction has surrounded them. And from all this comes to us the solemn lesson of individual responsibility. Let us heed well the lesson. As every word we utter vibrates forever in the atmosphere about us, so every thought that we breathe forth must live forever, for weal or woe, in the hearts and minds of succeeding generations. How well would it be, if our thoughts could be moulded with this important truth to guide them in their formation! Well were it if we could always think, and speak, and write with this lesson written upon our heart of hearts! We deserve not the name of true philosophers and philanthropists until this truth has sunk deep into our minds, and become a principle of action; until then we have failed to perform our duty due to ourselves, our fellow man and our God. Then let us strive to ever keep in mind the immortality of our thoughts; let us strive to make that immortality the means of good to ourselves and our fellow men; let us strive to live not for the welfare of the present alone but for the good of all the distant future, and though no

“Storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansions call the fleeting breath,”

we will raise for ourselves a more enduring monument than that which the hand of the sculptor can give—one which shall be immortal in the grateful remembrance of all successive ages!

W O M A N .

To the graduates of 1859-'60 the following lines are affectionately inscribed by their class-mate, as his first oratorical effort.

My theme's enrapt'ing, though in humble dress,
To all who've felt a Mother's sweet caress;
For, sure, it's worthy of the poet's lay,
Though sweetest strains which language can convey,
When fetter'd by the rules of measur'd rhyme,
But seldom reach the realms of thought sublime.
What one when old or in the bloom of life,
Loves not his Mother, Sister, or his Wife?
Not her whose smiles first cheer'd his youthful heart,
And did a zest to all his sports impart?
Not her with whom he's spent so many hours,
In rambling through the meads of fragrant flow'r's?
Not her whose loving and confiding heart
Has vow'd to share his ills in equal part?
My theme is Woman's Mission here on earth—
The humble maid and her of regal birth.
Then listen well and for a future view,
Lay up my words; for they are very true.
Should they now seem too crude for learned ears,
Perhaps, they'll mellow with the lapse of years.

This Earth in song's been styled a "garden wild,"
When "Man the hermit sigh'd till Woman smil'd."
In its primeval state ere sin had come
To mar the pleasures of Man's peaceful home,
When ev'ry tree was hung with luscious fruit
To nourish Man and ev'ry roving brute,
When ev'ry grove was vocal with the notes
That warbled from the feather'd songsters' throats,
When ev'ry creature found a friendly mate
And none were left to roam disconsolate,
The crowning work of his Creator's hands,
Man who all other creatures here commands,
Found then no loving—no congenial heart,
To whom he might his inmost thoughts impart.
Thus when Man felt that he was left alone
And long'd for one with spirit like his own:
Just then fair Eve sprung forth a blooming bride,
And God Himself their union ratified.
Their wedding feast angelic hands prepare,
And music too divinely sweet was there.
A partner to the realms above had come
To Man to cheer and bless his earthly home,
Whose Mission was to soothe his sadden'd soul,
When anguish, pain and grief beyond control,
Had fill'd his breast and left a poison there,
For which none could an antidote prepare.

But I will speak of some more recent time—
Of Woman's sphere in this our Southern clime,
"Where man," we're told, "is brave and Woman true,"
And beautiful—yea, meek and lovely too—

Whose sunny smiles can cheer the weary soul,
 And bid him hope when gloom enshrouds the whole—
 Whose feeling heart with pure affection glows,
 Increas'd with each increase of Fortune's blows.

Who has not felt a Sister's tender love?
 What so pure as a gentle Sister's love?
 Who has not seen fast bound in friendship's chain,
 Two hearts that roam'd o'er pleasure's wide domain,
 And sipp'd the sweets of life from hour to hour,
 Amid the shades of some ambrosial bow'r,
 Or romping gladly o'er the grassy lawn,
 From the early hour of rosy morn's gray dawn
 Until the sun, at eve, had sunk to rest,
 Upon his couch far in the distant West?
 Their lives must soon assume a different hue;
 For he is taught with cautious care to view
 Life with a cold and calculating eye,
 And ask a thousand times the reason why,
 Whene'er misfortune brings before his door
 Those who may ask a mite from his full store.
 But she is rear'd beneath affection's beams,
 And so her soul with loving kindness teems.
 She's almost like a messenger divine
 Who cheers Man's heart and bids him cease repine,
 Or as the Goddess 'mid the battle's strife,
 Who swiftly came to save her fav'rite's life,
 Enveloped in a cloud of mystic air,
 She stood unseen by men a savior there,
 And bore him from the well contested field,
 When he his arms no more with skill could wield:
 So is she present when thick dangers press
 To soothe and comfort those in deep distress.
 Do clouds of wrath with threatening aspect low'r?
 Or quail brave hearts beneath the leaden show'r?
 Do fields of carnage flow with human gore?
 Or bleeding hearts a friendly hand implore?
 Or does disease its hydra head display?
 Or walks the pestilence in open day?
 Or do disasters both on land and sea,
 Alike destroy the hopes of bond and free?
 Does famine wide its threat'ning horrors spread?
 Or cry the needy from the lack of bread?
 Do carking cares torment, harass, or vex,
 Or pain the hearts of all the sterner sex?
 Fair Woman, then, cares not for friend or foe,
 But hastens to the dismal scenes of wo,
 When once her soul's been touch'd, to bind again
 The broken heart and stay death's marching train.
 Although, in private life, her sphere's confin'd,
 Her noblest qualities are seen combin'd.
 'Tis hers to warm, to comfort—not command—
 That one to whom she's pledg'd her heart and hand,
 Her presence can to him a joy impart,
 Known only when heart meets with kindred heart.
 Her fond embrace is like the slender vine,
 Whose tendrils 'round the sturdy oak entwine,
 When clouds of gloomy wrath portentous spread,
 And dreadful burst on his devoted head,

Or lying tongues with bold unblushing shame,
 May cast their venom on his spotless name,
 Or if he meet the world's unfeeling frown,
 Or weighty cares conspire to thrust him down,
 Or anguish may have seiz'd his riven breast,
 Or gloomy thoughts his future hopes invest,
 Or verdant plains may flow with crimson streams,
 Or warrior's blade upon the mountain gleams,
 And few can nerve the stalwart arm to brave
 The deadly foe or fill a soldier's grave,
 Then her kind voice sweet as the magic lute
 Can make the timid bold and resolute,
 And send him forth to conquer or to die,
 And bind his brow with wreathes that never die.

In this relation she's both kind and true---
 As Mother she's most pleasing to my view;
 For as a Mother she her love displays,
 And Nature's promptings willingly obeys.
 As such she is engrav'd upon *this* heart,
 More durable than brass well wrought with art,
 As such, O, that I could her fitly praise,
 As *one* that kept *my* feet from sinful ways!
 Who has a heart so cold—so dead in shame—
 As glows not with love for his Mothers name?
 A Mother's love is pure and strong as death,
 Perfumes the rosy infant's first drawn breath,
 Impressing on the youthful forming mind,
 The principles of virtue well defin'd,
 And steels the heart against the crafty's wile,
 Which often lurks beneath the blandest smile.
 Her love's enstamp'd with more than magic art
 Upon Man's soul, his noble God-like part.
 The mind, a germ, a plant with life innate,
 Her hands must rear—with care it cultivate.
 Possession gain'd is half the victory—
 None, therefore, has such vantage ground as she
 Against that Old Arch Fiend who broadcast sows
 In youthful hearts the seeds of future woes.
 The Mother makes, in great degree, the *Man*—
 Aye, she makes him such as none other can,
 As plastic clay, the mind the Mother's hand
 Gives form and then with years its powers expand.
 Or it's a flow'r—though now beneath the skies
 Which she prepares to bloom in Paradise.
 Or else, if marr'd by sin's destructive blight,
 Its dwelling place must be—Eternal Night!
 The Mother by her sweet persuasion can
 From such a dismal doom deliver Man;
 For like a soul divine—whose home's on high
 Dispensing blessings 'round—she hears each sigh.
 She curbs in love her son's impet'ous ire—
 Breathes o'er her daughter's soul love's sweet desire:
 And as, in time, appears the bloom of age,
 Her love is then Earth's richest heritage.

I've said enough, perhaps, but still I ask
 A word with you, Fair Friends, to end my task.
 You have a noble part to act on earth—
 O! then spend not your time in trivial mirth—

Your sex first brought the curse of sin on Man—
 First nurs'd Him Who proclaim'd the Gospel plan.
 Are you to-day performing *well* your part?
 Does virtue reign supreme within your heart?
 Does worth receive from you its just reward?
 And is the monster Vice by you abhorr'd?
 Do you not wink at Vice, if not uphold,
 When it reflects the glitt'ring glare of gold?
 Sing love-sick songs and talk of moon-lit bow'rs,
 And waste away too many precious hours?
 And dwell in dreamy lands where fictions reign,
 And naught unbridled Fancy can restrain?
 Do not your whims in fashions vain appear
 To multiply in each succeeding year?
 Think you not more what lace and silks may cost,
 Than how you may reform those *almost* lost?
 Do you not love too much inglorious ease,
 And say *can I not do that which I please?*
 What makes the present state of things stand thus,
 That Vice is call'd sweet Liberty with us?
 And would a Father's voice, or Mother's pray'r,
 E'er fail to find in youth a willing ear?
 The foaming bowl where lurks a hidden fire,
 Would it with rage the youthful heart inspire?
 Or midnight brawl and bacchanalian song,
 Well forth like music from the vulgar throng?
 Would crimes now like the waves of ocean swell,
 If you discharg'd *your* obligations *well*?
 Now envies burn and, more, ambition's rife,
 And fills the land with never-ending strife.
 While many bow before a golden God,
 Their hearts are colder than the lifeless sod.
 And a'rice, too, her borders wide extends,
 While piety's assum'd for selfish ends.
 The sterner sex no longer look to *you*,
 To find whate'er is noble, good, and true.
 They *flirt* with you as you, perhaps, well know
 And talk of you in language—
 O, then arouse yourselves in Virtue's cause,
 And win the victor's prize with earn'd applause.
 Why stand and see the ruin which must fall,
 On you and crush the darling hopes of all?
 Have you forgot your Mission here on earth?
 And Woman's claim to lofty moral worth?
 Did ever Virtue's sinking cause demand
 So much the aid of Woman's helping hand?
 'Tis yours t' instruct and teach the sterner sex,
 Yet not indeed in learned lore complex:
 But you should warn and moral truth impart
Your Mission is to educate the heart—
 To teach more by example than by rule,
 And meekly learn yourselves in Wisdom's school.
 Your mission here is one of love divine—
 To elevate Man's nature and refine
 His nobler feelings and to well implant,
 Within the human heart, a Heav'nly plant—
 To make our race on earth supremely blest
 And fitted for a never-ending rest,

When life with all its cares is laid aside,
And in the dust *this* body must abide.
If you act well your part—a paradise
You'll make this earth where'll dwell the good and wise.
The Golden age—the ancient poets' dream—
Will then appear and not a fiction seem.
Pure love will then with Virtue closely blend,
And base *duplicity* will have an end.
Man with his neighbor then the truth will speak,
And Wisdom's ways with all his heart will seek.
Then cruel wars and party strife will cease,
And Nature smile beneath the reign of peace.

SOCIALISM.

PERHAPS no other science has so much attracted the attention of philosophers, or been the subject of such careful study to the thinking men of all ages, as that of government. Connected as it is in its practical workings with the happiness of all mankind, it is not a cause of wonder that all should be deeply interested in it. Those who ardently love liberty it especially concerns to discover among the revelations which history makes, how much freedom can be given to great masses of men, without introducing license; or how much power can be entrusted to a government without subverting all the ends of government—the happiness of the governed. To the subjects of despotism it is important to consider how much tyranny should be endured, before they ought to embark in a resolution, which may entail miseries greater than the oppression they writhe under; for any government is better than none; and it is an established fact that revolutionists are not unfrequently anarchists. But all speculations upon this subject are attended by great uncertainty. The tempers and manners of different nations are so much at variance; even the disposition of the same state at different periods is so un-uniform, that it is impossible to frame a government which can suit the variable complexion of all times; which can modify itself peaceably to all the varieties of improvement or decay, which every nation must undergo. The theorist can not foresee the sudden exigencies which may happen. He can not calculate to what extent the masses may be agitated by powerful passions; much less can he determine the degree of emotion which the inhabitants of different states are liable to feel, and regulate his plan accordingly. History itself can afford him but little aid; for though it may tell him what a particular

people did under certain circumstances, it can by no means prophesy what other people will do under other circumstances. Nor will he labor under less difficulty, if disregarding precedents altogether, he consider abstractly what *ought* to make a good government. What ought to be, is by no means what can be, or what is. He will be unable to make allowances for the imperfection of human judgment, to provide for the villainy of some rulers, or for the ambition of others. If he consider human nature as perfect, he must with Sir Thomas More prepare an Utopia; if he believe man to be vile and truthless as Machiavelli did, he must advocate a course of action which would become such characters; but if he adopt neither of these ideas, he will be unable to proceed. Of the ill success of Machiavelli's theory of government, let the fate of the Italian States, where it was certainly put into partial operation, bear witness. And if it so signally failed when only partially applied, how inevitably would it have resulted in disaster, had it been completely acted upon. In the intercourse of nations with each other, and in the behavior of a government towards its subjects, it is highly necessary that the sincerest good faith should be observed, that promises should be fulfilled, and that the rights of life and property should be held inviolate. Machiavelli advised assassination, when a subject or an enemy became dangerous; he deemed it no disgrace to break the most sacred promises; and consequently, the want of public confidence was universal; assassinations were everyday occurrences; and civil wars were continually eating up the resources and the life of the individual states.

The majority of writers upon this subject have, however, taken the opposite ground; and have legislated more for a society of angels, than for men among whom it is doubtful whether evil or good predominates—whose virtues and whose vices are alike numerous. The Utopia of Sir Thomas More has become a synonyme for impracticability; at its mention we think of fancy beautiful and enchanting, but a fancy still. Deeming all men to be as virtuous as himself, he would have constructed a paradise for philosophers, but a Limbo of Vanity for the populace.

We can hardly imagine that a statesman of so much experience as More, really desired that the result of his dreamings should be tested by a trial. It is rather to be considered that they were more for the relaxation of his leisure, the fancies of a poetic mind endeavoring to frame a government for the future Millennium; when all men would be pure and desirous to live in peace and charity with each other. I do not remember a better summary of the principles of such a government, than that given by Shakspeare, in the "Tempest:"

Gon. "I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,

Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
 Successions: bound of land, tilth, vineyard none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too, but innocent and pure;
 No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or any need of engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Such a state of things, happy and unruffled as they appear, even were they practicable, would be far from suitable to the tempers of men. Repose may be pleasant to philosophers, but there is an energy in man that drives him to action. Quiet is no quiet, and peace is no peace, to him; something *must* employ his faculties; he *cannot* be forever listless and inactive: a cataract cannot be dammed up; and that government which imposed idleness upon all its subjects, would find its most powerful barriers swept away by that innate force, more powerful than a cataract's rush, which compels men to labor. And were we to admit that universal indolence could be forced upon men, the law-giver would be farther than ever from the accomplishment of his purposes, if he desired to provide for the happiness of his people; for what despotism with all its lawful proscriptions, could enact a harsher and a more onerous law, than that which would impose perpetual idleness? To compel a man, despite his will and effort, to stagnate bodily and mentally, to be a mass of corporate indolence—would be, to say the least, a novel way of making him happy. Happiness can never be forced upon a man—it would cease to be happiness, but misery; it must be the spontaneous growth of inward contentment, casting a pleasing shade over harsh realities, and in a measure obscuring the ruggedness of life.

Locke and Milton saw the impossibility of making an Utopia; and, consequently, sought in their respective plans of government something solid and practicable. But the theories of Locke after having been fairly tested for twenty-three years in Carolina, proved to be a complete failure, and in the language of Grahame, "utterly worthless and impracticable;" and Milton's plan was regarded by Chancellor Kent as "chimerical and absurd." Nor did Mr. Hume meet with better success. Versed as he was in the history of mankind; familiar as his studies had made him with all the modes in which popular violence manifests itself, and with the various causes which had given birth to violence; skilful as he was in painting the features of constitutions, his notions of government were radically incorrect. In the words of the high authority above alluded

to: "In no instance, perhaps, did the enlightened understanding of Hume discover less acquaintance with the practical science of government, than when he gave the direction of the army and navy, as well as all the other executive powers, to one hundred senators, in his plan of a perfect commonwealth."—*Kent's Comm. Part II. p. 304, 9th Edition.*

But all the Utopian dreams of philosophers and poets have found their culminating point in the modern doctrines of socialism. Originating in France, it has there been more thoroughly studied and developed, than in any other portion of the world; and to the labors of French philosophers it is indebted for all its attractiveness. To men earnestly desiring to promote the happiness of their race, and seeing the countless evils that attend the execution of laws, it is natural that the formation of political societies that will ensure exemption from evil, should be a subject of particular and, as far as they are able, profound study. Nor do they find a want of progressive amelioration in the condition of men, in searching the history of states. They see the good effects of elective representation in England, and of a free constitution in the United States. They compare the enslaved condition of the people in the feudal ages with their present power and acknowledged importance; and the socialist draws hence the hope of better days. What haughty noble of the Middle Ages, says he, would have accredited the prophet who would have foretold the present order of things. He would never have believed that the time would come, when the despised serfs should outvote the Barons in the English Parliament; when proud lords should sue for the fair daughters of common citizens; when the excommunications of the Romish Bishop would fall like empty wind upon the ear; and when his spiritual power should slip like water from his hands. And why, cries the enthusiast, should there be no further improvement? The history of the past forbids us to believe that we have drawn into our legislation all the wisdom which God will vouchsafe to man for his guidance and the arrangement of his social relations. It bids us not scoff at the imaginings of any thinker, however visionary and wild they may appear; for in the wildest dreams are sometimes hid a drop of heaven's choicest knowledge—a prophesy that the future may yet fulfil. And who shall declare, he continues, what further changes are not reserved for the social relations of man? It may yet happen that universal freedom will equalize all the vocations of life. The time may yet come when the statesman shall descend from the legislative halls, to labor without fear of disgrace in the mechanic's work-shop; when the poet and the ploughman will be boon companions; when historians will go arm in arm with hack-drivers; when sailors and sages will congregate together, and the one class feel no superiority to the other; when property will be

held in common, and all mankind form a glorious brotherhood under the benignant laws of the Universal Republic; nature will bring forth an abundance of good things, and all men, like the inhabitants of the Happy Valley, will know no want which cannot be immediately satisfied. Visions of felicity which words cannot paint hover on the outskirts of the enthusiast's mind, and vanish away when he endeavors to grasp them and bring them nearer home. Hopes which the above description but rudely embodies, fill up the picture of the future's promise; and borne away with the desire of effecting such results, he forgets that they are to be accomplished by human agency, and that men all are imperfect.

Having noticed the end to be attained, we will now turn to the means to be employed. As we have previously remarked, this subject has been especially studied by French philosophers, and we will see how they propose to carry out their doctrines—especially under what form of government. Without going back to the French Revolution of 1793, and tracing the origin of socialistic doctrines to Rousseau, as some have endeavored to do, or to Babeuf who was guillotined in 1796, for endeavoring to subvert the Republican Constitution; it will be sufficient for our purpose to give a short sketch of it as it existed in France in the time of the Revolution in 1848. There were three distinct systems proposed, each of which had distinguished and earnest advocates. Saint Simon, the father of these *new* social speculations, had more than thirty years before advanced his theory. His idea was—"That society should consist of a hierarchical arrangement of all its members, on the principle that every man should be stationed according to his capacity."

Subsequently came the doctrines of Fourier—"that mankind should be associated into little communities, or phalanxes, by the operation of their natural inclinations or tastes, each community to form a united firm or co-partnership of various trades, drawing their provision from a common fund and dividing the profits periodically among the members, according to the three categories of labor, capital, and talent—labor to share as five, capital as four, and talent as three, in the distribution."

Subsequently, a new system was introduced by M. Cabet, and became more popular than either of the others. Communism, as advocated by Cabet, consists in a perfect equality of man with man. In a book entitled *Voyage en Incarie*, he has set forth a series of delightful dreams which contain the principles of his system. Under the form of fiction he describes his ideal of society in a paradise, where there is "no money, no crushing commerce, no private capital; all labor with instruments and materials furnished by the state; and the results of the common industry are deposited in public magazines, for equal distribution among the citizens. There is no want, no weariness, no discord; luxury is the lot of all in

Incarnia; all partake of the choicest viands at stated hours; and all are happy and serene." The partition of property with mathematical equality being impossible, it is to proceed on a principle of approximate equality; "Each man producing according to his faculties, is to be remunerated according to his wants." This rule will produce virtual equality; for although a glutton would receive much more than a temperate man, yet both receiving according to their wants, both will be satisfied.

We have said that there were three systems, but there was one man in France who would adopt none of them—Proudhon. Himself a violent socialist, he attacked the plans of all. Neither the Imperialists, the Republicans, nor the Communists received any quarter at his hands. Right and left, he laid about him; and friend and foe man fell together beneath his arm. Daring and impetuous he hesitated not to attack vigorously any adversary; and full of paradoxes he scrupled not to assert them boldly. Seeing that political society, as at present constituted, is full of imperfections, he thought that its constitution must be radically evil; and inspired with the desire to make men happy, he was for overturning all government and all existing rights to property. The earth he believed was given to man universally for his enjoyment; and that no single man had the right to mark out any portion of it and say, "This is mine." "He who does that," says Proudhon, "is a robber, and property is robbery—*La propriété c'est le vol.*" In a pamphlet entitled, *Qu' est-ce que la Propriété*, he thus talks of government: "What form of government, then, are we to prefer? doubtless asks one of my young readers. You are a Republican? Republican, yes; but that explains nothing, *Res publica* is public business; Kings are Republicans. Well, then, are you a Democrat? No! What, are you a Monarchist? No! Constitutionalist? God forbid! You are an Aristocrat, then? Not at all! You would have a mixed government? Still less! What are you then! I am an Anarchist.....Although a very good friend to order, I am, in all the force of the term, an Anarchist."

Qu' est-ce que la Propriété, p. 237.

Such is Socialism in France; and we may give Proudhon credit for seeing what had escaped the attention of its other advocates, that it naturally tends to anarchy. In England the Chartists are ready to overturn Church and Monarchy, and to debase the nobility to the level of the meanest among them. In America, however, it has assumed a more disgusting form. Its advocates being already free, and already entitled to participate in all elections, have shown their disregard to morality by abrogating, as far as they are concerned, the institution of marriage. "If property is held in common, why," say they, "should not women be held in common?" Thus reasoning, they have degraded themselves into brutes; and have made their habitation ssanctuaries for the deepest shame and the most de-

testable vice. This, however, is the inevitable tendency of all such movements.

It may gratify the curiosity of the speculative, if we examine somewhat more minutely in the forms of governments proposed by these French philosophers, and observe the workings of the different systems; and then inquire whether it be possible for their ideas of happiness to be fulfilled by any possible arrangement of political society. We are all interested in the result; for if it be possible to form a government that will make all men happy and contented, then we too will throw to the winds of heaven our conservative principles, and be among the first to propose the change. There is, undoubtedly, a tendency to the reorganization of man's social relations; and since there is yet much room for improvement, the time will surely, if not speedily, come when the human race will rise up in a Revolution, and proclaim that "old things have passed away, and all things have become new." It is well to settle previously the question, How far is Change productive of happiness?

The system advocated by Proudhon is but a revival of the doctrines so strenuously urged by Rousseau and his disciple, Lord Monboddo, in favor of natural society, the abolition of laws, and the overthrow of all government. Proudhon is inconsistent with himself; one part of his plan conflicts with another. He would have no laws; and yet he would have a law that no man is entitled to the products of his labor, but must share it with all others. He would have no government; and yet he would bring about such a state of affairs, that the strongest must rule the weakest. Lawlessness itself is the reign of law, but of laws founded on injustice. There can be no absolute negation of law. As long as anything exists, it exists by law; and if nothing was, everything would be prevented by law. Law is a fixed necessity. As in the physical, so in the political, world some principles of action must be recognized. They may be just or unjust, but they must be there. Under a regular government some laws, at least, must be founded on justice; under an anarchy, none. If we must choose, then, between government and anarchy, who would not prefer the former? Men have long ago perceived this, and, hence, the formation of political societies.

The *Communism* proposed by M. Cabet we hardly know how to criticise. We would scarcely expect coherency or possibility of accomplishment in a dream, and communism seems but little otherwise. To read the doctrine is sufficient to convince one of its impracticability—no other argument is necessary. The enthusiast may desire its fulfilment, but the fabric is too unsubstantial to build even a hope upon.

Fourier, the most practical of all the theorists, erred in proposing his system as a government, when it should properly exist under a government; for he has provided no executive for maintaining the law and no ju-

diciary for interpreting it. He did not foresee the formation of powerful cliques in his respective phalanxes, nor the rivalry for supremacy that would spring up between them. The inevitable result would be that one phalanx would at length surpass and subdue the others, and establish an oligarchy or a monarchy—thus frustrating the design of their formation, which is the eradication of monarchy. There must be a supreme authority somewhere; or else all things will go to ruins, and from the ruins will arise a ruler. Such is the tendency of all societies.

We must hasten through our examination of *St. Simonism*; for we have already transgressed our limits. A single question will show the impracticability of the system. Who is to appoint the hierarch and his subordinates? If it be left to the people, the most popular man will be appointed without reference to his capacity; if to a single individual, no one but him who is appointed hierarch will acquiesce in the appointment, if the nominator has no power to execute his decrees; if he have power, he will appoint himself. If it be left to a few chosen men, the same results will be brought about. Either their appointments will be void, or themselves will assume the authority. Thus we see how utterly futile must be all attempts to establish *St. Simonism*.

Seeing, then, that in every form of existing government there are some evils; and in every form of imaginary government many evils and much of impracticability, we may reasonably conclude that the organization of no political society, on whatever principles, can be perfect. Every earthly thing is stamped with imperfection and death; and however high we may soar in imagination above the ills of life, yet we are bound to stumble over them, to grapple with them, and to bear our bruises, manfully if we will; but we must bear them any how. There is no condition wholly full of evils, or wholly full of joys; there is no government wholly bad, nor wholly good. And however men may carp at it, we believe that the *real* blessings of every government are nearly equal. Let us, then, drink quietly the bitter with the sweet; for thus our fate is written; and away with these searchings after innovations which can produce nothing but misery! Yet we may look forward to the time when God, not man, shall wave a spiritual sceptre; and His alone can be a perfect government.

HOC DIPLOMA.

THE SENIOR'S LAST SONG.

BY W. S. PARK.

AIR—"Days of Absence."*

At last I grasp thee, Hoc Diploma,
Friend of all my friends the best;
I long have fought for thee with Homer,
Horace, Virgil and the rest.

CHORUS—Hoc Diploma, Hoc Diploma,
Spread it broad before the sky;
Hoc Diploma, Hoc Diploma,
It will stand by me for aye.

When I am thro' earth a roamer,
And no other friends are nigh,
Then I'll call for Hoc Diploma,
It will sound my praises high,
CHORUS—Hoc Diploma, &c.

It will tell, a clever fellow,
That I passed the College bounds;
And, if e'er with whiskey mellow,
Never caught upon the "rounds."
CHORUS—Hoc Diploma, &c.

It will tell that erudition
Always through my speech has shone;
And that my *very special mission*,
Is—*anything* beneath the sun.
CHORUS—Hoc Diploma, &c.

Then will the old men, with their dollars,
Seek, with something fine in view,
For that nice fellow, and—which follows—
Bring their daughters with them, too.
CHORUS—Hoc Diploma, &c.

Yes, yes, I prize thee, Hoc Diploma,
Best of friends—the friend in need:
Tho' in the wide world a new-comer,
By thine aid I *must* succeed.
CHORUS—Hoc Diploma, Hoc Diploma,
We will closely round thee cling;
Hoc Diploma, Hoc Diploma,
The Class-of-Sixty's praises sing.

* Those who remain in College are specially requested, on seeing this word "absence," to remember that we are the absent ones, and drop a tear or two to our memories.

OUR COUNTRY.

AMERICA has been the subject of such oft-repeated eulogy, her merits have been so frequently recounted by the historian, and her praises so sweetly sung by the poet, that none of her glories are left untold. But she so justly deserves these eulogies, her mines of glory are yet so far from being exhausted, that I may be pardoned for trespassing on your patience, while I attempt to tell the "thrice told tale" again in plain and unpretending phrase.

America, for the first few years of her existence as a nation, proceeded calmly and prosperously onward toward the goal to which her statesmen looked so ardently—the goal of power, of civilization, and of a firm independence. Then her protectors and guides who kept fresh in remembrance the perils they had undergone during the struggle for Liberty, in whose bosom still burned the flame of true patriotism, presented the strongest attachment to their country as to a young and lovely bride. They looked forward with eagerness to see her lifted up as on eagle's wings until she became conspicuous to the whole world for her happiness, her glory, and her free and liberal institutions. They struggled long and ardently in the good and glorious cause. With stout arms and dauntless hearts they boldly breasted the storm, and

"Fought for the land their souls ador'd,
For happy homes and altars free;
Their only talisman, the sword,
Their only spell-word—Liberty."

But is it so in these days of stump-speech patriotism? These days when the best way to show our love of country is to ask our fellow-citizens for an office? No—if the ghost of the immortal Washington could descend from its mansion in heaven, it would weep over the degeneracy, corruption and political bargaining openly exhibited at the very capital of the Nation, and thence overspreading the whole country. If the spirits of one revolutionary fathers could visit us, with what sorrow and anguish would they behold the daily struggle of their descendants for power, the petty contests for the spoils of office, and the shameless manner in which many in the rage of party strife defame the brightest ornaments of America.

With the exception of a few of these blemishes our country stands pre-eminent for the happiness of her people, the liberality of her institutions, the firmness with which her laws are executed, and for her onward march to greatness. No longer is she considered a mere governmental experiment but she exhibits to the world what was once considered impossible, the

spectacle of a mighty people governing themselves. An asylum for the oppressed of all nations, her lands are fast filling up with sober, industrious, and useful citizens. The influence of her republican institutions has spread during the half century of her existence over nearly the whole civilized world, and Monarchs watch their progress and tremble lest the spirit of our government should be engrafted in their own dominion. A view of the condition of our country, her foreign and domestic Commerce, the encouragement given to *literature* and the arts, will show that our progress is indeed onward and upward. A thriving population is fast leveling this mighty forest where lately the Indian roved sole monarch of the wood, and lands almost realizing the flowing milk and honey of "Old Canaan" are laid open, and now bask in the sunshine of civilization.

Her starry ensign is seen proudly waving in every breeze and is respected wherever unfurled, and an innumerable fleet of foreign barques annually seek our coast to bear back to their less favored region the products of our happy clime. The Anglo-American race is proverbially progressive. From three millions of men they have, according to the last census (taken in 1850) increased in the course of seventy odd years to nearly twenty-four millions. They inhabit a country extending over fifteen degrees of latitude, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. Our population leaving the sea coast have pushed boldly forward into the woods until what was once considered our extreme western border, now lie in the heart of the Union; a tide of emigration like a mighty flood is pouring through the passes of the Rocky Mountains into the fertile valley of the Pacific, while another is spreading over the sunny plains of Texas. Soon will it reach every point of the continent from the frozen region of the North to the sunny hills of Guatemala, and then we can truly exclaim,

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless continent is ours."

Her progress in Literature and the Arts and Sciences has been as rapid as her advancement in other respects. 'Tis true that England and France can boast of a larger number of men eminent for their abilities and attainments, but they have on their side all the advantages of age and a system of government in which a large amount of wealth is centered in a few individuals, who are thus enabled to favor and protect merit in its bud and advance it to a maturer growth, while in America we have nothing but native genius and individual exertion to exalt a person to honor and to fame.

Be it as it may, our history presents a bright galaxy of names eminent for their talent and honored by their fellow citizens. Franklin raised from the humble condition of a printer's boy to some of the highest stations

in the gifts of his country, astonished all Europe by his discoveries in electricity and literally brought down lightning from the clouds, while but a few years back Morse applied the same ethereal agent to the useful purpose of epistolary correspondence. Fulton has given additional impetus and conveniences to commerce by his applications of the steam-engine, and Whitney has conferred an incalculable benefit on mankind in the invention of the Cotton gin. West, Copley and Trumbull rival the best painters in Europe, and a rising corps of sculptors bid fair to equal with the chisel the classical remains of antiquity. Such historians as Irving, Prescott, Bancroft and Ramsey have reaped undying laurels in the higher branches of Literature; the sweet strains of Bryant, Percival and Longfellow touch to the heart, and Barlow in epic numbers has sung

“The mariner who first unfurled
An Eastern banner o’er this Western world.”

Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Hopkinson and Kent have poured a flood of light on the constitutional history of our Country; an American has compiled an English Lexicon for the use of the English themselves, and our hearts always glow with a just admiration whenever we remember the burning eloquence of Henry, Ames, Otis, Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Those and a host of others who have shone brightly on every department of Literature, Science and Religion, prove that ours is a great, glorious, and happy Country. And last, though far from least, America’s brightest glory, her lovely daughters, justly deserves at our hands the tribute of praise.

“Yes, Heaven’s best gift to man is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls,
Like sylvan flowers they sweetly shine,
Their hearts as pure as pearls;
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where’er thy footsteps roam,
How can I then, while loving them,
Not love my native home?”

It is in those that we take the greatest pride. Let England boast of her haughty and highborn dames; let France glory in her luscious beauties, but we are always cheered and warmed by the sight of the lovely daughters of America—lovely in their simplicity, and beautiful in the charms which nature gives them. It would perhaps be an hyperbole to say that the stars fade away before the brightness of their eyes, that they walk as majestic and beautiful as the moon swims through the Heavens, or that their sunny smiles can dispel the clouds above us, or soften the rugged nature of the rock; but this we can boldly say: if there spreads to the sun a land more blessed than this with bright eyes, warm hearts, virgin modesty, and

every virtue that gives their loveliness to woman, no voyager has ever yet reached its shore.

Yes, Woman, thou art our Country's stay,
Thou leadest her sons in Freedom's beaten way;
And if thou lost our early home of bliss
Still, still, you make a paradise of this.
Gaze 'round the world where greatest gloom is thrown,
Woman's true sphere is utterly unknown;
But mark the land where Woman's charms can melt,
There Science, Liberty and Virtue are felt;
There social happiness is man's best joy,
And peaceful pleasures all his hours employ;
Look at our land, the brightest and the best,
Here Woman moves in light angelic dress;
No Eastern customs here consign her charms
To the embrace of some loathed master's arms;
But their true hearts in plighted faith are given
And vows accordant reach approving heaven.
Sweet, tho' we own thy empire everywhere,
At home, thy heart-felt, heart-cured sway is there;
'Tis thine to make that home a home of love,
'Tis thine to point us to our home above;
'Tis thine to stamp upon the youthful heart
Those first impressions which can ne'er depart;
Thou speakest thy country's glory to thy son
Till all his soul is filled with Washington,
His heart beats higher and his sparkling eye
Speaks patriotic spirit and emotion high,
O! in hours like these a word from thee
May make or mar to all eternity.

Now hail! America, hail! immortal be thy reign,
Without a king, we till the smiling plain,
Without a king we trace the boundless sea,
And traffic round the globe in each degree;
Each foreign clime our honored flag reveres,
And trembles at her gallant stripes and stars—
Without a king our laws maintain their sway,
While honor bids each generous heart obey;
So are we now—famed through every clime
So shall we be until the end of time.

COLLEGE RECORD.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

WE presume that no apology need be offered for introducing an account of Senior Speaking; although notices of it have been already given in the greater part of the State papers. As historians of the University, it belongs to us to chronicle all events which bear upon its history, and especially those of such importance as Senior Speaking. It is a festival of second importance only to Commencement, and is anxiously looked forward to by all the Classes. We well remember that when we were Freshmen, and saw the speakers, preceded by the marshal, march into the Chapel, and heard for the first time those dreadful words—"Orators of the Senior Class," our little hearts beat with fear in anticipation of the time, when we too should have to pass through the dread ordeal. That time, so long looked forward to, has come and passed; and with its nearer approach, we felt our fears lessen; until, at last, all our terror vanished. Yes, Senior Speaking has come and passed; and we are now standing at the college portals, ready to take our departure for the world of men.

We shall give no detailed account of the speeches; since we wish to make no invidious distinctions, and we are naturally inclined to be partial to our classmates and—ourselves. The orations were generally well written and well declaimed; and we do not hesitate to say that the Class of 1860 has been surpassed by no previous class. We congratulate our classmates upon their success and assure them that they maintained the reputation of the University.

The number of visitors was large; the presence of the ladies lent additional interest to the occasion; and we dare say that we réecho the feelings of all the speakers, when we declare that we were doubly inspired by their presence and the hope of meriting their smiles.

Thanks to the Marshals and to the kindness of our fellow-students generally, our Senior Speaking was a festival indeed, uninterrupted by any ungentlemanly proceedings; and in looking back upon it, we can find nothing to regret. The Marshals kept everything in good trim, were very attentive to visitors, and the ladies especially—as in duty bound; and we do not fear to insure the most polite attention to all who may visit us at Commencement.

The names of the speakers are as follows:

MONDAY, APRIL 30TH.

I. *The Vanity of Fame.*

RICHARD L. SYKES, Miss.

II. *"Too firm to yield, too proud to stoop,
The manly heart can never droop."*

VERNON HENRY VAUGHAN, Ala.

III. *Curiosity.*

GEORGE S. MARTIN, Tenn.

IV. *Irish Character.*

WILLIAM J. HEADEN, Chatham Co.

V. *Madame Roland.*

THOMAS S. MIMMS, Ky.

VI. *National Genius.*

H. F. JONES, Ga.

VII. *Education, the Means of Extending Freedom.*

RICHARD A. BULLOCK, Williamsboro'.

VIII. *The Young American.*

DANIEL R. COLEMAN, Concord.

IX. *Scriptural View of Progress.*

STERLING H. BRICKELL, Halifax.

X. *The Biographer too often the Idolater.*

WILLIAM JOHN KING, Louisburg.

XI. *Bonaparte's Invasion of Russia.*

EDWARD B. SANDERS, Onslow Co.

XII. *National Prejudice.*

WILLIAM H. BORDEN, Goldsboro'

XIII. *Public Opinion as a Standard of Right.*

WILLIAM M. BROOKS, Chatham Co.

TUESDAY, MAY 1st.

I. *Modern Reform.*

JARVIS B. LUTTERLOH, Fayetteville.

II. *Effect of Imagination on Character.*

FARQUHARD SMITH, Harnett Co.

+ III. *Liberty, the child of Oppression.*

JAMES A. GRAHAM, Hillsboro'.

IV. *The Hobbyhorsical.*

SAMUEL A. HIGHTOWER, La.

+ V. *The power of Thought, the Magic of the Mind.*

LAWRENCE M. ANDERSON, Florida.

VI. *The Love of Truth, a practical Principle.*

THOMAS W. COOPER, Bertie Co.

VII. *History.*

GEORGE McD. QUARLES, La.

VIII. *Every Soul the Star of its own destiny.*

THOMAS C. HOLLIDAY, Miss.

IX. *Human Progress.*

W. W. HENRY, Miss.

X. *The Constitution.*

ROBERT B. B. HOUSTON, Catawba Co.

XI. *The Republican Theory in Practice.*

EDWARD JOSEPH HALE, Fayetteville.

XII. *Honesty of purpose—the first element of Statesmanship.*

WILLIAM T. NICHOLSON, Halifax Co.

XIII. *Cultivation of a Literary Taste,*

L. BOND, Tenn.

XIV. *Who shall become great?*

R. ENGLISH COOPER, S. C.

 WEDNESDAY, MAY 2D.*
I. *Where there's a will there's a way.*

WALTER J. JONES, Milton.

II. *True Glory.*

TIMS RIAL, La.

III. *Influence of Speculative Minds.*

WILLIAM A. WOOSTER, Wilmington.

IV. *There is not a Superfluous Man.*

W. L. GARRETT, Ala.

V. *Where Eloquence flourishes, there Liberty must dwell.*

JUNIUS CULLEN BATTLE, Chapel Hill.

VI. *The Progress of Enlightenment.*

AUGUSTIN MICOU, New Orleans.

VII. *Individual Effort.*

CHARLES HAIGH, Fayetteville.

VIII. *The Poetry of Science.*

SAMUEL P. WEIR, Greensboro'.

IX. *What is Glory?*

ERASMUS D. SCALES, Rockingham Co.

X. *Humanity vainly Seeks worldly Happiness.*

ALEXANDER T. COLE, Richmond Co.

* Inclement weather caused the exercises of to-day to be deferred to Thursday morning.

XI. *The Historical Novelist.*

CHARLES E. GAY, Miss.

XII. *Man, the architect of his own greatness.*

EDWARD G. STERLING, Greensboro'.

XIII. *Impartiality of Sentiment.*

SAMUEL M. THOMPSON, Ala.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 3d.

I. *Mathematics, a good Mental Discipline.*

JAMES KELLY, Moore Co.

II. *Be guided by the Experience of others.*

ALGERNON SIDNEY BARBEE, Chapel Hill.

III. *Woman.*

HUGH STRONG, S. C.

IV. *"When shall Ossian's youth return?"*

WILLIAM W. BAIRD, Person Co.

V. *Labor, the price of Success.*

JAMES A. WALLACE, Pitt' Co.

VI. *The Evils of Extremes.*

JOHN H. THORP, Nash Co.

VII. *The Desire of Applause, as a Principle of Action.*

GEORGE P. BRYAN, Raleigh.

VIII. *Addison and his Contemporaries.*

CHARLES BRUCE, Va.

IX. *Mental Dissipation.*

CHARLES C. POOL, Elizabeth City.

X. *The importance of a cultivated Imagination.*

JAMES A. FOGLE, Ga.

XI. *Grandeur of Nature's Powers.*

JAMES B. McCALLUM, Robeson Co.

XII. *The Power of Fanaticism.*

PIERCE M. BUTLER, S. C.

XIII. *In all things there is a fitness.*

T. L. SMITH, Tenn.

FRIDAY, MAY 4TH.

- I. *Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone, is happiness below.*

GEORGE W. ASKEW, Miss.

- II. *The Ideal Theory of the old Philosophy.*

JOHN B. KELLY, Carthage.

- III. *Eulogy on Thaddius Kosciusco.*

S. B. ALEXANDER, Charlotte.

- IV. *Our National Character.*

JAMES C. McCLELLAND, Iredell Co.

- V. *Our Country.*

H. FERRAND, La.

- ~~X~~ VI. *Party Spirit.*

EDWIN T. MCKETHAN, Fayetteville.

- VII. *Alexander Hamilton.*

S. C. DAVIS, Yadkin Co.

- VIII. *America and her Own.*

T. W. DAVIS, Louisburg.

- IX. *The Reformation.*

EUGENE S. MARTIN, Wilmington.

- X. *The Secret of Success.*

ROBERT B. ADAMS, S. C.

- XI. *The pursuit of Happiness.*

EDWARD JONES HARDIN, Tenn.

- XII. *Conjecture, the source of Knowledge.*

GEORGE L. WILSON, Newbern.

- XIII. *A new study for our College course.*

ALEXANDER BARRETT, Carthage.

EXCUSED.

- I. *John, Duke of Marlborough.*

JOHN D. FAIN, Granville Co.

- II. *The Utility of Evil.*

J. R. BOWIE, La.

III. *The Inutility of Mathematics.*

ARTHUR N. McKIMMON, Raleigh.

IV. *The Phenomena of Drunkenness.*

JOS. H. SAUNDERS, Chapel Hill.

V. *"Ingratitude is treason to Mankind."*

EDWIN L. DRAKE, Tenn.

VI. *Virtue.*

JAMES McKIMMON, Jr., Raleigh.

VII. *Art, the agent of Civilization.*

CORNELIUS MEBANE, Orange Co.

VIII. *Discontent the lot of all.*

GEORGE W. TAYLOR, La.

IX. *The feelings of an American towards England.*

IOWA ROYSTER, Raleigh.

X. *Revolutionary Spirit of Man.*

NORFLEET SMITH, Scotland Neck.

XI. *The season for cultivating the Elements of Greatness.*

CICERO WHITFIELD, Lenoir Co.

XII. *The Inquisition.*

JOHN W. MEBANE, Tenn.

XIII. *The Price of Excellence.*

O. W. PEARCE, Fayetteville.

XIV. *Washington Irving.*

REDDIN G. PITTMAN, Halifax Co.

XV. *Insincerity.*

S. VENABLE DANIEL, Granville Co.

On Saturday morning the President read out the Senior reports. The first distinction was awarded to the following gentlemen, viz: Messrs. Battle, Bryan, Hale, Pool, Royster, Strong, Wilson and Wooster.

The second distinction to Messrs. Bond, Brooks, T. W. Cooper, Headen, James Kelly, King, Scales and Weir.

The third distinction to Messrs. Baird, Borden, Bruce, Daniel, Fain, Fogle, Graham, Hardin, E. Martin, Rial, T. Smith, and Thorp.

Immediately after prayers, those who had obtained the first distinction withdrew to decide by lot what honorary speeches each one should have for Commencement. Mr. Hale, of Fayetteville, obtained the Valedictory; Mr. Royster, of Raleigh, the Latin Salutatory; Mr. Strong, of S. C., the Greek Oration; Mr. Wilson, of New-Berne, the German Oration; and Mr. Battle, of Chapel Hill, the French Oration. The others drew English Speeches. We hope that all the gentlemen who have speeches, will exert themselves for the credit of our *Alma Mater*.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE PORTRAIT OF GOV. SWAIN.—We have the pleasure to present to our readers this month the portrait of HON. DAVID LOWRY SWAIN, once the Governor of the State of North Carolina, and now and for many years past the able and popular President of this University. Though several portraits of Gov. Swain have been painted, this, we believe, is the first engraved likeness of him that has ever been given to the public; and we are sure that our readers will concur with us in setting a very high value on it. The events of his career are doubtless well known to the most of them; yet, for the information of those who may be less familiar with his history, we subjoin the most prominent incidents of it.

The father of Gov. Swain was a native of Massachusetts, who removed from that State first to Georgia and finally settled at Asheville, Buncombe county, in our own Commonwealth. He was a man of marked character, and rendered valuable services to the community in which he resided. The subject of our brief sketch was born near Asheville, January 4th 1801. Under the judicious discipline of a Puritan household he was early trained to habits of industry and virtue, which have borne their fruits in all the later periods of his life. He received his preparatory education, principally, at the Newton Academy, and entered the Junior Class in this University, in August 1822. His residence here, however, was for a few weeks only, made shorter than he had purposed by ill health and the scantiness of his resources. Having chosen the legal profession, as the course of life best suited to his powers and his ambition, he studied in the office of Hon. John Louis Taylor, Chief Justice of North Carolina, who then resided at Raleigh. Here he was, so his compeers report, a diligent student, and acquired, or exhibited that habit of exact and methodical attention to business and duty, which has been one of the conditions of his subsequent success. Here too he found the excellent lady who has been the partner of his life, and to whom he was married in January, 1826; having been licenced to practice in the County Courts in June, 1823, and in the Superior Courts, in January, 1825.

Before receiving Superior Court license, he was elected, in 1824, to represent the County of Buncombe, in the House of Commons. He filled the same place, also for the two following years. In this position he soon attracted public attention, both by his skill as a debater, and his vigilant regard to the interests of the people and especially of his own constituents. Through his agency they gained the then, and for a long time, famous "Buncombe turnpike," the earliest successful enterprise in this species of improvement. In that District, and through the western sections of the State, he was looked upon as their champion, and soon became, as he has deservedly always remained an especial favorite among them. So high indeed was the general estimate of his abilities and worth, that in 1827, he was chosen, by the Legislature, the Solicitor of the Edenton Circuit; a compliment the more noticeable, as it was not customary to place men in that office away from their own precinct.

He rode one Circuit only, when he resigned the office, and resumed his place in the House of Commons during the years 1828 and 1829. In the following year he was made a member of the Board of Internal Improvements; and in December 1831, was appointed, by the Legislature, one of the Judges of the Superior Court. This office he held, and discharged its duties with ability and acceptance, till, in 1832, he was chosen the Governor of the State. He remained in the Executive Department so long as the Constitution allowed one incumbent to retain it, through the year 1835; and we may add that he was elected to that high station at an earlier age than any other Governor of North Carolina. The times were somewhat troubled at the period of his administration nullification was then rife, and not a few grave questions in politics were awaiting a decision. He was a member also of the Convention called in 1835, the closing year of his term, to amend the Constitution of the State. It was an occasion on which the Commonwealth needed all the wisdom of her ablest sons; and the published debates of the Convention show that he was hardly the inferior of any in eloquence and influence in a body which counted Macon and Gaston among its members.

In 1832 he had been elected a Trustee of the University; and just as his last term of service as Governor was coming to a close, in December, 1835, he was chosen to succeed Dr. Caldwell as its President. He had served the State in all its departments, legislative, judicial, and executive; and was now elected to the higher charge of the final training of her sons.

That his administration of the affairs of the University has been eminently a successful one, we have hardly need to say. The record of its history since he took charge of it shows only and always the plainest tokens of prosperity. When he came to the head of it, the number of students was about eighty. Our last catalogue bears the names of more than four hundred and fifty; more than a fivefold increase. Since 1835, the number of the College buildings has been doubled; and that of the Faculty much more than doubled; while its endowment has been increased, so as to give the Institution every assurance of permanence. Few College Presidents can show a fairer record.

Of his skill in winning the esteem and confidence of his pupils; of the blended firmness and gentleness with which he has administered discipline; of his unreserved devotion of his time and talents, his heart and life, to the interests of the students and the University; of these things we cannot trust ourselves to speak as we would. A thousand men, made men under his guidance, bear witness fully, and enough, to his great excellence.

We can only express our earnest hope that he may do like service to the University for many years to come. We are sometimes pained by a rumor of his intended resignation. But, we trust, he may be induced to wear this harness till the last. Should we lose him, we know not where to look for one on whom his mantle may fitly fall.

OUR JUNE NUMBER.—*Fifty Years Since*.—Perhaps we should explain why we have given this article an insertion in our Magazine, so soon after its first publication. The original edition was a small one, intended only to be distributed among the alumni and the students of the University, and was, consequently, soon exhausted. The growing demand for the Address on the part of the public, and the avidity with which it was read, have induced us to believe that a re-publication of it would be very acceptable to our subscribers. We are unwilling that so excellent a piece of wit should be enjoyed by only a fortunate few; and having been highly amused by it ourselves, we are desirous that many others should experience the same pleasure. And if it has been previously read by any, we can assure them, from our own experience, that a re-perusal will only make them laugh more heartily. Besides, we have endeavored to make our Magazine interesting, by giving from time to time chapters in the history of our State from the pen of one of her most distinguished sons; and of what can the State be prouder than of her University! what history more interesting than that of her University! and what place so appropriate for it as the pages of the Magazine. The amusing incidents of college life, the admirable portraiture of Dr. Caldwell, and the glimpses at the public sentiments of the times, will be invaluable to the future historian of the University; and we are desirous of collecting all that we can, bearing upon this subject, that our pages may be referred to, with the certainty of obtaining the requisite information. From these considerations we have re-published the whole Address, and we are confident that it will prove acceptable to our readers.

The remaining articles: "Johnston Blakeley," "Decay and Reproduction," "Woman," "Socialism," "Hoc Diploma," and "Our Country," we have not space to criticise; but we think that they are deserving of a favorable reception. It may be proper to state that "Our Country" is not the same as the oration which bears that title by one of the Senior Speakers on Friday. It is from another author.

RECEIPTS SINCE MAY 1ST.—J. G. Bustin; S. B. Alexander; G. S. Martin, 25 cents; S. E. Westray; J. V. Jenkins, \$1; W. M. Oglesby; J. A. Everett; A. J. Moore, \$1; C. W. Spruill; A. T. Staton; V. M. Murphy; J. L. Frensky; W. E. Satterthwaite, \$8; B. B. Hempken; W. Sharpe; J. W. Wright; W. W. Goodloe; C. E. Riddick, \$4; N. A. Peebles; J. M. Wall; Dr. R. H. Winborne; Col. W. L. Steele; A. Shaw, \$1.

MARRIED.—On the 5th January last, in Yazoo co., Miss., at the residence of Col. Wm. Pickett, the bride's father, Mr. S. DUPUY GOZA, of the Class of 1857-'8 to Miss MARY E. PICKETT.

In Charleston, S. C., May 15th, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. PETER B. BACOT, of Darlington, to Miss DAISY TRENHOLM, of that City.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Prof. Kimberly having faithfully discharged his duties during the past session left May 4th for Europe whither he goes for the purpose of finishing researches connected with his department.

Before his departure the Chemical Class presented him with a beautiful gold headed cane when the following correspondence passed, which it affords us pleasure to publish.

PROF. KIMBERLY:—We have the pleasure, on behalf of the Chemical Class of 1859-60, of presenting to you this cane as a small testimonial of the profound regard we entertain for you as a Friend, Gentleman, Scholar and Instructor. Your invariably urbane and affable manners have won for you a warm place in the heart of every member of the University.

The laws of kindness ever bind
In golden chains, the heart,
Of Youth to those of manners kind
From nature not from art.

We who have been brought into more immediate contact with you, admiring your many amiable qualities both of head and heart, are unwilling to separate without giving some feeble expression of the kind feelings we cherish for you and which will link your name with the many pleasing reminiscences connected with our college life at Chapel Hill.

With the kindest and most heart-felt wishes for your present and future welfare, and with the fond hope that this feeble tribute of youthful friendship may serve to remind you of us, in after years, when others more worthy may occupy our places here we subscribe ourselves,

With profound respect yours &c.

S. B. ALEXANDER, }
NORFLEET SMITH, } Committee.
S. K. WATKINS, }

Messrs. Alexander, Smith and Watkins, Committee,

GENTLEMEN:—I feel truly grateful for the kind sentiments expressed in your communication received to day.

The uniform kindness, courtesy and respect, which have marked the intercourse of the Class with me, in our respective relations, have made on my mind a lasting impression. I sincerely regret, on my own account that your connection with the University will soon be dissolved, but I trust that the friendship here begun will not end with your Collegiate career.

I also owe you many thanks for the beautiful present accompanying your note; as a token of your regard it will ever be most highly prized.

Accept, gentlemen, for the Class you represent, and yourselves personally my best wishes, for your happiness and success in the great arena you are soon to enter.

Very truly and sincerely your Friend,

JOHN KIMBERLY.

THE PINE TREE SHILLING.—We have been permitted to copy the following interesting letter from Joseph Bonner, Esq., of Bath, to the President of the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina.

The Pine Tree Shilling found by Mr. Walling, which accompanied the letter is probably the only one in the State, and will serve as the nucleus of a collection of American Coins which it is hoped may in due time be secured for the University:

BATH N. C., April 17, 1860.

HON. D. L. SWAIN,—*My Dear Sir:*—I take much pleasure in enclosing to you a coin of some antiquity, which was found by Mr. William Walling, a citizen of this place, while excavating an old cellar, over which formerly stood the celebrated Brown Tavern. According to tradition this Tavern was one of the earliest located in our old Town of Bath, and was kept in repair until about 1840, when its decayed condition rendered it unsafe and it was taken down. The inspection of the rich and massive workmanship of the interior of this building would have afforded a rich treat to any antiquarian.

Mr. Walling desires me to present this coin for your acceptance as a testimonial of his appreciation of your valuable services in rescuing from oblivion many interesting historical and traditional incidents of our beloved State.

If you will refer to Harper's Monthly for March, 1860, you will see a full description of this coin, in a very interesting article upon the coins of our country from the first settlement of the colonies. This stands second in the catalogue.

With much regard, I am very truly and respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BONNER.

A full description of the above and other coins; also several other good articles are excluded from want of space; a good substitute for our description may be found in Harper's Magazine for March 1860, as referred to by Mr. Bonner.

WE have been requested to give the subjoined Card a few insertions. We willingly grant the request and trust that "Parents and others" will not fail to give it their careful attention. Young Men's Christian Associations, we are informed, have accomplished much good at the University of Virginia and in other Institutions, and judging from the character of the Young Men who have control of the Association in our University, we may safely predict for it permanent success and usefulness. We sincerely wish it may succeed, for an active, moral influence is sadly needed among our fellow-students:

A CARD.—We have the pleasure to announce that the Students of the University of North Carolina have established a Young Men's Christian Association.

If Parents and others, who send young men to the University will give them letters of introduction to us, it will afford us pleasure to introduce them to the pious students, of the University, and also to the pastors of the church to which they or their friends may belong.

The Association hopes in this way to accomplish much good; for sad experience has taught us that many pious and moral young men are led astray by falling into the company of the dissipated and the vicious when they enter College.

GUILFORD NICHOLSON,
A. HILL PATTERSON,
ARCHIBALD McFADYEN, } Committee.

A NEW WORK.—It has been stated by the newspaper press of our State that Prof. F. M. Hubbard is now engaged in preparing for the press a history of the University of North Carolina. This announcement is premature. The friends of the University are anxious for Prof. Hubbard to undertake the history, but he has not as yet consented. Such a work, besides gratifying many hundreds of men who were educated here, would be of inestimable value to the Institution itself, for, as we believe, it would tend to break down many dangerous and absurd prejudices which now affect different classes of the community. Its record would show that it has been no more a College for rich men's sons than for the poorest citizen of the land, and that it has been the pet of no sect in religion or clique in politics. Yet we doubt very much whether as a private enterprise it would remunerate its publishers. Therefore, we think it would be well for the Trustees, a permanent body, to own the copyright and control its publication as it would benefit their Institution and would in the course of time prove a good investment.

We trust the Board will take some action on this suggestion in June, and that the work may be written by Prof. Hubbard, who has no superior as a writer in the country.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, May, 12th 1860.

WHEREAS the Philanthropic Society has heard of the death of one of its late members Hector J. McNeill, of Robeson Co., N. C., deeply deploring his untimely end, its members have adopted the following resolutions.

Resolved, that while we bow with solemn reverence to the will of Him, who ordereth all things for our good we can not but mourn his loss and pause a moment to follow the dictates of nature and drop a tear of grief over his premature grave, we cannot but cherish his memory as that of a friend, an honor to our Society and to all his acquaintances.

Resolved, that we tender our warmest sympathy and heart-felt sorrow to his bereaved parents, relatives and friends, and while weeping with them at the common altar of grief, we bid them be comforted and point them to the healing balm of Him who giveth all good joy and peace, and Healer of every wounded and bleeding heart, we fondly cherish the belief that his abode here has been changed for a blissful immortality in the presence of his God.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the Raleigh Register, North Carolina Presbyterian and University Magazine with a request for publication.

J. B. McCALLUM, }
E. A. MARTIN, } Committee.
J. PARKER, }

VALEDICTORY.

Twelve months ago our generous class-mates were pleased to honor us with the control of their University organ for the year 1859-'60. We accepted the high and responsible office not without some apprehensions. We knew the weight of Editorial duties and the difficulties which surround them when in the hands of the young and inexperienced. We have completed our term and now discharge a last and painful duty. We say Farewell!—Farewell loved College Companions!—Farewell respected Instructors!—Farewell accomodating Contributors!—Farewell liberal subscribers and indulgent Readers!—Farewell all with whom we have been officially connected!

We found our "little charge" gasping for breath, its pulse growing feebler at the end of each year and permanent death brooding over it. We scared off the hideous monster and reënimated our "charge" with doubled proportions, improved appearance and attractive embellishments. We determined to give to it our best energies and then be satisfied with nothing less than success. We now invite the strictest scrutiny into all our actions, while our consciences tell us we have done our best.

We are gratified with assurances that our Magazine is now the largest, neatest, cheapest and most valuable College Monthly in America and that it has no equal even in European Colleges. These assurances have come to us from Newspapers of North Carolina and other States, from College Magazines, from letters and from conversations: they give us pleasure, not so much because we are its Editors, as because they compliment the Magazine of our *Alma Mater*. 'Tis true our own exertions accomplished much, yet we feel it but just to acknowledge that much is also due to the Magazine and Newspaper press of the land, which has always displayed great interest in our behalf—much to the liberality of the public, both students and people, which has given us a large list of subscribers, mostly paying ones and we entertain hopes that even those who still owe will yet pay their debts—much to generous friends, who have aided to secure Engravings, and most of all to many energetic contributors, ladies and gentlemen, abroad and in College; and we trust the prizes which will be awarded by Hon Wm. H. Battle, Prof. F. M. Hubbard, and Prof. A. D. Hepburn, will give entire satisfaction. To all our friends we return grateful thanks, and with pleasure recommend our successors as worthy of continued favor.

Finally, after twelve months of joint labor and unalloyed pleasure, we bid each other and our Magazine a long and fraternal adieu!

GEORGE P. BRYAN,
WILLIAM J. HEADEN,
WILLIAM T. NICHOLSON,
VERNON H. VAUGHAN,
SAMUEL P. WEIR,
GEORGE L. WILSON.



